THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK

by

JAROSLAV HASEK

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A GREAT epoch calls for great men. There are modest unrecognized heroes, without Napoleon's glory or his record of achievements. An analysis of their characters would overshadow even the glory of Alexander the Great. To-day, in the streets of Prague, you can come across a man who himself does not realize what his significance is in the history of the great new epoch. Modestly he goes his way, troubling nobody, nor is he himself troubled by journalists applying to him for an interview. If you were to ask him his name, he would answer in a simple and modest tone of voice: "I am Schweik."

And this quiet, unassuming, shabbily dressed man is actually the good old soldier Schweik; that heroic, dauntless man who was the talk of all citizens in the Kingdom of Bohemia when they were under Austrian rule, and whose glory will not pass away even now that we have a Republic.

I am very fond of the good soldier Schweik, and in presenting an account of his adventures during the Great War, I am convinced that you will all sympathize with this modest, unrecognized hero. He did not set fire to the temple of the goddess at Ephesus, like that fool of a Herostratus, merely in order to get his name into the newspapers and the school reading books.

And that, in itself, is enough.

JAROSLAV HASEK

BORN in Prague in 1884, Jaroslav Hasek followed neither the profession of his father, a teacher of mathematics, nor the dictates of necessity which forced him into a clerkship in a bank. He wanted to write, and before the catastrophic years of the war he had published sixteen volumes of short stories. Taken prisoner on the Eastern Front he spent several years in Russian prison camps. On his return he began to write "The Good Soldier Schweik," his Gargantuan book which was to inflame a nation to resistance and sweep all Europe with the virility of its satire. According to his original plan, "Schweik" was to be completed in six volumes. He died, however, in 1923, with only four volumes written.

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BOOK I

CHAPTER I

SCHWEIK, THE GOOD SOLDIER, INTERVENES IN THE GREAT WAR

"So they've killed Ferdinand," said the charwoman to Mr. Schweik who, having left the army many years before, when a military medical board had declared him to be chronically feeble-minded, earned a livelihood by the sale of dogs—repulsive mongrel monstrosities for whom he forged pedigrees. Apart from this occupation, he was afflicted with rheumatism, and was just rubbing his knees with embrocation.

"Which Ferdinand, Mrs. Müller?" asked Schweik, continuing to massage his knees. "I know two Ferdinands. One of them does jobs for Prusa the chemist, and one day he drank a bottle of hair oil by mistake;

and then there's Ferdinand Kokoska who goes round collecting manure. They wouldn't be any great loss, either of 'em."

"No, it's the Archduke Ferdinand, the one from Konopiste, you know, Mr. Schweik, the fat, pious one."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Schweik, "that's a fine thing. And where did this happen?"

"They shot him at Sarajevo with a revolver, you know. He was riding there with his Archduchess in a motor car."

"Just fancy that now, Mrs. Müller, in a motor car. Ah, a gentleman like him can afford it and he never thinks how a ride in a motor car like that can end up badly. And at Sarajevo in the bargain, that's in Bosnia, Mrs. Müller. I expect the Turks did it. I reckon we never ought to have taken Bosnia and Herzegovina away from them. And there you are, Mrs. Müller. Now the Archduke's in a better land. Did he suffer long?"

"The Archduke was done for on the spot. You know, people didn't ought to mess about with revolvers. They're dangerous things, that they are. Not long ago there was another gentleman down our way larking about with a revolver and he shot a whole family as well as the house porter, who went to see who was shooting on the third floor."

"There's some revolvers, Mrs. Müller, that won't go off, even if you tried till you was dotty. There's lots like that. But they're sure to have bought something better than that for the Archduke, and I wouldn't mind betting, Mrs. Müller, that the man who did it put on his best clothes for the job. You know, it wants a bit of doing to shoot an archduke; it's not like when a poacher shoots a gamekeeper. You have to find out how to get at him; you can't reach an important man like that if you're dressed just anyhow. You have to wear a top hat or else the police'd run you in before you knew where you were."

"I hear there was a whole lot of 'em, Mr. Schweik."

"Why, of course there was, Mrs. Müller," said Schweik, now concluding the massage of his knees. "If you wanted to kill an archduke or the Emperor, for instance, you'd naturally talk it over with somebody. Two heads are better than one. One gives one bit of advice, another gives another, and so the good work prospers, as the hymn says. The chief thing is to keep on the watch till the gentleman you're after rides past. . . . But there's plenty more of them waiting their turn for it. You mark my words, Mrs. Müller, they'll get the Czar and Czarina yet, and maybe, though let's hope not, the Emperor himself, now that they've started with his uncle. The old chap's got a lot of enemies. More than Ferdinand had. A little while ago a gentleman in the saloon bar was saying that there'd come a time when all the emperors would get done in one after another, and that not all their bigwigs and such-like would save them."

"The newspaper says, Mr. Schweik, that the Archduke was riddled with bullets. He emptied the whole lot into him."

"That was mighty quick work, Mrs. Müller, mighty quick. I'd buy a Browning for a job like that. It looks like a toy, but in a couple of minutes you could shoot twenty archdukes with it, thin or fat. Although between ourselves, Mrs. Müller, it's easier to hit a fat archduke than a thin one. You may remember the time they shot their king in Portugal. He was a fat fellow. Of course, you don't expect a king to be thin. Well, now I'm going to call round at The Flagon and if anybody comes for that little terrier I took the advance for, you can tell 'em I've got him at my dog farm in the country. I just cropped his ears and now he mustn't be taken away till his ears heal up or else he'd catch cold in them. Give the key to the house porter."

There was only one customer at The Flagon. This was Bretschneider, a plainclothes policeman who was on

secret service work. Palivec, the landlord, was washing glasses and Bretschneider vainly endeavoured to engage him in a serious conversation.

"We're having a fine summer," was Bretschneider's overture to a serious conversation.

"Damn rotten," replied Palivec, putting the glasses away into a cupboard.

"That's a fine thing they've done for us at Sarajevo," Bretschneider observed, with his hopes rather dashed.

"I never shove my nose into that sort of thing, I'm hanged if I do," primly replied Mr. Palivec, lighting his pipe. "Nowadays, it's as much as your life's worth to get mixed up in them. I've got my business to see to. When a customer comes in and orders beer, why I just serve him his drink. But Sarajevo or politics or a dead archduke, that's not for the likes of us, unless we want to end up doing time."

Bretschneider said no more, but stared disappointedly round the empty bar.

"You used to have a picture of the Emperor hanging here," he began again presently, "just at the place where you've got a mirror now."

"Yes, that's right," replied Mr. Palivec, "it used to hang there and the flies left their trade-mark on it, so I put it away into the lumber room. You see, somebody might pass a remark about it and then there might be trouble. What use is it to me?"

"That business at Sarajevo," Bretschneider resumed, "was done by the Serbs."

"You're wrong there," replied Schweik, "it was done by the Turks, because of Bosnia and Herzegovina."

And Schweik expounded his views of Austrian international policy in the Balkans. The Turks were the losers in 1912 against Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece. They had wanted Austria to help them and when this was not done, they had shot Ferdinand.

"Do you like the Turks?" said Schweik, turning to

Palivec. "Do you like that heathen pack of dogs? You don't, do you?"

"One customer's the same as another customer," said Palivec, "even if he's a Turk. People like us who've got their business to look after can't be bothered with politics. Pay for your drink and sit down and say what you like. That's my principle. It's all the same to me whether our Ferdinand was done in by a Serb or a Turk, a Catholic or a Moslem, an Anarchist or a young Czech Liberal."

"That's all well and good, Mr. Palivec," remarked Bretschneider, who had regained hope that one or other of these two could be caught out, "but you'll admit that it's a great loss to Austria."

Schweik replied for the landlord:

"Yes, there's no denying it. A shocking loss. You can't replace Ferdinand by any sort of tomfool. If war was to break out to-day, I'd go of my own accord and serve the Emperor to my last breath."

Schweik took a deep gulp and continued:

"Do you think the Emperor's going to put up with that sort of thing? Little do you know him. You mark my words, there's got to be war with the Turks. Kill my uncle, would you? Then take this smack in the jaw for a start. Oh, there's bound to be war. Serbia and Russia'll help us. There won't half be a bust-up."

At this prophetic moment Schweik was really good to look upon. His artless countenance, smiling like the full moon, beamed with enthusiasm. The whole thing was so utterly clear to him.

"Maybe," he continued his delineation of the future of Austria, "if we have war with the Turks, the Germans'll attack us, because the Germans and the Turks stand by each other. They're a low lot, the scum of the earth. Still, we can join France, because they've had a grudge against Germany ever since '71. And then there'll be lively doings. There's going to be war. I can't tell you more than that."

Bretschneider stood up and said solemnly:

"You needn't say any more. Follow me into the passage and there I'll say something to you."

Schweik followed the plainclothes policeman into the passage where a slight surprise awaited him when his fellow-toper showed him his badge and announced that he was now arresting him and would at once convey him to the police headquarters. Schweik endeavoured to explain that there must be some mistake; that he was entirely innocent; that he hadn't uttered a single word capable of offending anyone.

But Bretschneider told him that he had actually committed several penal offences, among them being high treason.

Then they returned to the saloon bar and Schweik said to Mr. Palivec:

"I've had five beers and a couple of sausages with a roll. Now let me have a cherry brandy and I must be off, as I'm arrested."

Bretschneider showed Mr. Palivec his badge, looked at Mr. Palivec for a moment and then asked:

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"And can your wife carry on the business during your absence?"

"Yes."

"That's all right, then, Mr. Palivec," said Bretschneider breezily. "Tell your wife to step this way; hand the business over to her, and we'll come for you in the evening."

"Don't you worry about that," Schweik comforted him. "I'm only being run in for high treason."

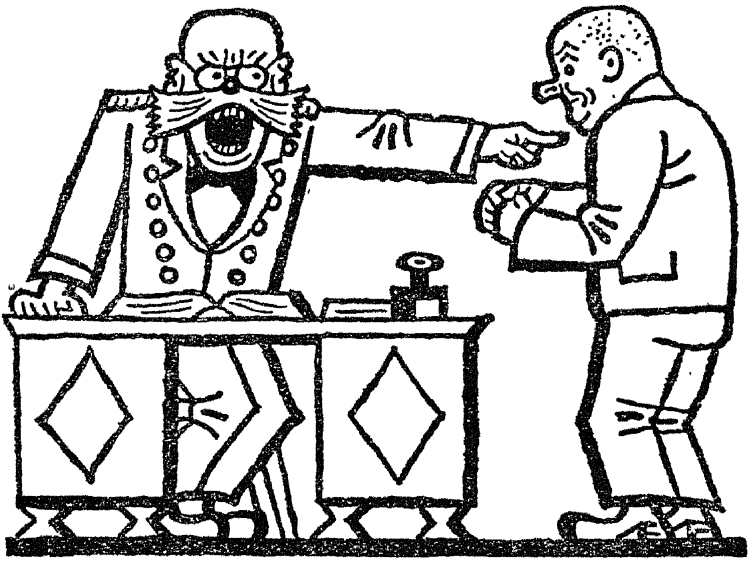
"But what about me?" lamented Mr. Palivec. "I've been so careful what I said."

Bretschneider smiled and said triumphantly:

"I've got you for saying that the flies left their trademark on the Emperor. You'll have all that stuff knocked out of your head."

And Schweik left The Flagon in the company of the plainclothes policeman.

And thus Schweik, the good soldier, intervened in the Great War in that pleasant, amiable manner which was so peculiarly his. It will be of interest to historians to know that he saw far into the future. If the situation subsequently developed otherwise than he expounded it at The Flagon, we must take into account the fact that he lacked a preliminary diplomatic training.



CHAPTER II

SCHWEIK, THE GOOD SOLDIER, AT THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS

THE Sarajevo assassination had filled the police headquarters with numerous victims. They were brought in, one after the other, and the old inspector in the reception bureau said in his good-humoured voice: "This Ferdinand business is going to cost you dear." When they had shut Schweik up in one of the numerous dens on the first floor, he found six persons already assembled there. Five of them were sitting round the table, and in a corner a middle-aged man was sitting on a mattress as if he were holding aloof from the rest.

Schweik began to ask one after the other why they had been arrested.

From the five sitting at the table he received practically the same reply:

"That Sarajevo business." "That Ferdinand business." "It's all through that murder of the Archduke." "That Ferdinand affair." "Because they did the Archduke in at Sarajevo."

The sixth man who was holding aloof from the other five said that he didn't want to have anything to do with them because he didn't want any suspicion to fall on him. He was there only for attempted robbery with violence.

Schweik joined the company of conspirators at the table, who were telling each other for at least the tenth time how they had got there.

All, except one, had been caught either in a public house, a wineshop or a café. The exception consisted of an extremely fat gentleman with spectacles and tear-stained eyes who had been arrested in his own home because two days before the Sarajevo outrage he had stood drinks to two Serbian students, and had been observed by Detective Brix drunk in their company at the Montmartre night club where, as he had already confirmed by his signature in the report, he had again stood them drinks.

When Schweik had heard all these dreadful tales of conspiracy he thought fit to make clear to them the complete hopelessness of their situation.

"We're all in the deuce of a mess," he began his words of comfort. "You say that nothing can happen to you, or to any of us, but you're wrong. What have we got the police for except to punish us for letting our tongues wag? If the times are so dangerous that archdukes get shot, the likes of us mustn't be surprised if we're taken up before the beak. They're doing all this to make a bit of a splash, so that Ferdinand'll be in the limelight before his funeral. The more of us there are, the better it'll be for us, because we'll feel all the jollier."

Whereupon Schweik stretched himself out on the mattress and fell asleep contentedly.

In the meanwhile, two new arrivals were brought in.

One of them was a Bosnian. He walked up and down gnashing his teeth. The other new guest was Palivec who, on seeing his acquaintance Schweik, woke him up and exclaimed in a voice full of tragedy:

"Now I'm here, too!"

Schweik shook hands with him cordially and said:

"I'm glad of that, really I am. I felt sure that gentleman'd keep his word when he told you they'd come and fetch you. It's nice to know you can rely on people."

Mr. Palivec, however, remarked that he didn't care a damn whether he could rely on people or not, and he asked Schweik on the quiet whether the other prisoners were thieves who might do harm to his business reputation.

Schweik explained to him that all except one, who had been arrested for attempted robbery with violence, were there on account of the Archduke.

Schweik went back to sleep, but not for long, because they soon came to take him away to be cross-examined.

And so, mounting the staircase to Section 3 for his cross-examination, and beaming with good nature, he entered the bureau, saying:

"Good evening, gentlemen, I hope you're all well."

Instead of a reply, someone pummelled him in the ribs and stood him in front of a table, behind which sat a gentleman with a cold official face and features of such brutish savagery that he looked as if he had just tumbled out of Lombroso's book on criminal types.

He hurled a bloodthirsty glance at Schweik and said:

"Take that idiotic expression off your face."

"I can't help it," replied Schweik solemnly. "I was discharged from the army on account of being weak-minded and a special board reported me officially as weak-minded. I'm officially weak-minded—a chronic case."

The gentleman with the criminal countenance grated his teeth as he said:

"The offence you're accused of and that you've committed shows you've got all your wits about you."

And he now proceeded to enumerate to Schweik a long list of crimes, beginning with high treason and ending with insulting language toward His Royal Highness and members of the Royal Family. The central gem of this collection constituted approval of the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand, and from this again branched off a string of fresh offences, amongst which sparkled incitement to rebellion, as the whole business had happened in a public place.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" triumphantly asked the gentleman with the features of brutish savagery.

"There's a lot of it," replied Schweik innocently. "You can have too much of a good thing."

"So you admit it's true?"

"I admit everything. You've got to be strict. If you ain't strict, why, where would you be? It's like when I was in the army——"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the police commissioner. "And don't say a word unless you're asked a question. Do you understand?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, I do, and I've properly got the hang of every word you utter."

"Who do you keep company with?"

"The charwoman, sir."

"And you don't know anybody in political circles here?"

"Yes, sir, I take in the afternoon edition of the *Narodni Politika*, you know, sir, the paper they call the puppy's delight."

"Get out of here!" roared the gentleman with the brutish appearance.

When they were taking him out of the bureau, Schweik said:

"Good night, sir."

Having been deposited in his cell again, Schweik informed all the prisoners that the cross-examination was great fun. "They yell at you a bit and then kick you out." He paused a moment. "In olden times," continued Schweik, "it used to be much worse. I once read a book where it said that people charged with anything had to walk on red-hot iron and drink molten lead to see whether they was innocent or not. There was lots who was treated like that and then on top of it all they was quartered or put in the pillory somewhere near the Natural History Museum."

"Nowadays, it's great fun being run in," continued Schweik with relish. "There's no quartering or anything of that kind. We've got a mattress, we've got a table, we've got a seat, we ain't packed together like sardines, we'll get soup, they'll give us bread, they'll bring a pitcher of water, there's a closet right under our noses. It all shows you what progress there's been. Ah, yes, nowadays things have improved for our benefit."

He had just concluded his vindication of the modern imprisonment of citizens when the warder opened the door and shouted:

"Schweik, you've got to get dressed and go to be cross-examined."

Schweik again stood in the presence of the criminal-faced gentleman who, without any preliminaries, asked him in a harsh and relentless tone:

"Do you admit everything?"

Schweik fixed his kindly blue eyes upon the pitiless person and said mildly:

"If you want me to admit it, sir, then I will. It can't do me any harm."

The severe gentleman wrote something on his documents and, handing Schweik a pen, told him to sign.

And Schweik signed Bretschneider's depositions, with the following addition:

All the above-mentioned accusations against me are based upon truth.

JOSEF SCHWEIK.

When he had signed, he turned to the severe gentleman:

"Is there anything else for me to sign? Or am I to come back in the morning?"

"You'll be taken to the criminal court in the morning," was the answer.

"What time, sir? You see, I wouldn't like to oversleep myself, whatever happens."

"Get out!" came a roar for the second time that day from the other side of the table before which Schweik had stood.

As soon as the door had closed behind him, his fellow-prisoners overwhelmed him with all sorts of questions, to which Schweik replied brightly:

"I've just admitted I probably murdered the Archduke Ferdinand."

And as he lay down on the mattress, he said:

"It's a pity we haven't got an alarm clock here."

But in the morning they woke him up without an alarm clock, and precisely at six Schweik was taken away in the Black Maria to the county criminal court.

"The early bird catches the worm," said Schweik to his fellow-travellers, as the Black Maria was passing out through the gates of the police headquarters.

CHAPTER III

SCHWEIK BEFORE THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

THE clean, cosy cubicles of the county criminal court produced a very favourable impression upon Schweik. And the examining justices, the Pilates of the new epoch, instead of honourably washing their hands, sent out for stew and Pilsen beer, and kept on transmitting new charges to the public prosecutor.

It was to one of these gentlemen that Schweik was conducted for cross-examination. When Schweik was led before him, he asked him with his inborn courtesy to sit down, and then said:

"So you're this Mr. Schweik?"

"I think I must be," replied Schweik, "because my dad was called Schweik and my mother was Mrs. Schweik. I couldn't disgrace them by denying my name."

A bland smile flitted across the face of the examining counsel.

"This is a fine business you've been up to. You've got plenty on your conscience."

"I've always got plenty on my conscience," said Schweik, smiling even more blandly than the counsel himself. "I bet I've got more on my conscience than what you have, sir."

"I can see that from the statement you signed," said the legal dignitary, in the same kindly tone. "Did they bring any pressure to bear upon you at the police headquarters?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. I myself asked them whether I had to sign it and when they said I had to, why, I just did what they told me. It's not likely that I'm going to quarrel with them over my own signature. I shouldn't be doing myself any good that way. Things have got to be done in proper order."

"Do you feel quite well, Mr. Schweik?"

"I wouldn't say quite well, your worship. I've got rheumatism and I'm using embrocation for it."

The old gentleman again gave a kindly smile. "Suppose we were to have you examined by the medical authorities."

"I don't think there's much the matter with me and it wouldn't be fair to waste the gentlemen's time. There was one doctor examined me at the police headquarters."

"All the same, Mr. Schweik, we'll have a try with the medical authorities. We'll appoint a little commission, we'll have you placed under observation, and in the meanwhile you'll have a nice rest. Just one more question: According to the statement you're supposed to have said that now a war's going to break out soon."

"Yes, your worship, it'll break out at any moment now."

That concluded the cross-examination. Schweik shook hands with the legal dignitary, and on his return to the cell he said to his neighbours:

"Now they're going to have me examined by the medical authorities on account of this murder of Archduke Ferdinand."

"I don't trust the medical authorities," remarked a man of intelligent appearance. "Once when I forged some bills of exchange I went to a lecture by Dr. Heveroch, and when they nabbed me I pretended to have an epileptic fit, just like Dr. Heveroch described it. I bit the leg of one of the medical authorities on the commission and drank the ink out of the inkpot. But just because I bit a man in the calf they reported I was quite well, and so I was done for."

"I think," said Schweik, "that we ought to look at everything fair and square. Anybody can make a mistake, and the more he thinks about a thing, the more mistakes he's bound to make. Why, even cabinet ministers can make mistakes."

The commission of medical authorities which had to decide whether Schweik's standard of intelligence did, or did not, conform to all the crimes with which he was charged, consisted of three extremely serious gentlemen with views which were such that the view of each separate one of them differed considerably from the views of the other two.

They represented three distinct schools of thought with regard to mental disorders.

If in the case of Schweik a complete agreement was reached between these diametrically opposed scientific camps, this can be explained simply and solely by the overwhelming impression produced upon them by Schweik who, on entering the room where his state of mind was to be examined and observing a picture of the Austrian ruler hanging on the wall, shouted: "Gentlemen, long live our Emperor, Franz Josef the First."

The matter was completely clear. Schweik's spontaneous utterance made it unnecessary to ask a whole lot

of questions, and there remained only some of the most important ones, the answers to which were to corroborate Schweik's real opinion, thus:

"Is radium heavier than lead?"

"I've never weighed it, sir," answered Schweik with his sweet smile.

"Do you believe in the end of the world?"

"I'd have to see the end of the world first," replied Schweik in an offhand manner, "but I'm sure it won't come my way to-morrow."

"Could you measure the diameter of the globe?"

"No, that I couldn't, sir," answered Schweik, "but now I'll ask you a riddle, gentlemen. There's a three-storied house with eight windows on each story. On the roof there are two gables and two chimneys. There are two tenants on each story. And now, gentlemen, I want you to tell me in what year the house porter's grandmother died?"

The medical authorities looked at each other meaningly, but nevertheless one of them asked one more question:

"Do you know the maximum depth of the Pacific Ocean?"

"I'm afraid I don't, sir," was the answer, "but it's pretty sure to be deeper than what the river is just below Prague."

The chairman of the commission curtly asked: "Is that enough?" But one member inquired further:

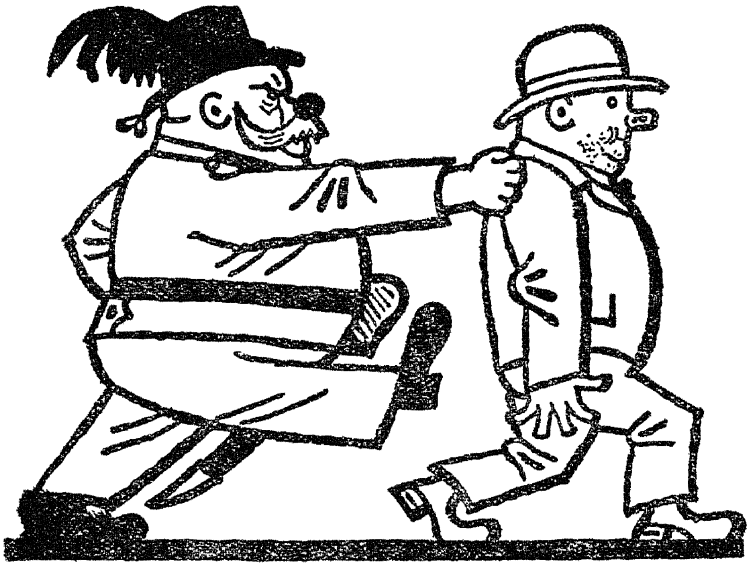
"How much is 12897 times 13863?"

"729," answered Schweik without moving an eyelash.

"I think that's quite enough," said the chairman of the commission. "You can take this prisoner back to where he came from."

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Schweik respectfully, "it's quite enough for me, too."

After his departure the three experts agreed that Schweik was an obvious imbecile in accordance with all the natural laws discovered by mental specialists.



CHAPTER IV

SCHWEIK IS EJECTED FROM THE LUNATIC ASYLUM

WHEN Schweik later on described life in the lunatic asylum, he did so in terms of exceptional eulogy: "The life there was a fair treat. You can bawl, or yelp, or sing, or blub, or moo, or boo, or jump, say your prayers or turn somersaults, or walk on all fours, or hop about on one foot, or run round in a circle, or dance, or skip, or squat on your haunches all day long, and climb up the walls. I liked being in the asylum, I can tell you, and while I was there I had the time of my life."

And, in good sooth, the mere welcome which awaited Schweik in the asylum, when they took him there from the central criminal court for observation, far exceeded anything he had expected. First of all they took him to have a bath. In the bathroom they immersed him in

a tub of warm water and then pulled him out and placed him under a cold douche. They repeated this three times and then asked him whether he liked it. Schweik said that it was better than the public baths near the Charles Bridge and that he was very fond of bathing. "If you'll only just clip my nails and hair, I'll be as happy as can be," he added, smiling affably.

They complied with this request, and when they had thoroughly rubbed him down with a sponge, they wrapped him up in a sheet and carried him off into ward No. 1 to bed, where they laid him down, covered him over with a quilt, and told him to go to sleep.

And so he blissfully fell asleep on the bed. Then they woke him up to give him a basin of milk and a roll. The roll was already cut up into little pieces and while one of the keepers held Schweik's hands, the other dipped the bits of roll into milk and fed him as poultry is fed with clots of dough for fattening. After he had gone to sleep again, they woke him up and took him to the observation ward where Schweik, standing stark naked before two doctors, was reminded of the glorious time when he joined the army.

"Take five paces forward and five paces to the rear," remarked one of the doctors.

Schweik took ten paces.

"I told you," said the doctor, "to take five."

"A few paces more or less don't matter to me," said Schweik.

Thereupon the doctors ordered him to sit on a chair and one of them tapped him on the knee. He then told the other one that the reflexes were quite normal, whereat the other wagged his head and he in his turn began to tap Schweik on the knee, while the first one lifted Schweik's eyelids and examined his pupils. Then they went off to a table and bandied some Latin phrases.

One of them asked Schweik:

"Has the state of your mind ever been examined?"

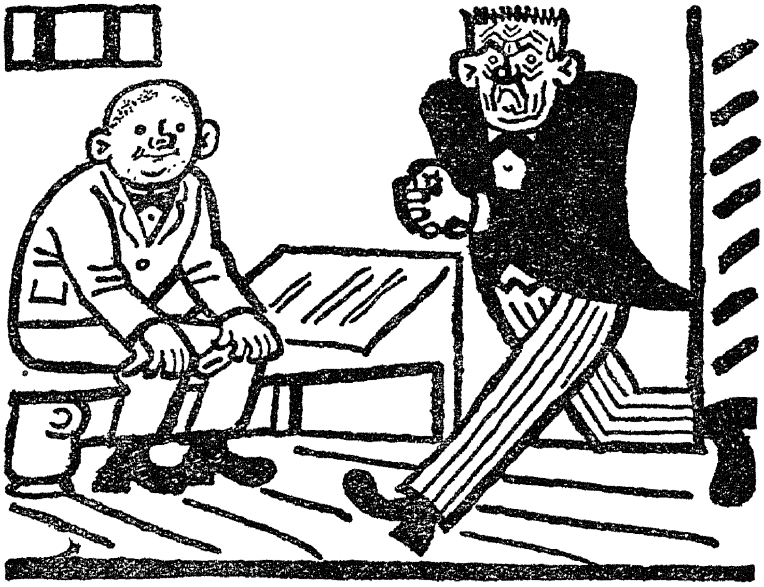
"In the army," replied Schweik solemnly and proudly, "the military doctors officially reported me as feeble-minded."

"It strikes me that you're a malingerer," shouted one of the doctors.

"Me, gentlemen?" said Schweik deprecatingly. "No, I'm no malingerer, I'm feeble-minded, fair and square. You ask them in the orderly room of the 91st regiment or at the reserve headquarters in Karlin."

The elder of the two doctors waved his hand with a gesture of despair and pointing to Schweik said to the keepers: "Let this man have his clothes again and put him into Section 3 in the first passage. Then one of you can come back and take all his papers into the office. And tell them there to settle it quickly, because we don't want to have him on our hands for long."

The doctors cast another crushing glance at Schweik, who deferentially retreated backward to the door, bowing with unction all the while. From the moment when the keepers received orders to return Schweik's clothes to him, they no longer showed the slightest concern for him. They told him to get dressed, and one of them took him to Ward No. 3 where, for the few days it took to complete his written ejection in the office, he had an opportunity of carrying on his agreeable observations. The disappointed doctors reported that he was "a malingerer of weak intellect," and as they discharged him before lunch, it caused quite a little scene. Schweik declared that a man cannot be ejected from a lunatic asylum without having been given his lunch first. This disorderly behaviour was stopped by a police officer who had been summoned by the asylum porter and who conveyed Schweik to the commissariat of police.



CHAPTER V

SCHWEIK AT THE COMMISSARIAT OF POLICE

SCHWEIK's bright sunny days in the asylum were followed by hours laden with persecution. Police Inspector Braun, as brutally as if he were a Roman hangman during the delightful reign of Nero, said: "Shove him in clink."

Not a word more or less. But as he said it, the eyes of Inspector Braun shone with a strange and perverse joy.

In the cell a man was sitting on a bench, deep in meditation. He sat there listlessly, and from his appearance it was obvious that when the key grated in the lock of the cell he did not imagine this to be the token of approaching liberty.

"Good-day to you, sir," said Schweik, sitting down by his side on the bench. "I wonder what time it can be?"

The solemn man did not reply. He stood up and began to walk to and fro in the tiny space between door and bench, as if he were in a hurry to save something.

Schweik meanwhile inspected with interest the inscriptions daubed upon the walls. There was one inscription in which an anonymous prisoner had vowed a life-and-death struggle with the police. The wording was: "You won't half cop it." Another had written: "Rats to you, fatheads." Another merely recorded a plain fact: "I was locked up here on June 5, 1913, and got fair treatment." Next to this some poetic soul had inscribed the verse:

I sit in sorrow by the stream.
The sun is hid behind the hill.
I watch the uplands as they gleam,
Where my beloved tarries still.

The man who was now running to and fro between door and bench came to a standstill, and sat down breathless in his old place, sank his head in his hands and suddenly shouted:

"Let me out!"

Then, talking to himself: "No, they won't let me out, they won't, they won't. I've been here since six o'clock this morning."

He then became unexpectedly communicative. He rose up and inquired of Schweik:

"You don't happen to have a strap on you so that I could end it all?"

"Pleased to oblige," answered Schweik, undoing his strap. "I've never seen a man hang himself with a strap in a cell."

"It's a nuisance, though," he continued, looking round about, "that there isn't a hook here. The bolt by the window wouldn't hold you. I tell you what you might do, though. You could kneel down by the bench and hang yourself that way. I'm very keen on suicides."

The gloomy man into whose hands Schweik had thrust the strap looked at it, threw it into a corner and burst out crying, wiping away his tears with his grimy hands and yelling the while. "I've got children! Heavens above, my poor wife! What will they say at the office? I've got children!" and so *ad infinitum.*

At last, however, he calmed down a little, went to the door and began to thump and beat at it with his fist. From behind the door could be heard steps and a voice:

"What do you want?"

"Let me out," he said in a voice which sounded as if he had nothing left to live for.

"Where to?" was the answer from the other side.

"To my office," replied the unhappy father.

Amid the stillness of the corridor could be heard laughter, dreadful laughter, and the steps moved away again.

"It looks to me as if that chap ain't fond of you, laughing at you like that," said Schweik, while the desperate man sat down again beside him. "Those policemen are capable of anything when they're in a wax. Just you sit down quietly if you don't want to hang yourself, and see how things turn out."

After a long time heavy steps could be heard in the passage, the key grated in the lock, the door opened and the police officer called Schweik.

"Excuse me," said Schweik chivalrously, "I've only been here since twelve o'clock, but this gentleman's been here since six o'clock this morning. And I'm not in any hurry."

There was no reply to this, but the police officer's powerful hand dragged Schweik into the corridor, and conveyed him upstairs in silence to the first floor.

In the second room a commissary of police was sitting at a table. He was a stout gentleman of good-natured appearance. He said to Schweik:

"So you're Schweik, are you? And how did you get here?"

"As easy as winking," replied Schweik. "I was brought here by a police officer because I objected to them chucking me out of the lunatic asylum without any lunch. What do they take me for, I'd like to know?"

"I'll tell you what, Schweik," said the commissary affably. "There's no reason why we should be cross with you here. Wouldn't it be better if we sent you to the police headquarters?"

"You're the master of the situation, as they say," said Schweik contentedly. "From here to the police headquarters'd be quite a nice little evening stroll."

"I'm glad to find that we see eye to eye in this," said the commissary cheerfully. "You see how much better it is to talk things over, eh, Schweik?"

"It's always a great pleasure to me to have a little confab with anyone," replied Schweik. "I'll never forget your kindness to me, your worship, I promise you."

With a deferential bow and accompanied by the police officer he went down to the guard room, and within a quarter of an hour Schweik could have been seen in the street under the escort of another police officer who was carrying under his arm a fat book inscribed in German: *Arrestantenbuch.*

At the corner of Spálená Street Schweik and his escort met with a crowd of people who were jostling round a placard.

"That's the Emperor's proclamation to say that war's been declared," said the policeman to Schweik.

"I saw it coming," said Schweik, "but in the asylum they don't know anything about it yet, although they ought to have had it straight from the horse's mouth, as you might say."

"How do you mean?" asked the policeman.

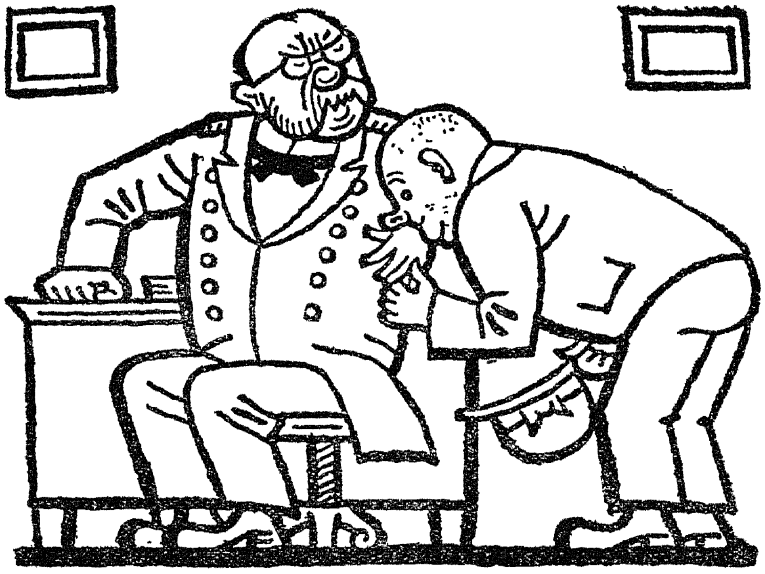
"Because they've got a lot of army officers locked up there," explained Schweik, and when they reached a

fresh crowd jostling in front of the proclamation, Schweik shouted:

"Long live Franz Josef! We'll win this war."

Somebody from the enthusiastic crowd banged his hat over his ears and so, amid a regular concourse of people, the good soldier Schweik once more entered the portals of the police headquarters.

"We're absolutely bound to win this war. Take my word for it, gentlemen," and with these few remarks Schweik took his leave of the crowd which had been accompanying him.



CHAPTER VI

SCHWEIK HOME AGAIN AFTER HAVING BROKEN THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

THROUGH the premises of the police headquarters was wafted the spirit of authority which had been ascertaining how far the people's enthusiasm for the war actually went. With the exception of a few persons who did not disavow the fact that they were sons of the nation which was destined to bleed on behalf of interests entirely alien to it, the police headquarters harboured a magnificent collection of bureaucratic beasts of prey, the scope of whose minds did not extend beyond the jail and the gallows with which they could protect the existence of the warped laws.

During this process they treated their victims with a spiteful affability, weighing each word beforehand.

"I'm extremely sorry," said one of these beasts of prey with black and yellow stripes, when Schweik was brought before him, "that you've fallen into our hands again. We thought you'd turn over a new leaf, but we were mistaken."

Schweik mutely assented with a nod of the head and displayed so innocent a demeanour that the beast of prey gazed dubiously at him and said with emphasis:

"Take that idiotic expression off your face."

But he immediately switched over to a courteous tone and continued:

"You may be quite certain that we very much dislike keeping you in custody, and I can assure you that in my opinion your guilt is not so very great, because in view of your weak intellect there can be no doubt that you have been led astray. Tell me, Mr. Schweik, who was it induced you to indulge in such silly tricks?"

Schweik coughed and said:

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I don't know what silly tricks you mean."

"Well, now, Mr. Schweik," he said in an artificially paternal tone, "isn't it a foolish trick to cause a crowd to collect, as the police officer who brought you here says you did, in front of the royal proclamation of war posted up at the street corner, and to incite the crowd by shouting: 'Long live Franz Josef. We'll win this war!'"

"I couldn't stand by and do nothing," declared Schweik, fixing his guiltless eyes upon his inquisitor's face. "It fairly riled me to see them all reading the royal proclamation and not showing any signs that they was pleased about it. Nobody shouted hooray or called for three cheers—nothing at all, your worship. Anyone'd think it didn't concern them a bit. So, being an old soldier of the 91st, I couldn't stand it, and that's why I shouted those remarks and I think that if you'd been in my place, you'd have done just the same as me. If there's a war, it's got to be won, and there's got to be three

cheers for the Emperor. Nobody's going to talk me out of that."

Quelled and contrite the beast of prey flinched from the gaze of Schweik, the guileless lamb, and plunging his eyes into official documents, he said:

"I thoroughly appreciate your enthusiasm, but I only wish it had been exhibited under other circumstances. You yourself know full well that you were brought here by a police officer, because a patriotic demonstration of such a kind might, and indeed, inevitably would be interpreted by the public as being ironical rather than serious."

"When a man is being run in by a police officer," replied Schweik, "it's a critical moment in his life. But if a man even at such a moment don't forget the right thing to do when there's a war on, well, it strikes me that a man like that can't be a bad sort after all."

For a while they looked fixedly at each other.

"Go to blazes, Schweik," said the jack-in-office at last, "and if you get brought here again, I'll make no bones about it, but off you'll go before a court-martial. Is that clear?"

But before he realized what was happening, Schweik had come up to him, had kissed his hand and said:

"God bless you for everything you've done. If you'd like a thoroughbred dog at any time, just you come to me. I'm a dog fancier."

And so Schweik found himself again at liberty and on his way home.

He considered whether he ought not first of all to look in at The Flagon, and so it came about that he opened the door through which he had passed a short while ago in the company of Detective Bretschneider.

There was a deathlike stillness in the bar. A few customers were sitting there. They looked gloomy. Behind the bar sat the landlady, Mrs. Palivec, and stared dully at the beer handles.

"Well, here I am back again," said Schweik gaily, "let's have a glass of beer. Where's Mr. Palivec? Is he home again, too?"

Instead of replying, Mrs. Palivec burst into tears, and, concentrating her unhappiness in a special emphasis which she gave to each word, she moaned:

"They—gave—him—ten—years—a—week—ago."

"Fancy that, now," said Schweik. "Then he's already served seven days of it."

"He was that cautious," wept Mrs. Palivec. "He himself always used to say so."

The customers rose, paid for their drinks, and went out quietly. Schweik was left alone with Mrs. Palivec.

"And does Mr. Bretschneider still come here?" asked Schweik.

"He was here a few times," replied the landlady. "He had one or two drinks and asked me who comes here, and he listened to what the customers were saying about a football match. Whenever they see him, they only talk about football matches."

Schweik was just having a second glass of rum when Bretschneider came into the taproom. He glanced rapidly round the empty bar and sat down beside Schweik. Then he ordered some beer and waited for Schweik to say something.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Schweik, shaking hands with him. "I didn't recognize you at first. I've got a very bad memory for faces. The last time I saw you, as far as I remember, was in the office of the police headquarters. What have you been up to since then? Do you come here often?"

"I came here to-day on your account," said Bretschneider. "They told me at the police headquarters that you're a dog fancier. I'd like a good ratter or a terrier or something of that sort."

"I can get that for you," replied Schweik. "Do you want a thoroughbred or one from the street?"

"I think," replied Bretschneider, "that I'd rather have a thoroughbred."

"Wouldn't you like a police dog?" asked Schweik. "One of those that gets on the scent in a jiffy and leads you to the scene of the crime?"

"I'd like a terrier," said Bretschneider with composure, "a terrier that doesn't bite."

"Do you want a terrier without teeth, then?" asked Schweik.

"Perhaps I'd rather have a ratter," announced Bretschneider with embarrassment. His knowledge of dog-craft was in its very infancy, and if he hadn't received these particular instructions from the police headquarters, he'd never have bothered his head about dogs at all.

But his instructions were precise, clear and stringent. He was to make himself more closely acquainted with Schweik on the strength of his activities as a dog fancier, for which purpose he was authorized to select assistants and expend sums of money for the purchase of dogs.

"Ratters are of all different sizes," said Schweik. "I know of two little 'uns and three big 'uns. You could nurse the whole five of 'em on your lap. I can strongly recommend them."

"That might suit me," announced Bretschneider, "and what would they cost?"

"That depends on the size," replied Schweik. "It's all a question of size. A ratter's not like a calf. It's the other way round with them. The smaller they are, the more they cost."

"What I had in mind was some big ones to use as watch dogs," replied Bretschneider, who was afraid he might encroach too far on his secret police funds.

"Right you are," said Schweik. "I can sell you some big 'uns for fifty crowns each, and some bigger still for twenty-five crowns. Only there's one thing we've forgotten. Do you want puppies or older dogs, and then is it to be dogs or bitches?"

"It's all the same to me," replied Bretschneider, who found himself grappling with unknown problems. "You get them for me and I'll come and fetch them from you at seven o'clock to-morrow evening. Will they be ready by then?"

"Just you come along. I'll have them without fail," answered Schweik drily. "But under the circumstances I shall have to ask you for an advance of thirty crowns."

"That's all right," said Bretschneider, paying the money. "And now let's have a drink on the strength of it. I'll stand treat."

When they had each had four drinks, Schweik paid his reckoning and returned to Mrs. Müller, his old charwoman, who was extremely scared when she saw that the man who had let himself in with a key was Schweik.

"I didn't think you'd be back for years and years," she said with her usual frankness.

Then she went to make the bed, putting everything straight with unusual care. When she rejoined Schweik in the kitchen, she remarked with tears in her eyes: "Those two puppies, sir, that we kept in the yard, they've died. And the St. Bernard dog ran away when the police were searching the place."

"I'm having a rough time with all these police officers, Mrs. Müller. I bet you won't see many people coming here to buy dogs now," sighed Schweik.

I do not know whether the gentleman who inspected the police records after the collapse of Austria could make anything of such items in the secret police funds as: B. 40 cr. F. 50 cr. M. 80 cr., etc., but they would be quite mistaken if they supposed that B, F and M are the initials of persons who for 40, 50 or 80 crowns betrayed the Czech nation to the Austrian eagle.

B. stands for St. Bernard, F. for fox terrier and M. for mastiff. All these dogs were taken by Bretschneider from Schweik to the police headquarters. They were hideous freaks which had nothing whatever in common

with any of the pure breeds, as which Schweik foisted them off upon Bretschneider.

The St. Bernard was a cross between a mongrel poodle and a sort of dubious cur; the fox terrier had the ears of a dachshund, was the size of a mastiff and had bandy legs as if it had suffered from rickets. The mastiff had a shaggy head resembling the jowl of a collie and lopped tail; it was no taller than a dachshund, and was shorn behind.

Then Detective Kalous went there to buy a dog and he returned with a cowed monstrosity resembling a spotted hyena, with the name of a Scottish sheep dog, and to the items of the secret fund was added: R. 90 cr.

This monstrosity was supposed to be a retriever.

But not even Kalous managed to worm anything out of Schweik. He fared the same as Bretschneider. Schweik transferred the most skilful political conversation to the subject of how to cure distemper in puppies, and the only result produced by the most artfully contrived traps was that Schweik foisted off upon Bretschneider another incredibly cross-bred canine freak.

CHAPTER VII

SCHWEIK JOINS THE ARMY

WHILE the forests by the river Raab in Galicia beheld the Austrian troops in full flight, and in Serbia the Austrian divisions, one by one, were receiving the drubbing they so richly deserved, the Austrian Ministry of War suddenly thought of Schweik as a possible means for helping the monarchy out of its fix.

When Schweik received notice that within a week he was to present himself for medical examination, he was in bed with another attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Müller was making him coffee in the kitchen.

"Mrs. Müller," came Schweik's tranquil voice from the bedroom. "Mrs. Müller, come here a moment."

When the charwoman was standing by his bedside, Schweik said in the same tranquil tones: "Sit down, Mrs. Müller."

There was something mysteriously solemn in his voice.

When Mrs. Müller had sat down, Schweik sat up in bed and announced: "I'm going to join the army."

"My gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Müller, "and what are you going to do there?"

"Fight," replied Schweik in a sepulchral voice. "Austria's in a bad way. Up in the North we've got our work cut out to keep them away from Cracow, and down in the South they'll be all over Hungary if we don't get busy soon. Things look very black whichever way you turn, and that's why they're calling me up. Why, only yesterday I read in the paper that clouds are gathering above our beloved country."

"But you can't walk."

"That doesn't matter, Mrs. Müller, I'll join the army in a Bath chair. You know that confectioner round the corner, he's got the kind of thing I want. Years and years ago he used to wheel his lame grandfather—a bad-tempered old buffer he was too—in it, for a breath of fresh air. That's the Bath chair you're going to wheel me to the army in, Mrs. Müller."

Mrs. Müller burst into tears. "Hadn't I better run for the doctor, sir?"

"Not a bit of it. Except for my legs I'm a sound piece of cannon fodder, and at a time when Austria's in a mess, every cripple must be at his post. Just you go on making coffee."

Mrs. Müller rushed out of doors and ran for the doctor. When he returned an hour later, Schweik was dozing. He was aroused from his slumbers by a portly gentleman who held his hand on Schweik's forehead for a moment and said:

"Pray don't be alarmed. I'm Dr. Pavek from Vinohrady—Show me your hand—Put this thermometer under your arm—that's right—Show me your tongue—More of it—Keep it still—What did your father and mother die of?"

And thus it came about that at the time when Vienna desired all the nations of Austria-Hungary to show the most sterling examples of fidelity and devotion, Dr. Pavek was prescribing bromide for Schweik's patriotic enthusiasm and recommending the undaunted and worthy warrior Schweik not to think about the army.

"Continue in a recumbent posture and keep your mind at rest. I will return to-morrow."

When he came the next day, he asked Mrs. Müller in the kitchen how the patient was getting on.

"He's worse, doctor," she replied, with genuine concern. "In the night, when his rheumatism came on, he was singing the Austrian anthem, if you please."

Dr. Pavek saw himself compelled to counter this new manifestation of his patient's loyalty by increasing the dose of bromide.

On the third day Mrs. Müller reported that Schweik was getting still worse.

"In the afternoon, doctor, he sent for a map showing what he called the seat of war, and in the night his mind started wandering and he said that Austria would win."

Only two days were left before Schweik was to appear before the recruiting medical board.

During this time Schweik made the appropriate preparations. First of all he sent Mrs. Müller for a military cap and secondly he sent her to the confectioner round the corner to borrow from him the Bath chair in which he used to wheel his lame grandfather, that bad-tempered old buffer, for a breath of fresh air. Then he remembered that he needed a pair of crutches. Fortunately the confectioner had also kept a pair of crutches as a family keepsake to remember his grandfather by.

All that he wanted now was the bunch of flowers worn by recruits. This also was obtained for him by Mrs. Müller, who during these few days became remarkably thin and wept wherever she went.

And thus, on that memorable day, the following

example of touching loyalty was displayed in the streets of Prague:

An old woman pushing a Bath chair, in which sat a man wearing a military cap with a polished peak and brandishing a pair of crutches. And his coat was adorned with a flamboyant bunch of flowers.

And this man, again and again brandishing his crutches, yelled, as he passed through the streets of Prague:

"To Belgrade, to Belgrade!"

He was followed by a crowd of people, the nucleus of which had been an insignificant knot of idlers, assembled in front of the house whence Schweik had proceeded to the army.

When Schweik showed the police inspector in black and white that he was to appear that day before the medical board, the inspector was somewhat disappointed, and to restrict the continuance of any disorder he had the Bath chair, with Schweik inside it, escorted by two mounted constables to the headquarters of the medical board.

The *Prague Official News* published the following report on this occurrence:

PATRIOTISM OF A CRIPPLE

Yesterday morning the pedestrians in the main streets of Prague were the witnesses of a scene which bears admirable testimony that in this grave and momentous epoch the sons of our nation also can give the most sterling examples of fidelity and devotion to the throne of our aged ruler. It is not too much to say that we have returned to the times of the ancient Greeks and Romans, when Mucius Scævola had himself led into battle, regardless of his burned hand. The most sacred emotions and sentiments were touchingly demonstrated yesterday by a cripple on crutches who was being wheeled along in a Bath chair by an old woman. This scion of the Czech nation was, of his own accord and regardless of his infirmity, having himself conveyed to the

army in order that he might give up his life and possessions for his Emperor. And the fact that his war-cry: "To Belgrade!" met with such warm approval in the streets of Prague is only a further proof that the people of Prague are furnishing model examples of love for their country and the Royal Family.

The *Prager Tageblatt* wrote in similar terms and concluded its report by saying that the crippled volunteer had been accompanied by a crowd of Germans who had protected him with their bodies against attempts made to lynch him by Czech agents of the Entente powers.

Bohemia published this report and demanded that the crippled patriot should be rewarded, adding that any gifts from German citizens for the unknown hero should be sent to the offices of the paper.

Dr. Bautze, chairman of the medical board, was a man who stood no nonsense.

Within ten weeks of his activities he weeded out 10,999 malingerers from 11,000 civilians and he would have collared the eleven thousandth man, if at the very moment when Dr. Bautze yelled at him "*Kehrt euch!*"[1] the unfortunate fellow had not had a stroke.

"Take this malingerer away," said Dr. Bautze, when he had ascertained that the man was dead.

And now on that memorable day Schweik stood before him.

"In the lowest category on account of being weak-minded," remarked the sergeant-major, examining the official records.

"And what else is wrong with you?" asked Dr. Bautze.

"Beg to report, sir, I've got rheumatism, but I'll serve the Emperor till I'm hacked to pieces," said Schweik modestly. "My knees are swollen."

Bautze glared ferociously at the good soldier Schweik

[1] "About turn."

and yelled: "*Sie sind ein Simulant!*"[1] Then, turning to the sergeant-major he said with icy calm: "*Den Kerl sogleich einsperren!*"[2]

Two soldiers with fixed bayonets led Schweik away to the military prison.

When Mrs. Müller who, with the Bath chair, was waiting for Schweik on the bridge, saw him escorted by bayonets, she burst into tears and left the Bath chair in the lurch, never to return to it.

The bayonets glittered in the sunshine and when they reached the Radetzky monument Schweik turned to the crowd who was accompanying him.

"To Belgrade! To Belgrade!" he shouted.

And Marshal Radetzky gazed dreamily from his monument at the good soldier Schweik departing with his recruit's nosegay in his coat, as he limped along on his old crutches, while a solemn-looking gentleman informed the people round about that they were taking a deserter to prison.

[1] "You are a malingerer."

[2] "Have the fellow locked up immediately."

CHAPTER VIII

SCHWEIK AS MALINGERER

AT this momentous epoch the great concern of the military doctors was to drive the devil of sabotage out of the malingerers and persons suspected of being malingerers, such as consumptives, sufferers from rheumatism, rupture, kidney disease, diabetes, inflammation of the lungs, and other disorders.

The torments to which malingerers were subjected had been reduced to a system, and the degrees of torment were as follows:

1. Absolute diet—a cup of tea morning and evening for three days, accompanied by doses of aspirin to produce sweating, irrespective of what the patient complained of.
2. To prevent them from supposing that the army was all beer and skittles, they were given ample doses of quinine in powder.
3. Rinsing of the stomach twice daily with a litre of warm water.
4. The use of the clyster with soapy water and glycerine.
5. Swathing in sheets soaked with cold water.

There were dauntless persons who went through all five degrees of torment and had themselves removed in a simple coffin to the military cemetery. There were, however, others who were faint-hearted and who, when they reached the clyster stage, announced that they were quite well and that their only desire was to proceed to the trenches with the next draft.

On reaching the military prison, Schweik was placed in the hut used as an infirmary which contained several of these faint-hearted malingerers.

On the bed by the door a consumptive was dying, wrapped up in a sheet soaked in cold water.

"That's the third this week," remarked Schweik's right-hand neighbour. "And what's wrong with you?"

"I've got rheumatism," replied Schweik, whereupon there was hearty laughter from all those round about him. Even the dying consumptive, who was pretending to have tuberculosis, laughed.

"It's no good coming here with rheumatism," said a stout man to Schweik in solemn tones, "rheumatism here stands about as much chance as corns."

"The best thing to do," said one of the malingerers, "is to sham madness. I meant at first to act the fool and be a religious maniac and preach about the infallibility of the Pope, but finally I managed to get some cancer of the stomach for fifteen crowns from a barber down the road."

"I know a chimney sweep," remarked another patient, "who'll get you such a fever for twenty crowns that you'll jump out of the window."

"That's nothing," said another man. "Down our way there's a midwife who for twenty crowns can dislocate your foot so nicely that you're crippled for the rest of your life."

"I got my foot dislocated for five crowns," announced a voice from the row of beds by the window, "for five crowns and three drinks."

"My illness has run me into more than two hundred crowns already," announced his neighbour, a man as thin as a rake. "I bet there's no poison you can mention that I haven't taken I'm simply bung full of poisons. I've chewed arsenic, I've smoked opium, I've swallowed strychnine, I've drunk vitriol mixed with phosphorus. I've ruined my liver, my lungs, my kidneys, my heart—

in fact, all my inside outfit. Nobody knows what disease it is I've got."

"The best thing to do," explained someone near the door, "is to squirt paraffin oil under the skin on your arms. My cousin had a slice of good luck that way. They cut off his arm below the elbow and now the army'll never worry him any more."

"Well," said Schweik, "you see what you've all got to go through for the Emperor. Even having your stomachs pumped out. When I was in the army years ago, it used to be much worse. If a man went sick, they just trussed him up, and shoved him into a cell to make him get fitter. There wasn't any beds and mattresses and spittoons like what there is here."

The time had now come for the doctor to pay his afternoon visit. Dr. Grunstein went from bed to bed, followed by a medical corps orderly with a notebook.

"Macuna."

"Present, sir."

"Clyster and aspirin. Pokorny."

"Present, sir."

"Stomach to be rinsed out and quinine. Kovarik."

"Present, sir."

"Clyster and aspirin. Kotatko."

"Present, sir."

"Stomach to be rinsed out and quinine."

And so the process continued with, one after another, mercilessly, mechanically, incisively.

"Schweik."

"Present, sir."

Dr. Grunstein gazed at the newcomer.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Beg to report, sir, I've got rheumatism."

During the period of his activities, Dr. Grunstein had adopted a delicately ironical manner, which proved far more effective than shouting.

"Aha, rheumatism," he said to Schweik. "You've

got a frightfully troublesome illness. It's really quite a coincidence to catch rheumatism at the very moment when a war starts and you've got to join the army. I expect you're horribly upset about it."

"Beg to report, sir, I *am* horribly upset about it."

"Just fancy now, he's upset about it. It's frightfully nice of you to think of us with that rheumatism of yours. In peace time the poor fellow skips about like a goat, but as soon as war breaks out he's got rheumatism and can't use his knees. I suppose your knees hurt you?"

"Beg to report, sir, my knees hurt me something cruel."

"And night after night you can't sleep, eh? Rheumatism is a very dangerous, painful and troublesome illness. We've had some very satisfactory results with rheumatic patients here. Absolute diet and our other methods of treatment have proved extremely efficacious. Why, you'll be cured quicker here than at Pistany and you'll march up to the front line leaving clouds of dust behind you."

Then, turning to the N.C.O. orderly, he said:

"Write this down: 'Schweik, absolute diet, stomach to be rinsed out twice daily, clyster once daily'; and then we'll see in due course what further arrangements are to be made. In the meantime, take him into the surgery, rinse out his stomach, and when he comes to, let him have the clyster, but thoroughly, till he screams blue murder and scares his rheumatism away."

And then, turning to all the beds, he delivered a speech brimful of wise and charming adages:

"Don't imagine you're dealing with the sort of nincompoop who lets himself be humbugged by any bit of hanky-panky. Your dodges don't worry me in the least. I know you're all malingerers who want to shirk the army. And I treat you accordingly. I've managed hundreds and hundreds of soldiers like you. These beds have accommodated whole swarms of men who had

nothing wrong with them except a lack of the military spirit. While their comrades were fighting at the front, they thought they'd loll about in bed, get hospital diet and wait till the war stopped. Well, that's where they made a damn big mistake, and you're all making a damn big mistake, too. In twenty years to come you'll still scream in your sleep when you dream you're trying to swing the lead on me."

"Beg to report, sir," announced a quiet voice from the bed near the window, "that I'm quite well again. My asthma sort of disappeared in the night."

"Name?"

"Kovarik, beg to report, sir, I'm for the clyster."

"Good; you'll have the clyster before you go, to help you along on your journey," decided Dr. Grunstein, "so you can't complain we didn't cure you here. And now, all the men whose names I read out are to follow the N.C.O. and get what's coming to them."

And each one received a lavish portion as prescribed. Schweik's bearing was stoical:

"Don't spare me," he urged the myrmidon who was applying the clyster to him, "remember, you've sworn to serve the Emperor. And if it was your own father or your brother who was lying here, give 'em the clyster without turning a hair. Remember that Austria stands as firm as a rock on these clysters and victory is ours."

On the next day when Dr. Grunstein came round he asked Schweik how he liked the military hospital.

Schweik replied that it was a first-class and well-managed establishment. As a recompense for which he was given the same as on the day before, together with aspirin and three quinine pills, which he had to take in a glass of water there and then.

But Socrates did not drink his cup of hemlock with such composure as Schweik the quinine. Dr. Grunstein now tried all the grades of torment on him.

When Schweik was wrapped up in a wet sheet in the

presence of the doctor, and the latter asked him how he liked it, he replied:

"Beg to report, sir, that it's like being in a swimming bath or at the seaside."

"Have you still got rheumatism?"

"Beg to report, sir, that it doesn't seem to be getting any better, somehow."

Schweik was subjected to fresh torments.

The next morning a number of military doctors from the famous commission made their appearance.

They solemnly passed along the rows of beds and all they said was: "Let's see your tongue."

Schweik thrust out his tongue so far that his countenance produced a fatuous grimace and his eyes blinked:

"Beg to report, sir, that's all the tongue I've got."

There ensued an interesting colloquy between Schweik and the commission. Schweik asserted that he had made that statement because he was afraid they might think he was hiding his tongue from them.

The members of the commission, on the other hand, formed remarkably divergent judgments about Schweik.

A half of them asserted that Schweik was "*ein blöder Kerl*,"[1] while the other half took the view that he was a humbug who wanted to poke fun at the army.

"I'll eat my hat," the chairman of the commission yelled at Schweik, "if we don't get even with you."

Schweik gazed at the whole commission with the godly composure of an innocent child.

The chief of the medical staff came close up to Schweik. "I'd like to know what you think you're up to, you porpoise, you!"

"Beg to report, sir, I don't think at all."

"*Himmeldonnerwetter!*" bellowed one of the members of the commission, clanking his sword, "So he doesn't think at all, doesn't he? Why don't you think, you Siamese elephant?"

[1] "An idiot."

"Beg to report, sir, I don't think because soldiers ain't allowed to. Years and years ago, when I was in the 91st regiment, the captain always used to tell us: 'Soldiers mustn't think. Their superior officers do all their thinking for them. As soon as a soldier begins to think, he's no longer a soldier, but a lousy civilian.' Thinking doesn't lead . . ."

"Hold your tongue," the chairman of the commission interrupted Schweik fiercely, "we've heard all about you. You're no idiot, Schweik. You're artful, you're tricky, you're a humbug, a hooligan, the scum of the earth, do you understand ?"

"Beg to report, sir, yes, sir."

"I've already told you to hold your tongue. Did you hear?"

"Beg to report, sir, I heard you say I was to hold my tongue."

"*Himmelherrgott*, hold your tongue then. When I say the word, you know full well we don't want any of your lip."

"Beg to report, sir, I know you don't want any of my lip."

The military gentlemen looked at each other and called for the sergeant-major:

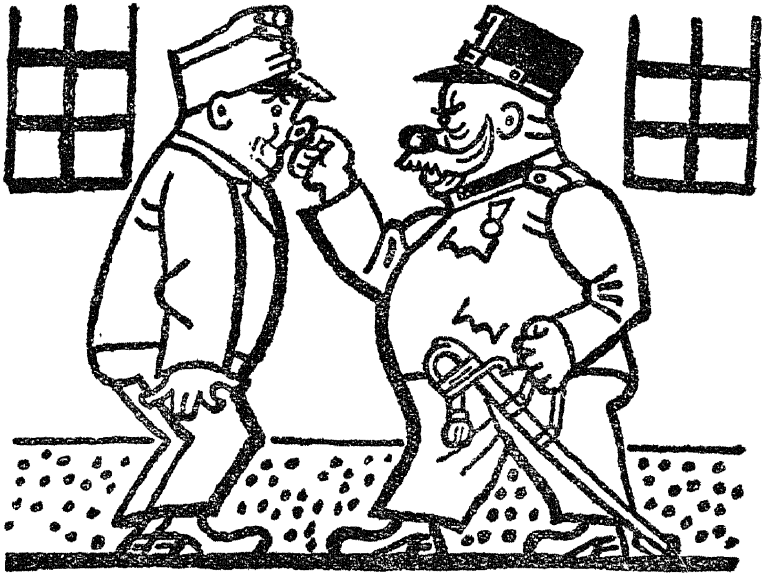
"Take this man," said the chief of the medical staff, pointing to Schweik, "into the office and wait there for our decision and report. The fellow's as sound as a bell. He's malingering and on top of that he keeps on jabbering and laughing up his sleeve at his superior officers. He thinks he's here just for his amusement and that the army's a huge joke, a sort of fun palace. When you get to the detention barracks, they'll show you the army's no frolic."

And while the officer on duty in the orderly room was yelling to Schweik to the effect that fellows like him ought to be shot, the commission was laying the malingerers low in the wards upstairs. Of seventy patients, only two

were saved. One whose leg had been blown off by a shell and the other who was a genuine case of caries.

They were the only ones to whom the word "*tauglich*"[1] was not applied. All the rest, not excepting three in the last stages of consumption, were declared fit for general service.

[1] "Fit."



CHAPTER IX

SCHWEIK AT THE DETENTION BARRACKS

IN the detention barracks a trinity, comprising Staff-Warder Slavik, Captain Linhart and Sergeant-Major Repa, nicknamed "the hangman," were already carrying out their duties, and nobody knows how many they beat to death in solitary confinement. On receiving Schweik, Staff-Warder Slavik thrust a muscular and beefy fist under Schweik's nose, saying:

"Sniff at that, you damned swab."

Schweik sniffed and remarked:

"I shouldn't like a bash in the nose with that; it smells of graveyards."

This thoughtful remark rather pleased the staff-warder.

"Ha," he said, prodding Schweik in the stomach, "stand up straight. What's that you've got in your

pockets? If it's cigarettes, you can leave 'em here. And hand over your money so's they can't steal it. Is that all you've got? Now then, no nonsense. Don't tell any lies or you'll get it in the neck."

"Where are we to put him?" inquired Sergeant-Major Repa.

"We'll shove him in Number 16," decided the staff-warder, "among the ones in their underclothes. Oh, yes," he remarked solemnly to Schweik, "riffraff have got to be treated like riffraff. If anybody raises Cain, why, off he goes into solitary confinement and once he's there we smash all his ribs and leave him till he pops off. We're entitled to do that. What did we do with that butcher, Repa?"

"Oh, he gave us a lot of trouble, sir," replied Sergeant-Major Repa, dreamily. "He was a tough 'un and no mistake. I must have been trampling on him for more than five minutes before his ribs began to crack and blood came out of his mouth. And he lived for another ten days after that. Oh, he was a regular terror."

"So you see, you swab, how we manage things here when anyone starts any nonsense or tries to do a bunk," Staff-Warder Slavik concluded his pedagogical discourse. "Why, it's practically suicide and that's punished just the same here. And God help you, you scabby ape you, if you take it into your head to complain of anything at inspection time. When there's an inspection on, and they ask you if there are any complaints, you've got to stand at attention, you stinking brute, salute and answer 'I beg to report, sir, no complaints, and I'm quite satisfied.' Now, you packet of muck, repeat what I said."

"Beg to report, sir, no complaints and I'm quite satisfied," repeated Schweik with such a charming expression on his face that the staff-warder was misled and took it for a sign of frankness and honesty.

"Now take everything off except your underclothes and go to Number 16," he said.

In Number 16 Schweik encountered twenty men in their underclothing.

If their underclothing had been clean and if there had been no bars on the windows, you might have supposed at a first glance that you were in the dressing room of some bathing establishment.

Sergeant-Major Repa handed Schweik over to the "cell-manager," a hairy fellow in an unbuttoned shirt. He inscribed Schweik's name on a piece of paper hanging on the wall, and said to him:

"To-morrow there's a show on. We're going to be taken to chapel to hear a sermon. All of us chaps in underclothes, we have to stand just under the pulpit. It won't half make you laugh."

As in all prisons and penitentiaries, the chapel was in high favour among the inmates of the detention barracks. They were not concerned about the possibility that the enforced attendance at chapel might bring them nearer to God, or that they might become better informed about morality. No such nonsense as that entered their heads. What the divine service and the sermon did offer was a pleasant distraction from the boredom of the detention barracks. They were not concerned about being nearer to God, but about the hope of discovering the stump of a discarded cigar or cigarette on their way along the corridors and across the courtyard.

And then too, the sermon itself, what a treat, what fun. Otto Katz, the chaplain, was such a jolly fellow. His sermons were so very attractive and droll, so refreshing amid the boredom of the detention barracks. He could prate so entertainingly about the infinite grace of God, and uplift the vile captives, the men without honour. He could hurl such delightful terms of abuse from the pulpit. He could bellow his "*Ita missa est*" so gorgeously from the altar, officiate with such utter originality, playing ducks and drakes with Holy Mass. When he was well in his cups, he could devise entirely new

prayers, a liturgy of his own which had never existed before.

Oh, and it was too funny for words when he sometimes slipped and fell over with the chalice, the holy sacrament or the missal in his hand, whereupon he would loudly accuse the ministrant from the gang of convicts of having deliberately tripped him up, and would there and then hand out a dose of solitary confinement or a spell in irons. And the recipient thoroughly enjoyed it, for it was all part of the frolics in the prison chapel.

Otto, the most perfect of military chaplains, was a Jew. He had a very chequered past. He had studied in a business college, and there he acquired a familiarity with bills of exchange and the law appertaining to them which enabled him within a year to steer the firm of Katz & Company into such a glorious and successful bankruptcy that old Mr. Katz departed to North America, after arranging a settlement with his creditors, unbeknown to them and unbeknown also to his partner, who proceeded to the Argentine.

So when young Otto Katz had disinterestedly bestowed the firm of Katz & Company upon North and South America, he was in the position of a man who has not where to lay his head. He therefore joined the army.

Before this, however, he did an exceedingly noble thing. He had himself baptized. He applied to Christ for help in his career. He successfully qualified for a commission, and Otto Katz, the new-fledged Christian, remained in the army. At first he thought he was going to make splendid progress, but one day he got drunk and took Holy Orders.

He never prepared his sermons, and everybody looked forward to hearing them. It was a solemn moment when the occupants of Number 16 were led in their underclothes into chapel. Some of them, upon whom fortune had smiled, were chewing the cigarette-ends which they had found on the way to chapel, because, being without

pockets, they had nowhere to keep them. Around them stood the rest of the prisoners and they gazed with relish at the twenty men in underclothing beneath the pulpit, into which the chaplain now climbed, clanking his spurs.

"*Habt Acht!*"[1] he shouted, "let us pray, and now all together after me. And you at the back there, you hog, don't blow your nose in your hand. You're in the Temple of the Lord, and you'll be for it, mark my words. You haven't forgotten the Lord's Prayer yet, have you, you bandits? Well, let's have a shot at it. Ah, I knew it wouldn't come off."

He stared down from the pulpit at the twenty bright angels in underclothing, who, like all the rest, were thoroughly enjoying themselves. At the back they were playing put and take.

"This is a bit of all right," whispered Schweik to his neighbour, who was suspected of having, for three crowns, chopped off all his comrade's fingers with an axe, to get him out of the army.

"You wait a bit," was the answer. "He's properly oiled again to-day. He's going to jaw about the thorny path of sin."

True enough, the chaplain was in an excellent mood that day. Without knowing why he was doing it, he kept leaning over the side of the pulpit and was within an ace of losing his balance.

"I'm in favour of shooting the lot of you. You pack of rotters," he continued. "You won't turn to Christ and you prefer to tread the thorny path of sin."

"I told you it was coming. He's properly oiled," whispered Schweik's neighbour gleefully.

"The thorny path of sin, you thick-headed louts, is the path of struggle against vice. You are prodigal sons, who prefer to loll about in solitary confinement than return to your Father. But fix your gaze further and upward unto the heights of heaven, and you will be

[1] "Attention!"

victorious and will harbour peace in your souls, you lousy crew. I'd be glad if that man would stop snorting at the back there. He's not a horse and he's not in a stable—he's in the Temple of the Lord. Let me draw your attention to that, my beloved hearers. Now then, where was I? Bear in mind, you brutes, that you are human beings and that you must see through a glass darkly into distant space and know that all lasts here only for a time, but God abideth for evermore. I ought to pray for you day and night, asking merciful God, you brainless louts, to pour out His soul into your cold hearts and wash away your sins with His holy mercy, that you may be His for evermore and that He may love you always, you thugs. But that's where you're mistaken. I'm not going to lead you into paradise." The chaplain hiccoughed. "I won't lift a finger for you," he continued obstinately. "I wouldn't dream of such a thing, because you are incorrigible blackguards. Do you hear me, you down there, yes, you in your underclothes?"

The twenty men in underclothes looked up and said, as with one voice:

"Beg to report, sir, we hear you."

"It's not enough just to hear," the chaplain continued his sermon, "dark is the cloud of life in which the smile of God will not remove your woe, you brainless louts, for God's goodness likewise has its limits. And I'm going to knock the idea out of your heads that I'm here to amuse you and give you a good time. I'll shove each and every one of you into solitary confinement, that's what I'll do, you blackguards. Here am I wasting my time with you, and I can see it's all no use. Why, if the field-marshal himself were here, or the archbishop, you wouldn't care a damn. You wouldn't turn to God. All the same, one of these days you'll remember me and then you'll realize that I was trying to do you good."

Among the twenty in underclothes a sob was heard. It was Schweik who had burst into tears.

The chaplain looked down. There stood Schweik wiping his eyes with his fist. Around him were signs of gleeful appreciation.

The chaplain, pointing to Schweik, went on:

"Let each of you take an example from this man. What is he doing? He's crying. To-day with our own eyes we see a man here moved to tears in his desire for a change of heart, and what are the rest of you doing? Nothing at all. There's a man chewing something as if his parents had brought him up to chew the cud and another fellow over there is searching his shirt for fleas, and in the Temple of the Lord, too. Damn it all, get busy seeking God, and look for fleas at home. That's all I've got to say, you loafers, and I want you to behave properly at Mass, and not like the last time when some fellows at the back were swapping government linen for grub."

The chaplain descended from the pulpit and entered the sacristy, followed by the staff-warder. After a while the staff-warder made his appearance, came straight up to Schweik, removed him from the bevy of men in underclothes and led him away into the sacristy.

The chaplain was sitting very much at his ease on a table, rolling a cigarette.

When Schweik entered, he said:

"Yes, you're the man I want. I've been thinking it over and I rather fancy I've seen through you, my lad. That's the first time anyone's ever shed tears here as long as I've been in this church."

He jumped down from the table and shaking Schweik by the shoulder, he shouted beneath a large, dismal picture of St. Francis of Sales:

"Now then, you blackguard, own up that you were only shamming."

And the effigy of St. Francis of Sales gazed interrogatively at Schweik. On the other side, from another picture, another martyr, whose posterior was just being

sawn through by Roman soldiers, gazed distractedly at him.

"Beg to report, sir," said Schweik with great solemnity, staking everything on one card, "that I confess to God Almighty and to you, Reverend Father, that I was shamming. I saw that what your sermon needed was the reformed sinner whom you was vainly seeking. So I really wanted to do you a good turn and let you see there's still a few honest people left, besides having a bit of a lark to cheer myself up."

The chaplain looked searchingly at Schweik's artless countenance. A sunbeam frisked across the dismal picture of St. Francis of Sales and imparted a touch of warmth to the distracted martyr on the wall opposite.

"Here, I'm beginning to like you," said the chaplain, returning to his seat on the table, "what regiment do you belong to?" He began to hiccough.

"Beg to report, sir, I belong to the 91st regiment and yet I don't, if you follow me. To tell the honest truth, sir, I don't properly know how I stand."

"And what are you here for?" inquired the chaplain, continuing to hiccough.

"Beg to report, sir, I really don't know why I'm here and why I don't complain about it. It's just my bad luck. I always look on everything in a good light, and then I always get the worst of it, like that martyr there in the picture."

The chaplain looked at the picture, smiled and said:

"Yes, I really like you. I must ask the provost marshal about you, but I can't stop here talking any longer now. I've got to get that Holy Mass off my chest. *Kehrt euch!*[1] Dismiss!"

When Schweik was back again among his fellow-worshippers in underclothes beneath the pulpit, they asked him what the chaplain had wanted him in the sacristy for, whereupon he replied very crisply and briefly:

[1] "About turn!"

"He's tight."

The chaplain's new performance, the Holy Mass, was followed by all with great attention and unconcealed approval.

With æsthetic gusto the congregation feasted their eyes upon the vestments which the chaplain had donned inside out, and with a fervid appreciation they watched everything that was being done at the altar.

The red-haired ministrant, a deserter from the 28th regiment and a specialist in petty theft, was making an honest endeavour to extract from his memory the whole routine and technique of the Holy Mass. He acted not only as ministrant, but also as prompter to the chaplain, who with absolute aplomb mixed up whole sentences and blundered into the service for Advent, which, to everybody's delight, he began to sing. As he had no voice and no musical ear, the roof of the chapel began to re-echo with a squealing and grunting like a pigsty.

"He's well oiled to-day," those in front of the altar were saying with complete satisfaction and relish.

And now for about the third time the chaplain could be heard chanting "*Ite missa est*" from the altar, like the war cry of Red Indians. It made the windows rattle. He then looked into the chalice once more to see whether any wine was left, whereupon with a gesture of annoyance he turned to his hearers:

"Well, now you can go home, you blackguards, that's the lot. I have noticed that you do not show the sort of piety you should, when you're in church before the countenance of the Holy of Holies, you worthless loafers. If that occurs again, I'll make things as hot for you as you deserve, and you'll discover that the hell I preached to you about not so long ago isn't the only one, but that there's a hell upon earth, and even if you save yourselves from the first one, I'll see you aren't saved from the other. *Abtreten!*"[1]

[1] "Dismiss!"

The chaplain departed to the sacristy, changed his clothes, poured some sacramental wine from a demijohn into a tankard, drank it up, and with the help of the red-headed ministrant mounted his horse which was tied up in the courtyard. But then he suddenly remembered Schweik, dismounted and went to the provost marshal's office.

Bernis, the provost marshal, was a man about town, an accomplished dancer and a thorough-paced bounder. His work bored him terribly. He was always losing documents containing particulars of charges, and so he had to invent new ones. He tried deserters for theft and thieves for desertion. He devised the most varied forms of hocus-pocus to convict men of crimes they had never dreamt of, and the imaginary incriminating evidence which he thus produced, he always assigned to somebody, the charge or evidence against whom had got lost in the inextricable muddle of official papers.

"Hallo," said the chaplain, shaking hands, "how goes it?"

"Rotten," replied Bernis, "they've got my papers into a mess and now it's the devil's own job to make head or tail of them. Yesterday I sent upstairs all the evidence against some chap who was charged with mutiny, and now they've sent it back because, according to them, he's not charged with mutiny, but with pinching jam."

Bernis spat with disgust.

"What about a game of cards?" asked the chaplain.

"I've blued every bean I had at cards. A day or two ago we were playing poker with that bald-headed colonel and he cleaned me right out. And what about your Holiness?"

"I need an orderly," said the chaplain. "Now to-day I've just discovered a chap who started crying just to rag me. That's the kind of fellow I want. His name's Schweik and he's in Number 16. I'd like to know what

he's there for and whether I couldn't wangle him out of it."

Bernis started looked for the documents relating to Schweik but, as usual, he could find nothing.

"Captain Linhart's got it, I expect," he said after a long search. "God knows how all these papers manage to get lost here. I must have sent them to Linhart. I'll telephone to him at once. Hallo, Lieutenant Bernis speaking, sir. I say, do you happen to have any documents relating to a man called Schweik? . . . Schweik's papers must be in my hands? That's odd. . . . I took them over from you? Most odd. He's in Number 16. . . . I know, sir, I've got the records of Number 16. But I thought that Schweik's papers might be kicking around somewhere in your office. . . . Pardon? I'm not to talk to you like that? Things don't kick around in your office? Hallo, hallo . . ."

Bernis sat down at his table and heatedly expressed his disapproval of the careless way in which investigations were carried out. He and Captain Linhart had been on bad terms for some time past, and in this they had been thoroughly consistent. If Bernis received a file belonging to Linhart, he stowed it away, the result being that nobody could ever get to the bottom of anything. Linhart did the same with the files belonging to Bernis. Also, they lost each other's enclosures.

(Schweik's documents were found among the court-martial records only after the end of the war. They had been placed in a file relating to someone named Josef Koudela. On the envelope was a small cross and beneath it the remark "Settled," together with the date.)

"Well, Schweik's file has got lost," said Bernis. "I'll have him sent for, and if he doesn't own up to anything, I'll let him go and arrange for him to be transferred to your care. Then you can settle his hash when he's joined his unit."

After the chaplain had gone, Bernis had Schweik brought in, but left him standing by the door, because he had just received a telephone message from police headquarters that the receipt of requisite material for charge No. 7267, concerning Private Maixner, had been acknowledged in Office No. 1 under Captain Linhart's signature.

Meanwhile, Schweik inspected the provost-marshal's office.

The impression which it produced could scarcely be called a favourable one, especially with regard to the photographs on the walls. They were photographs of the various executions carried out by the army in Galicia and Serbia. Artistic photographs of cottages which had been burned down and of trees, the branches of which were burdened with hanging bodies. There was one particularly fine photograph from Serbia showing a whole family which had been hanged. A small boy with his father and mother. Two soldiers with bayonets were guarding the tree on which the execution had been carried out, and an officer was standing victoriously in the foreground smoking a cigarette. On the other side of the picture, in the background, could be seen a field kitchen at work.

"Well, what's the trouble with you, Schweik?" asked Bernis, putting the slip of paper with the telephone message away into a file. "What have you been up to? Would you like to admit your guilt, or wait until the charge is brought against you? We can't go on for ever like this. The only way you can possibly save yourself from a severe but just sentence is to admit your guilt.

"So you won't admit anything?" said Bernis, when Schweik remained as silent as the grave. "You won't say why you're here? You might at least tell me before I tell you. Once more I urge you to admit your guilt. It'll be better for you because it'll make the

proceedings easier and you'll get off with a lighter sentence."

The provost-marshal's keen glance scrutinized Schweik's face and figure, but he was baffled by them. Such unconcern and innocence radiated from the personality standing before him that he began to pace furiously to and fro in his office, and if he had not promised the chaplain to send Schweik to him, Heaven alone knows how Schweik would have fared.

At last he came to a standstill by his table.

"Now just you listen," he said to Schweik, who was staring unconcernedly into vacancy. "If you cross my path again, I'll give you something to remember me by. Take him away."

When Schweik had been taken back to Number 16, Bernis sent for Staff-Warder Slavik.

"Schweik is to be sent to Mr. Katz pending any further decision about him," he said curtly. "Just see that the discharge papers are made out and then have Schweik escorted to Mr. Katz by two men."

"Is he to be put in irons for the journey, sir?"

The provost-marshal banged his fist on the table.

"You're a damned fool. Didn't I tell you plainly to have the discharge papers made out?"

And all the bad temper which Bernis had been accumulating during the day as a result of his dealings with Captain Linhart and Schweik was now vented like a cataract upon the head of the staff-warder and concluded with the words:

"You're the biggest bloody fool I've ever come across."

This upset the staff-warder, and on his way back from the provost-marshal's office, he relieved his feelings by kicking the prisoner on fatigue duty who was sweeping the passage.

As for Schweik, the staff-warder thought he might as well spend at least one night in the detention barracks and have a little more enjoyment.

The night spent in the detention barracks will always be one of Schweik's fondest memories.

Next door to Number 16 was a cell for solitary confinement, a murky den from which issued, during that night, the wailing of a soldier who was locked up in it and whose ribs were being broken by Sergeant-Major Repa, at the orders of Staff-Warder Slavik, for some disciplinary offence.

In the corridors could be heard the measured tread of the sentries. From time to time the aperture in the door opened and through the peep-hole the turnkey looked in.

At eight o'clock in the morning Schweik was ordered to go to the office.

"On the left-hand side of the door leading into the office there's a spittoon and they throw fag-ends into it," one man informed Schweik. "And on the first floor you'll pass another one. They don't sweep the passages till nine, so you're sure to find something."

But Schweik disappointed their hopes. He did not return to Number 16. The nineteen men in their underclothes wondered what could have happened to him and made all sorts of wild guesses.

A soldier belonging to the defence corps whose imagination was extremely lively, declared that Schweik had tried to shoot an officer and that he was being taken off that day to the exercise ground at Motol for execution.

CHAPTER X

SCHWEIK BECOMES THE CHAPLAIN'S ORDERLY

I

ONCE more Schweik began his Odyssey under the honourable escort of two soldiers with bayonets, who had to convey him to the chaplain.

By reason of their physical peculiarities, his escort supplemented each other. While one was lanky, the other was stumpy and fat. The lanky one limped with the right foot, the stumpy warrior with the left. They were both home-service men, having been entirely exempted from military service before the war.

They jogged on solemnly alongside the pavement and from time to time took a peep at Schweik who marched

between them and saluted everybody. His civilian clothing, including the military cap in which he had answered his calling-up notice, had got lost in the store-room at the detention barracks. But before discharging him, they gave him an old military uniform which had belonged to some pot-bellied fellow who must have been a head taller than Schweik. Three more Schweiks could have got into the trousers he was wearing. They reached beyond his chest and their endless folds attracted the notice of the passers-by. The military cap, which had also been issued in exchange at the detention barracks, came down over his ears.

Schweik replied to the smiles of the passers-by with sweet smiles of his own and glances which beamed with warm good-nature.

And so they proceeded on their way to Karlin where the chaplain lived.

They crossed the Charles Bridge in complete silence. In Charles Street the fat little man addressed Schweik:

"Don't you know why we're taking you to the chaplain?"

"For confession," said Schweik casually; "they're going to hang me to-morrow. It's always done. They call it spiritual comfort."

"And why are they going to . . .?" the lanky fellow asked cautiously, while the fat man gazed at Schweik pityingly.

"I don't know," replied Schweik with a good-humoured smile. "It's all a mystery to me. I suppose it's fate."

"You're not a National Socialist, are you?" The fat little man was beginning to get cautious now. He thought he'd better have his say. "It's no business of ours, anyway, and there's lots of people about who've got their eyes on us. It's these blessed bayonets that make them stare so. We might manage to unfix them

in some place where we can't be seen. You won't give us the slip? It'd be damned awkward for us if you did. Wouldn't it, Tonik?" he concluded, turning to the lanky man, who said in a low voice:

"Yes, we might unfix our bayonets. After all, he's one of our chaps."

He had ceased to be a sceptic and he was brimming over with pity for Schweik. So they looked for a convenient spot where they unfixed their bayonets, whereupon the fat man allowed Schweik to walk by his side.

"You'd like to have a smoke, wouldn't you?" he said, "that is, if . . ." He was about to say: "If they let you have a smoke before you're hanged," but he did not complete the sentence, feeling that under the circumstances it would scarcely be a tactful remark.

They all had a smoke and Schweik's escort began to tell him about their wives and children, and about their five acres and a cow.

"I'm thirsty," said Schweik.

The lanky man and the fat man looked at each other.

"We might drop in somewhere for a quick one," said the little man, who knew by a sort of intuition that the lanky man would agree. "But it must be some place where we shouldn't be noticed."

"Let's go to The Gillyflower," suggested Schweik. "You can shove your harness in the kitchen. They play the fiddle and harmonica there," continued Schweik. "The company's good too—tarts and people like that who wouldn't go to a really swell place."

The lanky man and the little man looked at each other again and then the lanky man said:

"Well, let's go there then. It's a good step yet to Karlin."

On the way Schweik told them some good stories and they were in good spirits when they reached The Gillyflower. There they did as Schweik had suggested. They put their rifles in the kitchen and went into the

taproom where fiddle and harmonica were filling the premises with the strains of a song then much in vogue.

By the door a soldier was sitting with a number of civilians and telling them about the way he was wounded in Serbia. His arm was bandaged up, and his pockets were full of the cigarettes they had given him. He said he couldn't drink any more and one of the company, a bald-headed old man, kept on urging him: "Have another with me, lad, who knows when we'll meet again? Shall I get them to play you something? Is 'The Orphan Child' one of your favourites?"

This was the tune which the bald-headed old man liked best, and presently the fiddle and harmonica were reproducing its lachrymose melody. The old man became tearful and with quavering voice joined in the chorus.

From the other table somebody said: "Stow it, can't you? Buzz off, you with your bloody orphan child."

Schweik and his escort watched all these goings-on with interest. Schweik remembered how he used to go there often before the war. But his escort had no such reminiscences. For them it was something entirely new and they began to take a fancy to it. The first to attain complete satisfaction there was the little fat man. The lanky man was still struggling with himself.

"I'm going to have a dance," he said after his fifth drink, when he saw the couples dancing a polka.

Schweik kept on drinking. The lanky man finished his dance and returned with his partner to the table. Then they sang and danced, drinking the whole time. In the afternoon a soldier came up to them and offered to give them blood-poisoning for five crowns. He said he had a syringe on him and would squirt petroleum into their legs or hands. That would keep them in bed for at least two months, and possibly if they kept applying spittle to the wound, as much as six months, with the chance of getting completely out of the army.

When it was getting towards evening, Schweik proposed

that they should resume their journey to the chaplain. The little fat man, who was now beginning to babble, urged Schweik to wait a little longer. The lanky man was also of the opinion that the chaplain could wait. But Schweik had now lost interest in The Gillyflower and threatened that if they would not come, he would go off by himself.

So they went, but he had to promise them that they would all make one more halt somewhere else. And they stopped at a small café where the fat man sold his silver watch to enable them to continue their spree. When they left there, Schweik led them by the arm. It was a very troublesome job for him. Their feet kept slipping and they were continually evincing a desire for one more round of drinks. The little fat man nearly lost the envelope addressed to the chaplain and so Schweik was compelled to carry it himself. He also had to keep a sharp look-out for officers and N.C.O's. After superhuman efforts and struggles, he managed to steer them safely to the house where the chaplain lived.

On the first floor a visiting card bearing the inscription "Otto Katz, Army chaplain" showed them where the chaplain lived. A soldier opened the door. From within could be heard voices and the clinking of glasses and bottles.

"We—beg—to—report—sir," said the lanky man laboriously in German, and saluting the soldier, "we have—brought—an envelope—and a man."

"In you come," said the soldier. "Where did you manage to get so top-heavy? The chaplain's a bit that way, too." The soldier spat and departed with the envelope.

They waited in the passage for a long time, and at last the door opened and in rushed the chaplain. He was in his shirt sleeves and held a cigar between his fingers.

"So you're here, are you?" he said to Schweik, "and these are the chaps who brought you. I say, got a match?"

"Beg to report, sir, I haven't."

"Here, I say, why not? Every soldier ought to have matches to light up with. A soldier who's got no matches is—what is he?"

"Beg to report, sir, he's without matches," replied Schweik.

"Splendid, he's without matches and can't give anyone a light. Well, that's one thing, and now for the next item on the programme. Do your feet stink, Schweik?"

"Beg to report, sir, they don't stink."

"So much for that. And now the third point. Do you drink brandy?"

"Beg to report, sir, I don't drink brandy, only rum."

"Good. Just have a look at that chap there. I borrowed him for to-day from Lieutenant Feldhuber. He's his batman. And he doesn't drink. He's a tee-tee-teetotaller and that's why he's been put on a draft. Be-because a man like that's no use to me."

The chaplain now turned his attention to the men who had escorted Schweik and who, in their endeavour to stand up straight, were wobbling about, vainly trying to prop themselves up with their rifles.

"Y—you're dr-drunk," said the chaplain. "You're drunk while on duty and now you'll be for it. I'll see to that. Schweik, take their rifles away; march them off to the kitchen and mount guard over them until the patrol comes for them. I'll tel-tel-telephone at once to the barracks."

And thus Napoleon's saying: "In war the situation changes from one moment to another," was again confirmed. In the morning they had escorted him with fixed bayonets to prevent him from giving them the slip; then he himself had led them along; and now, here he was, mounting guard over them.

They first became fully aware of this change in the situation when they were sitting in the kitchen and saw Schweik standing at the door with rifle and bayonet.

The lanky man stood up and staggered to the door.

"Let's go home, mate," he said to Schweik. "Don't act the fool."

"You go away," said Schweik. "I've got to guard you. We ain't on speaking terms now."

The chaplain suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"I can't get through to the barracks. So you'd better go home and re-remember you mustn't boo-booze when you're on duty. Quick march!"

In fairness to the chaplain it should be added that he had not telephoned to the barracks, for the simple reason that he had no telephone, and was talking to a lamp stand.

II

Schweik had been the chaplain's orderly for three whole days, and during this period he had seen him only once. On the third day an orderly arrived from Lieutenant Helmich telling Schweik to come and fetch the chaplain.

On the way, the orderly told Schweik that the chaplain had had a row with the lieutenant, had smashed a piano, was dead drunk and refused to go home. Lieutenant Helmich, who was also drunk, had thrown the chaplain into the passage, where he was dozing on the ground by the doorway. When Schweik reached the spot, he shook the chaplain, and when the latter opened his eyes and began to mumble, Schweik saluted and said:

"Beg to report, sir, I'm here."

"And what do you want here?"

"Beg to report, sir, I've come to fetch you."

"So you've come to fetch me, have you? And where are we going?"

"Home, sir."

"And what have I got to go home for? Aren't I at home?"

"Beg to report, sir, you're on the floor in somebody else's home."

"And—how—did—I get here?"

"Beg to report, sir, you were paying a call."

"Not—not—not paying a call. You're—you're—wrong there."

Schweik lifted the chaplain and propped him up against the wall. While Schweik was holding him, the chaplain floundered from side to side and clung to him, saying: "You're letting me fall." And then, once more, with a fatuous smile, he repeated: "You're letting me fall." At last Schweik managed to squeeze the chaplain up against the wall, whereupon he began to doze again in his new posture.

Schweik woke him up.

"What d'you want?" asked the chaplain, making a vain attempt to drag himself along by the wall and to sit up. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Beg to report, sir," replied Schweik, pushing the chaplain back against the wall, "I'm your batman, sir."

"I haven't got a batman," said the chaplain with some effort, making a fresh attempt to tumble on top of Schweik. There was a little tussle which ended in Schweik's complete victory. Schweik took advantage of this to drag the chaplain down the stairs into the entrance hall where the chaplain tried to stop Schweik from taking him into the street. "I don't know you," he kept telling Schweik during their tussle. "Do you know Otto Katz? That's me."

"I've been to the archbishop's," he yelled, catching hold of the door in the entrance hall. "The Vatican takes a great interest in me. Is that clear to you?"

Schweik assented and began to talk to the chaplain as man to man.

"Let go of that, I tell you," he said, "or I'll give you such a wallop. We're going home; so now stow your gab."

The chaplain let go of the door and clung to Schweik,

who pushed him aside and then carried him out into the street, where he drew him along the pavement in a homeward direction.

"Who's that bloke?" asked one of the onlookers in the street.

"That's my brother," replied Schweik. "He came home on leave and when he saw me, he was so happy that he got tight, because he thought I was dead."

The chaplain, who caught the last few words, stood up straight and faced the onlookers: "Any of you who are dead must report themselves to headquarters within three days, so that their corpses can be consecrated."

And he lapsed into silence, endeavouring to fall nose-first on to the pavement, while Schweik held him under the arm and drew him along homeward. With his head thrust forward and his feet trailing behind and dangling like those of a cat with a broken back, the chaplain was muttering to himself: "*Dominus vobiscum—et cum spiritu tuo. Dominus vobiscum.*"

When they reached a cab rank, Schweik propped the chaplain in a sitting posture up against a wall and went to negotiate with the cabmen about the fare.

After long discussions, one of the cabmen agreed to take them.

Schweik went back to the chaplain who had now fallen asleep. Somebody had removed his bowler hat (for he usually put on civilian clothing when he went for a walk) and taken it away.

Schweik woke him up and with the help of the cabman got him inside the cab. There the chaplain collapsed in a complete torpor and took Schweik for Colonel Just of the 75th Infantry Regiment. He kept muttering: "Don't be too hard on me, sir. I know I'm a bit of a cad." At one moment, it seemed as if the jolting of the cab against the kerb was bringing him to his senses. He sat up straight and began to sing snatches from some unrecognizable song. But then he lapsed once again

into a complete torpor and turning to Schweik with a wink he inquired:

"How are you to-day, dear lady?"

Then, after a brief pause:

"Where are you going for your summer holidays?"

Evidently he saw everything double, for he then remarked:

"So you've got a grown-up son," and he pointed to Schweik.

"Sit down," shouted Schweik, when the chaplain started trying to climb on to the seat, "or I'll teach you how to behave, see if I don't."

The chaplain thereupon became quiet and his little piglike eyes stared out of the cab in a state of complete bewilderment as to what was happening to him. Then, with a melancholy expression, he propped his head up in his hands and began to sing:

"I seem to be the only one
Whom nobody loves at all."

But he immediately broke off and then tried to light his cigarette holder.

"It won't burn," he said despondently, when he had used up all his matches. "You keep on blowing at it."

But again he at once lost the thread of continuity and started laughing.

"I've lost my ticket," he shouted. "Stop the tram. I must find my ticket."

And with a gesture of resignation:

"All right. Let them drive on."

Then he began to babble: "In the vast majority of cases . . . Yes, all right . . . In all cases . . . You're wrong . . . Second floor . . . That's only an excuse . . . That's your concern, not mine, dear lady . . . Bill, please . . . I've had a black coffee."

In a semi-dream he began to squabble with an imaginary adversary, who was disputing his rights to a seat by

the window in a restaurant. Then he began to take the cab for a train and leaning out, he yelled in Czech and German: "Nymburk, all change." Schweik thereupon pulled him back and the chaplain forgot about the train and began to imitate various farmyard noises. He kept up the cock-crow longest and his clarion call was trumpeted forth in fine style from the cab. For a while he became altogether very active and restless, trying to get out of the cab and hurling terms of abuse at the people past whom they drove. After that he threw his handkerchief out of the cab and shouted to the cabman to stop, because he had lost his luggage.

All this time Schweik treated the chaplain with relentless severity. Each time that he made various frolicsome attempts to get out of the cab, to smash the seat and so on, Schweik gave him one or two hard punches in the ribs, which treatment he accepted with remarkable lethargy.

All at once the chaplain was overcome by a fit of melancholy and he began to cry. Tearfully he asked Schweik whether he had a mother.

"I'm all alone in the world, my friends," he shouted from the cab, "take pity on me!"

"Stop that row," said Schweik. "Shut up, or everybody'll say you're boozed."

"I'm not drunk, old boy," replied the chaplain. "I'm as sober as a judge."

But suddenly he stood up and saluted:

"Beg to report, sir, I'm drunk," he said in German. And then he repeated ten times in succession, with a heartfelt accent of despair: "I'm a dirty dog." And turning to Schweik he persistently begged and entreated:

"Throw me out of the cab. What are you taking me with you for?"

He sat down again and muttered: "Rings are forming around the moon. I say, Captain, do you believe in

the immortality of the soul? Can a horse get into heaven?"

He started laughing heartily, but after a while he began to mope and gazed apathetically at Schweik, remarking: "I say, excuse me, but I've seen you before somewhere. Weren't you in Vienna? I remember you from the seminary."

For a while he amused himself by reciting Latin verses:

"*Aurea prima satis ætas, quæ vindice nullo.*"

"This won't do," he then said, "throw me out. Why won't you throw me out? I shan't hurt myself."

"I want to fall on my nose," he declared in a resolute tone. Then, beseechingly, he continued:

"I say, old chap, give me a smack in the eye."

"Do you want one or several?" inquired Schweik.

"Two."

"Well, there you are then."

The chaplain counted out aloud the smacks as he received them, beaming with delight.

"That does you good," he said, "it helps the digestion. Give me another on the mouth."

"Thanks awfully," he exclaimed, when Schweik had promptly complied with his request. "Now I'm quite satisfied. I say, tear my waistcoat, will you?"

He manifested the most diverse desires. He wanted Schweik to dislocate his foot, to throttle him for a while, to cut his nails, to pull out his front teeth. He exhibited a yearning for martyrdom, demanding that his head should be cut off, put in a bag and thrown into the river.

"Stars round my head would suit me nicely," he said with enthusiasm. "I should need ten of them."

Then he began to talk about horse racing and rapidly passed on to the topic of the ballet, but that did not detain him for long, either.

"Can you dance the czardas?" he asked Schweik. "Can you do the bunny-hug? It's like this . . ."

He wanted to jump on top of Schweik, who accordingly began to use his fists on him and then laid him down on the seat.

"I want something," shouted the chaplain, "but I don't know what. Do you know what I want?" And he drooped his head in complete resignation.

"What's it matter to me what I want?" he said solemnly, "and it doesn't matter to you, either. I don't know you. How dare you stare at me like that? Can you fence?"

For a moment he became more aggressive and tried to push Schweik off the seat. Afterward, when Schweik had quieted him down by a frank display of his physical superiority, the chaplain asked:

"Is to-day Monday or Friday?"

He was also anxious to know whether it was December or June and he exhibited a great aptitude for asking the most diverse questions, such as: "Are you married? Do you like Gorgonzola cheese? Have you got any bugs at home? Are you quite well? Has your dog had the mange?"

He became communicative. He said that he had not yet paid for his riding-boots, whip and saddle, that some years ago he had suffered from a certain disease which had been cured with permanganate.

"There was no time to think of anything else," he said with a belch. "You may think it's a nuisance, but, hm, hm, what am I to do? Hm, hm. Tell me that. So you must excuse me."

"Thermos flasks," he continued, forgetting what he had just been talking about, "are receptacles which will keep beverages and food stuffs at their original temperature. Which game do you think is fairer, bridge or poker?"

"Oh yes, I've seen you somewhere before," he shouted, trying to embrace Schweik. "We used to go to school together."

"You're a good chap," he said tenderly, stroking his foot. "You've quite grown up since I saw you last. The pleasure of seeing you makes up for all my troubles."

He waxed poetic and began to talk about the return to the sunshine of happy faces and warm hearts.

Then he knelt down and began to pray, laughing the whole time.

When finally they reached their destination, it was very difficult to get him out of the cab.

"We aren't there yet," he shouted. "Help, help! I'm being kidnapped. I want to drive on."

He had to be wrenched out of the cab like a boiled snail from its shell. At one moment it seemed as if he were going to be pulled apart, because his legs got mixed up with the seat. At last, however, he was dragged through the entrance hall and up the stairs into his rooms, where he was thrown like a sack on to the sofa. He declared that he would not pay for the cab because he had not ordered it, and it took more than a quarter of an hour to explain to him that it was a cab. Even then he continued to argue the point.

"You're trying to do me down," he declared, winking at Schweik and the cabman. "We walked all the way here."

But suddenly in an outburst of generosity, he threw his purse to the cabman. "Here, take the lot. A kreutzer more or less doesn't matter to me."

To be strictly accurate, he ought to have said that thirty-six kreutzers more or less didn't matter to him, for that was all the purse contained. Fortunately, the cabman submitted it to a close inspection, referring the while to smacks in the eye.

"All right, then, you give me one," replied the chaplain. "Do you think I couldn't stand it? I could stand five from you."

The cabman discovered a five-crown piece in the chaplain's waistcoat pocket. He departed, cursing his

fate and the chaplain who had wasted his time and reduced his takings.

The chaplain got to sleep very slowly, because he kept making fresh schemes. He was anxious to do all kinds of things, to play the piano, to have a dancing lesson. to fry some fish and so on. But at last he fell asleep.

III

When Schweik entered the chaplain's room in the morning, he found him reclining on the sofa in a very dejected mood.

"I can't remember," he said, "how I got out of bed and landed on the sofa."

"You never went to bed, sir. As soon as we got here, we put you on the sofa. That was as much as we could manage."

"And what sort of things did I do? Did I do anything at all? Was I drunk?"

"Not half you wasn't," replied Schweik, "canned to the wide, sir. In fact, you had a little dose of the D.T's. It strikes me, sir, that a change of clothes and a wash wouldn't do you any harm."

"I feel as if someone had given me a good hiding," complained the chaplain, "and then I've got an awful thirst on me. Did I kick up a row yesterday?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of, sir. And as for your thirst, why, that's the result of the thirst you had yesterday. It's not so easy to get rid of. I used to know a cabinet-maker who got drunk for the first time in 1910 on New Year's Eve and the morning of January 1st he had such a thirst on him and felt so seedy that he bought a herring and then started drinking again. He did that every day for four years and nothing can be done for him because he always buys his herrings on a Saturday to last him the whole week. It's one of those vicious circles that our old sergeant-major in the 91st regiment used to talk about."

The chaplain was thoroughly out of sorts and had a bad fit of the blues. Anyone listening to him at that moment would have supposed that he regularly attended teetotal lectures.

"Brandy's poison," he decided. "It must be the real original stuff. It's the same with rum. Good rum's a rarity. Now, if I only had some genuine cherry brandy here," he sighed, "it'd put my stomach right in no time."

He began to search in his pockets and inspected his purse.

"Holy Moses! I've got thirty-six kreutzers. What about selling the sofa?" he reflected. "What do you think? Will anyone buy a sofa? I'll tell the landlord that I've lent it or that someone's pinched it from me. No, I'll leave the sofa. I'll send you to Captain Schnabel to see if you can get him to lend me one hundred crowns. He won some money at cards the day before yesterday. If he won't fork out, try Lieutenant Mahler in the barracks at Vrsovice. If that's no go, try Captain Fischer at Hradcany. Tell him I've got to pay for the horse's fodder and that I've blued the money on booze. And if he don't come up to scratch, why we'll have to pawn the piano, and be blowed to them. Don't let them put you off. Say that I'm absolutely stony broke. You can pitch any yarn you please, but don't come back empty-handed or I'll send you to the front. And ask Captain Schnabel where he gets that cherry brandy, and then buy two bottles of it."

Schweik carried out his task in brilliant style. His simplicity and his honest countenance aroused complete confidence in what he said. He deemed it inexpedient to tell Captain Schnabel, Captain Fischer and Lieutenant Mahler that the chaplain owed money for the horse's fodder, but he thought it best to support his application by stating that the chaplain was at his wit's end about a paternity order. And he got the money from all of them.

When he produced the 300 crowns on his victorious return from the expedition, the chaplain, who in the meanwhile had washed and changed, was very surprised.

"I got the whole lot at one go," said Schweik, "so as we shouldn't have to worry our heads about money again to-morrow or the next day. It was a fairly easy job, although I had to beg and pray of Captain Schnabel before I could get anything out of him. Oh, he's a brute. But when I told him about our paternity case ——"

"Paternity case?" repeated the chaplain, horrified.

"Yes, paternity case, sir. You know, paying girls so much a week. You told me to pitch any yarn I pleased, and that's all I could think of."

"You've made a nice mess of it, I must say," sighed the chaplain and began to pace the room.

"This is a pretty kettle of fish," he said, clutching at his head. "Oh, what a headache I've got."

"I gave them the address of a deaf old lady down our street," explained Schweik. "I wanted to do the thing properly, because orders are orders. I wasn't going to let them put me off and I had to think of something. And now there's some men waiting in the passage for that piano. I brought them along with me, so as they can take it to the pawnshop for us. It'll be a good thing when that piano's gone. We'll have more room and we'll have more money, too. That'll keep our minds easy for a few days. And if the landlord asks what we've done with the piano, I'll tell him some of the wires are broke and we've sent it to the factory to be repaired. I've already told that to the house porter's wife so as she won't think it funny when they take the piano away in a van. And I've found a customer for the sofa. He's a second-hand furniture dealer—a friend of mine, and he's coming here in the afternoon. You can get a good price for leather sofas nowadays."

"Is there anything else you've done?" inquired the chaplain, still holding his head and showing signs of despair.

"Beg to report, sir, I've brought five bottles of that cherry brandy like Captain Schnabel has, instead of the two you said. You see, now we'll have some in stock and we shan't be hard up for a drink. Shall I see about that piano before the pawnshop closes?"

The chaplain replied with a gesture signifying his hopeless plight. And in a trice the piano was being stowed away in the van.

When Schweik got back from the pawnshop he found the chaplain sitting with an open bottle of cherry brandy in front of him, and fuming because he had been given an underdone cutlet for lunch. He was again tipsy. He declared to Schweik that on the next day he would turn over a new leaf. Drinking alcoholic beverages was, he said, rank materialism and man was made to live the life of the spirit. He talked in a philosophical strain for about half an hour. When he had opened the third bottle, the second-hand furniture dealer arrived, and the chaplain sold him the sofa for a mere song. He asked him to stop and have a chat and he was very disappointed when the dealer excused himself, as he had to go and buy a night commode.

"I'm sorry I haven't got one," said the chaplain regretfully, "but a man can't think of everything."

After the second-hand furniture dealer had gone, the chaplain started an affable little talk with Schweik, in the course of which he drank another bottle. A part of the conversation dealt with the chaplain's personal attitude towards women and cards. They sat there for a long time. And when evening came, it overtook Schweik and the chaplain in friendly discourse.

In the night, however, there was a change in the situation. The chaplain reverted to the state in which he had been on the previous day.

This idyllic interlude continued until Schweik said to the chaplain:

"I've had enough of this. Now you're going to toddle along to bed and have a good snooze, see?"

"I'll toddle along, my dear boy, of course I will," babbled the chaplain. "Do you remember we were in the Fifth together and I used to do your Greek exercises for you?"

Schweik made him take his boots off and undress. The chaplain obeyed, but addressed a protest to unknown persons:

"You see, gentlemen," he said to the cupboard, "how my relations treat me."

"I refuse to acknowledge my relatives," he suddenly decided, getting into bed. "Even if heaven and earth conspire against me, I refuse to acknowledge them."

And the room resounded with the chaplain's snoring.

IV

It was about this time that Schweik paid a visit to Mrs. Müller, his old charwoman. The door was opened to him by Mrs. Müller's cousin, who amid tears informed him that Mrs. Müller had been arrested on the same day on which she had taken Schweik in a Bath chair to the army medical board. They had tried the old lady before a court-martial, and as they had no evidence against her, they had taken her to the internment camp at Steinhof. There was a postcard from her. Schweik took this household relic and read:

DEAR ANINKA,

We are Very comfortable hear and are all well. The Woman on the bed next to mine has Spotted . . . and their are also some with small . . . Otherwise, all is well.

We have plenty to eat and collect Potato . . . for Soup. I have herd that Mr. Schweik is . . . so find out somehow wear he is berried so that after the War we can put some Flowers

on his grave. I forgot to tell you that in the Attic in a dark corner there is a box with a little Dog, a terrier puppy, in it. But he has had nothing to eat for several Weeks ever since they came to fetch me to . . . So I think it must be to late and the littel Dog is also. . . .

Across the letter had been stamped a pink inscription: "Censored, Imperial & Royal Internment Camp, Steinhof." "And the little dog *was* dead," sobbed Mrs. Müller's cousin. "And you'd never recognize the place where you used to live. I've got some dressmakers lodging there. And they've turned the place into a regular drawing-room. Fashion pictures on all the walls and flowers in the windows."

Then Schweik went to see what was going on at The Flagon. When Mrs. Palivec saw him, she said that she wouldn't serve him with any drink, because he'd probably taken French leave.

"My husband," she said, beginning to harp upon a now ancient topic, "he was as careful as could be and there he is, poor fellow, in prison, though as innocent as a babe unborn. And yet there's people going about scot free who've run away from the army. They was looking for you here again last week.

"We was more careful than you," she concluded her discourse, "and now look at the bad luck we've had. It ain't everyone who's as lucky as what you are."

It was late at night when Schweik got back, but the chaplain was not yet at home. He did not turn up till the morning, when he woke Schweik up and said:

"To-morrow we're going to celebrate mass for the troops. Make some black coffee and put some rum into it. Or better still, brew some grog."

CHAPTER XI

SCHWEIK ACCOMPANIES THE CHAPLAIN TO THE CELEBRATION OF MASS

I

PREPARATIONS for the slaughter of human beings have always been made in the name of God or of some alleged higher being which mankind has, in its imaginativeness, devised and created.

When criminals are hanged, priests always officiate, annoying the malefactors by their presence.

The shambles of the Great War would have been incomplete without the blessings of the clergy. The chaplains of all armies prayed and celebrated mass for the victory of the side whose bread they ate. A priest was in attendance when mutineers were executed. A priest put in his appearance at the execution of Czech legionaries.

Throughout Europe, men went to the shambles like cattle, whither they were driven by butchers, who included not only emperors, kings and other potentates, but also priests of all denominations. Mass at the front was always said twice. When a contingent was moving up to the front line and then again before going over the top, before the bloodshed and slaughter.

II

Schweik brewed a splendid dose of grog, far better than all the grog imbibed by old sailors. Such grog as his might have been drunk by eighteenth century pirates to their complete satisfaction.

The chaplain was delighted.

"Where did you learn to brew such fine stuff as that?"

"When I was on tramp years ago," replied Schweik, "in Bremen, from a sailor, a regular tough 'un he was. He said grog ought to be strong enough to keep a man afloat from one side of the English Channel to the other. If a man fell into the sea with weak grog inside him, he said, he'd sink like a stone."

"With grog like that inside us, Schweik, we'll have a first-rate mass," remarked the chaplain. "I think I ought to say a few parting words first, though. A military mass is no joke. It's not like mass in the detention barracks or preaching to that scurvy crowd of scallywags. Oh, no, you've got to have all your wits about you. We've got a field altar. It's a folding contraption that'll fit into your pocket. Everything's ready in the exercise ground. The carpenters have knocked up a platform. We'll get the monstrance on loan from Brevnov. I ought to have a chalice of my own, but where the deuce . . ."

He lapsed into thought. "Supposing I've lost it. Well, we could get the challenge cup from Lieutenant Wittinger of the 75th Regiment. He won it a long time ago in a running competition as a representative of the Favourite Sports Club. He used to be a good runner.

He did the twenty-five miles cross-country Marathon from Vienna to Mödling in 1 hour 48 minutes. He's always bragging about it to us. I settled that with him yesterday."

The field altar had been manufactured by a Jewish firm, Messrs. Moritz Mahler of Vienna, which turned out all kinds of accessories and images of saints. The altar consisted of three parts, liberally provided with sham gilding, like the glory of the Holy Church as a whole. It was not possible, without a good deal of imagination, to discover what the pictures, painted on these three parts, actually represented. There was only one figure which stood out prominently. It consisted of a naked man with a halo and a body turning green. On either side of him were two winged creatures, intended to represent angels. They looked like legendary monsters, a cross between a wildcat with wings and the apocalyptic beast.

Schweik deposited the field altar safely in the cab and then joined the cabman on the box, while the chaplain made himself comfortable inside the cab, with his feet on the Holy Trinity.

Meanwhile, on the exercise ground the drafts were waiting impatiently. And they waited for a long time. For Schweik and the chaplain first had to fetch the challenge cup from Lieutenant Wittinger and then they went to the monastery at Brevnov for the monstrance, the pyx and other accessories of the mass, including the bottle of sacramental wine. That only shows you that it is not at all easy to celebrate mass.

"We're sort of getting this job done by fits and starts, like," said Schweik to the cabman.

He was right. For when they reached the exercise ground and were alongside the platform with the wooden framework at the side and a table on which the field altar was to be placed, it turned out that the chaplain had forgotten about the ministrant. This duty had

hitherto been performed by an infantryman who had managed to get himself transferred to the signal service and had gone to the front.

"Never mind, sir," said Schweik, "that's a job that I can manage, too."

"Do you know how to do it?"

"I've never done it before," replied Schweik, "but there's no harm in trying. There's a war on, and people are doing things they never dreamed about before. All that silly stuff about *et cum spiritu tuo* after your *Dominus vobiscum*—I'll see to that, all right. And afterwards it's a pretty soft job to walk round you, like a cat on hot bricks. And then to wash your hands and pour out the wine from the goblets. . . ."

"All right," said the chaplain, "but don't pour out any water for me. I think I'd better put some wine into the second goblet this very minute Anyhow, I'll tell you all the time whether you've got to step to the right or the left. If I whistle very softly, once, that means to the right; twice, to the left. And you needn't worry much about the missal, either. You don't feel nervous, do you?"

"I'm not scared of anything, sir. I could do this ministrant job on my head, as you might say."

The whole matter passed off without the least hitch.

The chaplain's speech was very concise.

"Soldiers! We have met here in order that, before proceeding to the field of battle, you may turn your hearts towards God, that He may give us victory and keep us safe and sound. I am not going to detain you for long, and I wish you all the best."

"Stand at ease!" shouted the old colonel on the left flank.

Those who were close to the centre of operations wondered very much why the chaplain whistled while he was officiating.

Schweik showed a smart mastery of the signals. He walked to the right-hand side of the altar, the next

moment he was on the left, and all he kept saying was: "*Et cum spiritu tuo.*"

It looked like a Red Indian war dance round a sacrificial stone.

At last came the order: "Let us pray." There was a whirl of dust and a grey rectangle of uniforms bowed the knee before Lieutenant Wittinger's challenge cup, which he won as a representative of the Favourite Sports Club in the Vienna-Mödling cross-country Marathon.

The cup was filled to the brim and the general opinion with regard to the result of the chaplain's manipulations was summed up in the remark which passed along the ranks: "He's swigged the lot."

This performance was repeated. Then once more: "Let us pray," whereupon the band trotted out "Lord preserve us," they formed fours and were marched off.

"Collect all the doings," said the chaplain to Schweik, pointing to the field altar, "so as we can take 'em back to their proper place."

So back they went with their cabman, and honestly restored everything except the bottle of sacramental wine.

And when they were back home again, after having told the unfortunate cabman to apply to the military command about his fare for the long drive, Schweik said to the chaplain:

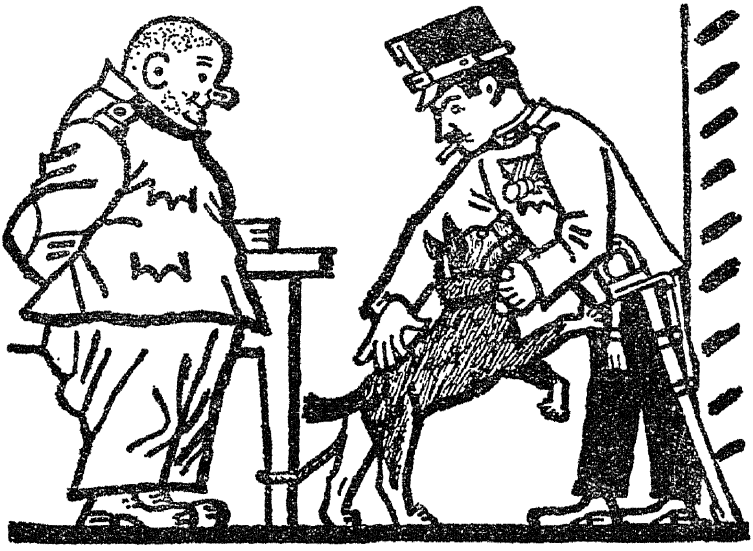
"Beg to report, sir, but must the ministrant be of the same denomination as the one who's doing the communion service with him?"

"Certainly," replied the chaplain, "or else the mass wouldn't be valid."

"Well, then, there's been a big mistake, sir," announced Schweik. "I'm of no denomination. It's just my luck."

The chaplain looked at Schweik, was silent for a while, and then he patted him on the shoulder and said:

"You can drink up what's left of the sacramental wine in the bottle, and imagine you've joined the Church again."



CHAPTER XII

SCHWEIK BECOMES BATMAN TO LIEUTENANT LUKASH

I

SCHWEIK'S good fortune did not last long. Unrelenting fate severed the friendly relations between him and the chaplain. While up to this incident the chaplain had been a likeable personality, what he now perpetrated was enough to strip him of all likeable quality.

The chaplain sold Schweik to Lieutenant Lukash, or, to put it more accurately, he lost him at cards. Just as they used to dispose of the serfs in Russia. It happened quite unexpectedly. Lieutenant Lukash gave a party and they were playing poker.

The chaplain kept on losing, and at last he said:

"How much will you advance me on my batman?

He's a champion idiot, quite unique in his way. I bet you've never come across a batman like him."

"I'll advance you a hundred crowns," said Lieutenant Lukash, "and if I don't get them back by the day after to-morrow, you'll let me have this rare specimen. My present batman's an awful fellow. He goes about pulling a long face, he's always writing home, and on top of all that he steals every blessed thing he can lay hands on. I've tried giving him a good hiding, but it isn't the slightest use. I clump his head every time I see him, but he's as bad as ever. I knocked out a few of his front teeth, but there's no curing the fellow."

"Right you are, then," said the chaplain recklessly. "A hundred crowns, or Schweik the day after to-morrow."

He lost the hundred crowns and went sadly home. He was quite certain, beyond all manner of doubt, that he would never manage to scrape together the hundred crowns within the specified time, and to all intents and purposes he had basely and despicably sold Schweik.

"I might just as well have said two hundred," he grumbled to himself, but as he changed trams he was overcome by a sentimental feeling of self-reproach.

"It was a rotten thing of me to do," he pondered, as he rang his bell. "For the life of me I don't know how I'm to look him in the face, damn him."

"My dear Schweik," he said when he was indoors, "a very unusual thing has happened. I was most infernally unlucky at cards. I blued every cent I had."

There was a short silence, and he continued:

"And I wound up by losing you. I got an advance of a hundred crowns with you as security, and if I don't give it back by the day after to-morrow, you won't belong to me, but to Lieutenant Lukash. I'm really very sorry about it."

"I've got a hundred crowns left," said Schweik. "I can lend it to you."

"Give it here," said the chaplain, brightening up.

"I'll take it to Lukash on the spot. I should really be sorry to part with you."

Lukash was very surprised to see the chaplain again.

"I've come to pay you that debt," said the chaplain, gazing round him triumphantly. "Let's have a flutter."

"Double or quits," declared the chaplain when his turn came.

And at the second round he once more went the whole hog.

"Twenty wins," announced the holder of the bank.

"My total's nineteen," said the chaplain, very crestfallen, as he put into the bank the last forty crowns left over from the hundred-crown note which Schweik had lent him to redeem himself from fresh serfdom.

On his way home the chaplain came to the conclusion that this settled matters once and for all, that nothing could now save Schweik, and that it was predestined for him to become the orderly of Lieutenant Lukash.

And when Schweik let him in, he said to him:

"It's all no use, Schweik. Nobody can go against his fate. I've lost you and your hundred crowns as well. I've done everything I could, but fate was too much for me. It's thrown you into the clutches of Lieutenant Lukash, and the time has come for us to part."

"And was there a lot in the bank?" asked Schweik with composure. Whereupon he went to brew some grog and the end of it was that the chaplain, when Schweik succeeded, late at night and with some difficulty, in getting him into bed, burst into tears and sobbed:

"I have sold you, comrade, shamefully sold you. Overwhelm me with curses, strike me. I will endure it. I throw myself at your mercy. I cannot look you in the face. Maul me, bite me, destroy me. I deserve no better fate. Do you know what I am?"

And the chaplain buried his tear-stained face in the pillow, as in a soft and gentle voice he murmured: "I'm a thorough-paced blackguard," and fell sound asleep.

The next day the chaplain avoided Schweik's glance, went away early and did not return until nightfall, with a fat infantryman.

"Schweik, show him," he said, again avoiding Schweik's glance, "where the things are kept, so as he can find his way about, and teach him how to brew grog. Report yourself to Lieutenant Lukash early to-morrow morning."

And so it came about that in the morning Lieutenant Lukash beheld for the first time the frank and honest countenance of Schweik, who quoth:

"Beg to report, sir, I'm Schweik who the chaplain lost at cards."

II

Officers' orderlies are of very ancient origin. It would appear that Alexander the Great had his batman. I am surprised that nobody has yet written a history of batmen. It would probably contain an account of how Fernando, Duke of Almavir, during the siege of Toledo, ate his batman without salt. The duke himself has described the episode in his *Memoirs* and he adds that the flesh of his batman was tender, though rather stringy, and the taste of it was something between that of chicken and donkey.

Among the present generation of batmen there are few so self-sacrificing that they would let their masters eat them without salt. And there are cases where officers, engaged in a regular life-and-death struggle with the modern type of orderly, have to use all possible means to maintain their authority. Thus, in 1912, a captain was tried at Graz for kicking his batman to death. He was acquitted, however, because it was only the second time he had done such a thing.

III

Lieutenant Jindrich Lukash was a typical regular army officer of the ramshackle Austrian monarchy. The cadet

school had turned him into a species of amphibious creature. In company he spoke German, he wrote German, but he read Czech books, and when he was giving a course of instruction to a group of volunteer officers, all of them Czechs, he would say to them in a confidential tone:

"I'm a Czech just the same as you are. There's no harm in it, but nobody need know about it."

He looked upon the Czech nationality as a sort of secret organization which was best given a wide berth. In other respects he was not a bad fellow. He was not afraid of his superior officers, and at manœuvres he looked after his squad, as was right and proper.

Although he could shout if he wanted to, he never bullied, but while he acted fairly towards the rank-and-file, he detested his orderlies, because it had always been his luck to get hold of the most objectionable batmen. And he refused to regard them as soldiers. He used to smack their faces or cuff their heads, and altogether tried, by word and deed, to make them mend their ways. He had pursued this plan unsuccessfully for several years. They came and went continuously, and at last he used to sigh to himself when a new one arrived:

"Here's another low brute been palmed off on to me."

He was remarkably fond of animals. He had a Harz canary, a Persian cat and a stable dog. All his previous orderlies had treated these pets about as badly as Lieutenant Lukash treated the orderlies when they had done something sneakish.

When Schweik came to report himself to Lieutenant Lukash, the latter took him into his room and said:

"Mr. Katz recommended me to you, and I want you to live up to his recommendation. I've had a dozen or more orderlies, and there wasn't one of them settled down properly with me. I give you fair warning that I'm strict, and I drop very sharply on all meanness and lying. I want you always to speak the truth and to

carry out all my orders without any back answers. What are you looking at?"

Schweik was gazing with interest at that side of the wall where the cage with the canary was hanging, and now, fixing his good-humoured eyes on the lieutenant, he said in that kindly voice of his:

"Beg to report, sir, that's a Harz canary."

And having thus interrupted the lieutenant's oration, Schweik looked him straight in the face without moving an eyelid and standing stiffly at attention.

The lieutenant was about to make some scathing remark, but perceiving the guileless expression on Schweik's countenance, he merely said:

"The chaplain recommended you as a champion idiot, and I'm inclined to think he wasn't far wrong."

"Beg to report, sir, the chaplain, as a matter of fact, wasn't far wrong. When I was doing my regular service I was discharged as feeble-minded, a chronic case, too. There were two of us discharged from the regiment for the same reason—me and a Captain von Kaunitz. He was a rum old buffer, he was, sir, if you'll pardon me saying so."

Lieutenant Lukash shrugged his shoulders, like a man who is at a loss to find words to express his thoughts adequately. He paced the room from the door to the window, walking right round Schweik, and back again, during which process Schweik, according to where the lieutenant happened to be, faced eyes right or eyes left with such an emphatic expression of innocence on his face that Lieutenant Lukash looked at the carpet as he remarked:

"Yes, I must have everything clean and tidy. And I can't stand lies. Honesty's the thing for me. I hate a lie and I punish it without mercy. Is that clear?"

"Beg to report, sir, it's quite clear. The worst thing a man can do is to tell lies. As soon as he begins to get in a muddle and contradict himself, he's done for. I

think it's always best to be straightforward and own up. Oh yes, honesty's a very fine thing, because it pays in the long run. An honest man's respected everywhere; he's satisfied with himself, and he feels like a new-born babe when he goes to bed and can say: 'Well, I've been honest again to-day.'"

During this speech Lieutenant Lukash sat on a chair, looking at Schweik's boots and thinking to himself:

"Ye gods, I suppose I often talk twaddle like that, only perhaps I put it a bit differently."

However, not wishing to impair his authority, he said, when Schweik had concluded:

"Now that you're with me, you've got to keep your boots clean, your uniform spick-and-span, with all the buttons properly sewn on, and, in fact, your get-up must be smart and soldierly. I don't want you to look like a civilian clodhopper."

He paused for a while, and then continued, explaining to Schweik all his duties and laying special stress on how essential it was for him to be trustworthy and never to gossip about what went on in the lieutenant's quarters.

"There are ladies who come to see me," he added, "and sometimes one or the other of them stays all night, when I'm not on duty in the morning. In a case like that, you'll bring coffee for two into the bedroom, when I ring. Do you follow me?"

"Beg to report, sir, I follow you. If I came into the bedroom unexpected-like, it might be awkward for the lady. I remember once I took a young woman home with me, and just as we were getting on fine together, my charwoman brought in the coffee. She didn't half have a fright and poured all the coffee down my back. Oh, I know what's what when a lady's in bed."

"That's right, Schweik. We must always be extremely tactful where ladies are concerned," said the lieutenant, who was now getting more cheerful, because the subject

was one which occupied all his leisure between barracks, parade ground and gambling.

His quarters revealed marked feminine influence. Numerous ladies had left knickknacks and other adornments as mementoes of their visits. One lady had embroidered a charming antimacassar for him, besides stitching monograms on all his underwear. She would probably have completed a set of wall decorations if her husband had not put a stop to the proceedings. Another had littered his bedroom with all sorts of bric-à-brac and had hung a picture of a guardian angel over his bed.

Lieutenant Lukash also carried on an extensive correspondence. He had an album containing photographs of his lady friends, together with a collection of keepsakes such as numerous garters, four pairs of embroidered knickers, three camisoles of very delicate material, a number of cambric handkerchiefs, one corset and several stockings.

"I'm on duty to-day," he said. "I shan't be home till late. Tidy up the place and see that everything's put straight. The last orderly was no good at all, and he's leaving to-day with a draft for the front."

When Lieutenant Lukash had gone, Schweik put everything straight, so that when he returned at night, Schweik was able to announce:

"Beg to report, sir, everything's been put straight, except for one little hitch. The cat got into mischief and gobbled up your canary."

"How did that happen?" bellowed the lieutenant.

"Beg to report, sir, it was like this. I knew that cats don't like canaries and do them harm if they get half a chance. So I thought I'd make them better acquainted and if the creature showed signs of getting up to any tricks, I'd give her a walloping that'd make her remember to her dying day how to behave when canaries are about, because I'm as fond of dumb animals as can be. Well, I took the canary out of the cage and let the cat sniff at

it. But before I knew what was happening, the damned brute had bitten off the canary's head. And you'd never believe how greedy she was, too. Gobbled it up, feathers and all, and purred away the whole time, as jolly as could be. I gave that cat a bit of my mind, that I did, but as God's my witness, I never laid a finger on her. I thought I'd better wait till you decided what's to be done to the mangy brute."

While narrating this, Schweik looked the lieutenant in the face so frankly that the latter, who at first had approached him with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, moved away again, sat on a chair and asked:

"Look here, Schweik, are you really such a prize lunatic?"

"Beg to report, sir," replied Schweik solemnly, "I am. I've always been unlucky ever since I was a little kid. Whenever I wanted to do something properly and make a good job of it, it always turned out wrong and got me in a mess. I really did want those two animals to get better acquainted and understand each other, and it's not my fault if the cat gobbled up the canary and spoiled everything. But cats are tough brutes, and no mistake. If you want me to do that cat in, sir, I'd have to . . ."

And Schweik, with the most innocent face and the kindliest of smiles, explained to the lieutenant how cats can be done in. If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had heard him, it would assuredly have foamed at the mouth. He revealed such expert knowledge that Lieutenant Lukash, forgetting his anger, asked:

"Do you know how to treat animals? Are you really fond of them?"

"Well, sir," said Schweik, "I like dogs best, because it's a paying game if you know how to sell them. It's not in my line, because I'm too honest, but people used to come bothering me, all the same, because they said I sold them a pup, as you might say, sir, instead of a sound,

thoroughbred dog. As if all dogs can be sound and thoroughbred. And then they always wanted a pedigree, so I had to have pedigrees printed and turn a mongrel, that was born in a brick works, into a pure-bred pedigree dog. Oh, you'd be surprised, sir, at the way all the big dog fanciers swindle their customers over pedigrees. Of course, there ain't many dogs that could truthfully call themselves out-and-out thoroughbreds. Sometimes the mother or the grandmother got mixed up with some mongrel or other, or maybe several, and then the animal takes after each of them. Ears from one, tail from another, whiskers from another, jowl from a fourth, bandy legs from a fifth, size from a sixth; and if a dog had a dozen connections of that sort, you can just about imagine, sir, what he looks like."

The lieutenant began to take a great interest in this doggy lore, and so Schweik was able to continue without hindrance:

"Dogs can't dye their own hair, like ladies do, so that's always a job for the one who wants to sell him. When a dog's so old that he's all grey, and you want to sell him as a one-year pup, you buy some silver nitrate, pound it up and then paint the dog black so that he looks like new. And to give him more strength you feed him with arsenic like they do horses, and you clean his teeth with emery paper like they use to clean rusty knives with. And before you show him to a customer, you make him swallow brandy, so that he gets a bit tipsy and then he's merry and bright and barks as jolly as can be, and chums up with everyone, like people do when they're boozed. But this is the most important part of the business, sir. You must talk to the customers, keep on talking to 'em, till they're sort of flabbergasted. If a man wants to buy a house-dog and all you've got is a greyhound, you've got to have the gift of the gab, as they say, to talk the man over, so that he takes the greyhound instead of a house-dog. Or supposing someone wants a

savage bulldog to keep burglars away, you've got to bamboozle him so that instead of a bulldog he takes one of these here midget lap dogs away in his pocket. When I used to deal in animals, there was a lady came one day and said that her parrot had flown away into the front garden and that some boys who were playing at Indians in front of her house had caught this parrot and torn all the feahers out of its tail and decorated themselves with them. Well, this parrot felt so ashamed at losing his tail that he fell ill and a vet had finished him off with some powders. So she wanted to buy a new parrot, a well-behaved one, not one of those vulgar birds that can do nothing but swear. Well, what was I to do, not having any parrot and not knowing where to lay hands on one? But I had a bad-tempered bulldog, quite blind he was, too. And I give you my word, sir, I had to talk to that lady from four in the afternoon till seven in the evening, before she bought the blind bulldog instead of the parrot. That was a more ticklish job than any of their diplomatic stuff, and when she was going away, I said to her: 'Those little boys had better not try to pull *his* tail off.' And that's the last words I spoke to that lady, because she had to move away from Prague on account of that bulldog, because he bit everyone in the house. You wouldn't believe, sir, how hard it is to get hold of a really first-rate animal."

"I'm very fond of dogs," said the lieutenant. "Some of my pals who're at the front have got dogs with them, and they write and tell me that the company of a faithful and devoted animal makes life in the trenches quite pleasant. Well, you seem to have a thorough knowledge of dogs, and I hope that if I have one you'll look after him properly. What breed do you consider the best? I mean, for a dog as a companion. I once had a fox terrier, but I don't know——"

"Oh, I think a fox terrier is a very nice dog, sir. They're clever, too, and no mistake. I once knew one——"

Lieutenant Lukash looked at his watch and interrupted Schweik's flow of talk.

"Well, it's getting late and I must be off to bed. To-morrow I'm on duty again, so you've got the whole day to find your fox terrier."

He went off to bed, and Schweik lay down on the sofa in the kitchen, where he read the newspapers which the lieutenant had brought with him from the barracks.

"Just fancy," said Schweik to himself, scanning with interest the summary of the day's news, "the Sultan's awarded a war medal to the Kaiser, and I haven't even got the M.M. yet."

Suddenly he thought of something, and rushed into the lieutenant's bedroom. Lieutenant Lukash was now fast asleep, but Schweik woke him up.

"Beg to report, sir, you didn't give me any instructions about the cat."

And the lieutenant, half-asleep and half-awake, turned over on the other side and mumbled drowsily:

"Three days' C.B."

Then he fell asleep again.

Schweik tiptoed out of the room, dragged the unfortunate cat from under the sofa and said to her:

"You've got three days' C.B. Dismiss."

And the Persian cat crawled back under the sofa.

In that quarter of Prague near the steps leading to the Castle there is a small beer shop. One day two men were sitting there in the dim light at the back. One was a soldier and the other a civilian. They were sitting close together and whispering mysteriously. They looked like conspirators at the time of the Venetian Republic.

"Every day at eight o'clock," whispered the civilian, "the skivvy takes him along Havlicek Square on the way to the park. But he's a fair terror. Talk about bite! There's no doing anything with him."

And bending down still closer to the soldier, he whispered into his ear:

"He don't even eat sausage."

"Not when it's fried?" asked the soldier.

"No, not even when it's fried."

They both spat.

"What does the brute eat, then?"

"Blowed if I know. Some of these dogs are as pampered and petted as a blessed archbishop."

"Is it a real fox terrier? The lieutenant won't take any other sort."

"Oh, it's a fox terrier all right. A very fine dog, too. Pepper-and-salt, an out-and-out thoroughbred, as sure as your name's Schweik and mine's Blahnik. All I want to know is what grub he eats and I'll bring him to you."

The two friends again clinked glasses It was from Blahnik that Schweik had obtained his supply of dogs when he used to deal in them before joining the army. And now that Schweik was a soldier, Blahnik considered it his duty to assist him in a disinterested spirit. He knew every dog in the whole of Prague and environs, and on principle he stole only thoroughbred dogs.

At eight o'clock the next morning the good soldier Schweik might have been seen strolling along by the Havlicek Square and the park. He was waiting for the servant girl with the Pomeranian. At last his patience was rewarded. Around her frisked a dog with whiskers, a bristly, wiry-haired animal with knowing eyes.

The servant girl was rather elderly, with her hair tastefully twisted into a bun. She whistled to the dog and flourished a leash and an elegant hunting crop.

Schweik said to her:

"Excuse me, miss. Which is the way to Zizkov?"

She stopped and looked at him to see whether he was in earnest, and Schweik's good-natured face convinced her that this worthy soldier did really want to go to

Zizkov. Her expression showed signs of relenting, and with great readiness she explained to him how he could get to Zizkov.

"I've only just been transferred to Prague," said Schweik. "I'm from the country. You're not from Prague, either, are you?"

"I'm from Vodňany."

"Then we're almost neighbours," replied Schweik. "I'm from Protivin."

Schweik's familiarity with the topography of southern Bohemia, which he had once acquired during the manœuvres in that region, caused the servant girl's heart to warm to her fellow-townsman.

"Then I expect you know Pejchar, the butcher on the market square at Protivin?"

"I should think I do. Why, he's my brother. He's a regular favourite in the whole neighbourhood," said Schweik. "He's a good sort, an obliging fellow, he is. Sells good meat and gives good weight."

"Then don't you belong to the Jaresh family?" asked the servant girl, beginning to take to the unknown warrior.

"Yes, of course."

"Which Jaresh is your father, the one at Kertsch or the one at Razice?"

"The one at Razice."

"Does he still go round selling beer?"

"Yes."

"Why, he must be well over sixty."

"He was sixty-eight last spring," replied Schweik with composure. "Now he's got a dog to pull his cart for him. Just like the one that's chasing those sparrows. A nice dog, a beautiful little animal."

"That's ours," explained his new lady friend. "I'm in service at the colonel's."

"So that's your dog, is it?" Schweik interrupted her. "It's a pity that my lieutenant can't stand dogs, because I'm very fond of them."

He lapsed into silence, but suddenly blurted out:

"Of course, it's not every dog that'll eat anything you give it."

"Our Lux is awfully dainty. There was a time he wouldn't eat meat at all, but he will now."

"And what's he like best?"

"Liver, boiled liver."

"Calves' liver or pig's liver?"

"He doesn't mind which," said Schweik's fellow-countrywoman, with a smile.

They strolled along together for a while, and then they were joined by the Pomeranian. He seemed to take a great fancy to Schweik and tried to tear his trousers as best he could through his muzzle. He kept jumping up at him, but suddenly, as if he guessed Schweik's intentions towards him, he stopped jumping and ambled along with an air of sadness and anxiety, looking askance at Schweik, as much as to say: "So that's what's in store for me, is it?"

The servant girl meanwhile was telling Schweik that she came this way with the dog every evening at six o'clock as well, that she did not trust any man from Prague, that she had once put a matrimonial advertisement in the paper and a locksmith had replied with a view to marriage, but had wheedled 800 crowns out of her for some invention or other and had then disappeared. In the country the people were more honest, of that she was certain. If she were to marry, it would have to be a man from the country, but not until the war was over. She thought that war marriages were a mistake, because it generally meant that the woman was left a widow.

Schweik assured her it was highly probable that he would turn up at six o'clock, and he then took his leave, to inform Blahnik that the dog would eat liver of any species.

"I'll let him have ox liver, then," decided Blahnik. "That's what I collared a St. Bernard dog with, and he

was a shy animal, he was. I'll bring that dog along to-morrow, all right."

Blahnik kept his word. In the afternoon, when Schweik had finished tidying up, he heard a barking noise at the door, and when he opened it, Blahnik came in, dragging with him a refractory Pomeranian which was more bristly than his natural bristliness. He gnashed his teeth and growled, as if expressing his desire to rend and devour.

They tied the dog to the kitchen table, and Blahnik described the procedure by which he had acquired the animal.

"I purposely hung about near him with some boiled liver wrapped up in a piece of paper. He began sniffing and jumping up at me. When I got as far as the park I turns off into Bredovska Street and then I gives him the first bit. He gobbles it up, but keeps on the move all the time so as not to lose sight of me. I turns off into Jindrichska Street and there I gives him another helping. Then, when he'd got that inside him, I puts him on the lead and took him across Vaclav Square to Vinohrady and then on to Vrsovice. And he didn't half lead me a dance. When I was crossing the tram-lines he flops down and wouldn't budge an inch. Perhaps he wanted to get run over. I've brought a blank pedigree form that I got at a stationer's shop. You'll have to fill that up, Schweik."

"It's got to be in your handwriting. Say he comes from the Von Bülow kennels at Leipzig. Father, Arnheim von Kahlsberg, mother, Emma von Trautensdorf, and connected with Siegfried von Busenthal on his father's side. Father gained first prize at the Berlin Exhibition of Pomeranians in 1912. Mother awarded a gold medal by the Nürnberg Thoroughbred Dogs' Society. How old do you think he is?"

"Judging by his teeth, I should say two years."

"Put him down as eighteen months."

"He's been badly cropped, Schweik. Look at his ears."

"That can be put right. We can clip them when he's got used to us. He'd show fight if we was to try it now."

The purloined dog growled savagely, panted, wriggled about, and then, tired out, he lay down, with tongue hanging out, and waited what would befall him. Gradually he became quieter, only from time to time he whined piteously.

Schweik offered him the rest of the liver which Blahnik had handed over. But he refused to touch it, eyeing it disdainfully and looking at both of them, as much as to say: "I've been had once. Now eat it yourselves."

He lay down with an air of resignation, and pretended to be dozing. Then suddenly something flashed across his mind; he got up and began to stand on his hind legs and to beg with his front paws. He had given in.

This touching scene produced no effect on Schweik.

"Lie down," he shouted at the wretched animal, which lay down again, whining piteously.

"What name shall we shove into his pedigree?" asked Blahnik. "He used to be called Fox, or something of that sort."

"Well, let's call him Max. Look how he pricks up his ears. Stand up, Max."

The unfortunate Pomeranian, which had been deprived both of home and name, began to run about in the kitchen. Then, unexpectedly changing his mind, he sat down by the table and devoured the rest of the liver which was on the floor. Whereupon he lay down by the fireplace and ended his spell of adventure by falling asleep.

"What's the damage?" Schweik asked Blahnik, when he got up to go.

"Don't you worry about that, Schweik," said Blahnik tenderly. "I'd do anything for an old pal, especially

when he's in the army. Well, so long, lad, and never take him across Havlicek Square, or you'd be asking for trouble. If you want any more dogs, you know where I hang out."

Schweik let Max have a good long nap. He went to the butcher's and bought half a pound of liver, boiled it and waited till Max woke up, when he gave him a piece of the warm liver to sniff at. Max began to lick himself after his nap, stretched his limbs, sniffed at the liver and gulped it down.

"Max!" shouted Schweik. "Come here."

The dog obeyed gingerly enough, but Schweik took him on his lap and stroked him. Now for the first time since his arrival Max began to wag the remainder of his lopped tail amicably, and playfully grabbed at Schweik's hand, holding it in his paw and gazing at Schweik sagaciously, as much as to say:

"Well, it can't be helped; I know I got the worst of it."

Max jumped down from Schweik's lap and began to frisk about merrily with him. By the evening, when the lieutenant returned from the barracks, Schweik and Max were the best of friends.

Lieutenant Lukash was very pleasantly surprised when he saw Max, who on his part also showed great joy at again seeing a man with a sword.

When asked where he came from and how much he cost, Schweik replied with the utmost composure that the dog was a present from a friend of his who had just joined up.

"That's fine, Schweik," said the lieutenant, playing with Max. "On the first of the month I'll let you have fifty crowns for the dog."

"I couldn't take the money, sir."

"Schweik," said the lieutenant sternly, "when you entered my service, I explained to you that you must obey me implicitly. When I tell you that you'll get fifty crowns, you've got to take the money and go on

the spree with it. What will you do with the fifty crowns, Schweik?"

"Beg to report, sir, I'll go on the spree with it, as per instructions."

"And if I should happen to forget it, Schweik, you are to remind me to give you the fifty crowns. Do you understand? Are you sure the dog hasn't got fleas? You'd better give him a bath and comb him out. I'm on duty to-morrow, but the day after to-morrow I'll take him for a walk."

While Schweik was giving Max a bath, the colonel, his former owner, was kicking up a terrible row and threatening that when he found the man who had stolen his dog, he would have him tried by court-martial, he would have him shot, he would have him hanged, he would have him imprisoned for twenty years and he would have him chopped to pieces.

"There'll be hell to pay when I find the blackguard who did it," bellowed the Colonel till the windows rattled. "I know how to get even with low scoundrels like him."

Above the heads of Schweik and Lieutenant Lukash was hovering a catastrophe.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CATASTROPHE

COLONEL KRAUS, who also had a handle to his name, to wit, von Zillergut, from a village near Salzburg which his ancestors had stripped bare in the eighteenth century, was an estimable booby. Whenever he gave an account of anything, he confined himself to concrete details, and stopped every now and then to ask whether his hearers all understood the most elementary terms, as: "So, as I was just saying, gentlemen, there was a window. You know what a window is, don't you?" Or: "A road with ditches along both sides of it is called a highway. Yes, gentlemen. Do you know what a ditch is? A ditch is a sort of cavity dug by a gang of labourers. It's a deep gutter. Yes, that's what it is. And they dig it out with shovels. Do you know what a shovel is?"

He had a mania for explaining things, and he indulged

in it with the enthusiasm of an inventor telling people about the apparatus he has made.

He was so immoderately idiotic that officers gave him a wide berth, in order not to be informed that the pavement separates the street from the roadway and that it consists of a raised stretch of stonewalk alongside the house fronts. And a house front is that part of a house which we see from the street or the pavement. We cannot see the back part of a house from the pavement, as we can immediately verify for ourselves if we step into the roadway.

This interesting fact he was prepared to demonstrate on the spot. And he would stop officers to embark on interminable conversations about omelettes, sunlight, thermometers, puddings, windows and postage stamps.

The remarkable thing was that such an imbecile as this should have gained comparatively rapid promotion. During manœuvres he performed regular miracles with his regiment. He never got anywhere in time, he led the regiment in column formation against machine-gun fire, and on one occasion several years previously, during the imperial manœuvres in southern Bohemia, he and his regiment got completely lost. They turned up in Moravia, where they had wandered about for several days, after the manœuvres were all over.

He was extremely devout. He often went to confession, and since the outbreak of the war he had prayed regularly for the success of Austria and Germany. He always flew into a temper when he read in the paper that more prisoners had been captured. He would bellow:

"What's the good of taking prisoners? Shoot the lot. No mercy. Pile up the corpses. Trample on 'em. Burn every damned civilian in Serbia alive. Every man Jack of 'em. And finish the babies off with bayonets."

Having finished his class work at the training school for volunteer officers, Lieutenant Lukash went for a walk with Max.

"I hope you don't mind me telling you, sir," said Schweik solicitously, "but you got to be careful with that dog, or he'll run away. I expect he's fretting a bit after his old home, and if you was to untie him, he might take his hook. And if I was you I wouldn't take him across Havlicek Square, because there's a butcher's dog always hanging about round there and he's a terror, he is. The minute he sees a strange dog on his beat, he gets that angry, thinking the other dog's going to sneak some of his grub. And he don't half bite."

Max frisked about merrily and got under the lieutenant's feet, entangling his leash in the officer's sword and altogether displaying extreme delight at being taken for a walk.

They went out into the street and Lieutenant Lukash made for the Prikopy. He had an appointment with a lady at the corner of Panská Street. He was engrossed in official thoughts. What was he to lecture about to the volunteer officers the next day? How is the elevation of a given hill determined? Why is the elevation always measured above the sea level? How can the simple elevation of a hill from its base be determined from the elevation above the sea level? Confound it, why on earth did the War Office include such rot in its syllabus? That's all very well for the artillery. Besides, there are the general staff maps. If the enemy is on Hill 312, there's no point in wondering why the elevation of the hill is measured above the sea level or in calculating how high it is. You just look at the map, and there you are.

He was disturbed from these reflections by a stern "Halt!" just as he was approaching Panská Street. At the same instant the dog tried to scuttle away from him, lead and all, and gleefully barking, it hurled itself upon the man who had shouted "Halt!"

The lieutenant found himself face to face with Colonel Kraus von Zillergut. He saluted and apologized to the colonel for not having noticed him earlier.

"An officer of lower rank, sir," thundered Colonel Kraus, "must always salute officers of higher rank. That is a regulation which, I believe, is still in force. And there is another thing. Since when have officers been in the habit of promenading in the streets with stolen dogs? Yes, with stolen dogs, I said. A dog which belongs to someone else is a stolen dog."

"This dog, sir——" began Lieutenant Lukash.

"Belongs to me, sir," said the colonel, interrupting him curtly. "That's my dog Fox."

And Fox alias Max remembered his old master, and completely repudiated his new one. He left Lieutenant Lukash in the lurch and began to jump up at the colonel with every appearance of delight.

"To walk about with stolen dogs, sir, is incompatible with an officer's honour. You didn't know? An officer cannot purchase a dog unless he has convinced himself that he can do so without fear of any untoward consequences." Colonel Kraus continued to bellow as he stroked Max, who now basely began to snarl at the lieutenant and to show his teeth, as if saying to the colonel: "Give it him hot!"

"Would you consider it right, sir," continued the colonel, "to ride on a stolen horse? Didn't you read my advertisement in *Bohemia* and the *Prager Tageblatt* about the loss of my Pomeranian? You didn't read the advertisement that your superior officer put into the papers?"

The colonel banged the fist of one hand into the palm of the other.

"Upon my word, what are these young officers coming to? Where's their sense of discipline? A colonel puts advertisements in the paper and they don't read them."

"By Jove, wouldn't I like to land him a couple across the jaw, the silly old buffer!" thought Lieutenant Lukash to himself as he looked at the colonel's whiskers, which reminded him of an orang-outang.

"Just step this way a moment," said the colonel. So

they walked along together, engaged in a highly pleasant conversation:

"When you get to the front, you won't be able to get up to tricks of that sort. I've no doubt it's very nice to lounge about at the base and go for walks with stolen dogs. Oh yes! With a dog belonging to your superior officer. At a time when we are losing hundreds of officers every day on the battle-fields. And catch them reading advertisements. Not they! Why, damn it all, I might go on advertising for a hundred years that I've lost a dog. Two hundred years, three hundred years!"

The old colonel blew his nose noisily, which in his case was always a sign of great indignation, and said:

"You can continue your walk."

Whereupon he turned on his heel and departed, savagely slashing his riding whip across the ends of his great coat.

Lieutenant Lukash crossed the road, and there again he heard that yell of "Halt!" The colonel had just stopped an unfortunate infantry reservist who was thinking of his mother and had not noticed him.

With his own hands the colonel conducted him into barracks for punishment, calling him a blithering jackass.

"What am I to do with that fellow Schweik?" thought the lieutenant. "I'll bash his jaw in, but that's not enough. Why, if I was to slice him into strips, it would be too good for a skunk like him."

And disregarding his appointment with the lady, he wrathfully made his way home.

"I'll murder that blighter, that I will," he said to himself, as he got into a tram.

Meanwhile the good soldier Schweik was engrossed in a conversation with an orderly from the barracks who had brought a number of documents for the lieutenant to sign and was now waiting.

Schweik treated him to coffee and the pair of them were telling each other that Austria would get the worst

of it. Almost every word they uttered would have brought them to the gallows for high treason if they had been overheard.

"The Emperor must be off his chump by now," announced Schweik. "He never was what you'd call brainy, but the war will about put the lid on it. Why, they have to feed him like a baby. A few days ago there was a chap in a pub telling us he's got two wet nurses."

He would probably have made more such profound remarks if at that point the conversation had not been interrupted by the return of Lieutenant Lukash.

He glared ferociously at Schweik, signed the documents and, having dismissed the messenger, beckoned Schweik to follow him into the next room. The lieutenant's eyes flashed fire. Sitting down on a chair, he gazed at Schweik and meditated on the beginning of the slaughter.

"First of all I'll land him a couple across the mouth," he reflected; "then I'll bang his nose in and pull his ears. After that, we'll see."

And he found himself confronted by the kindly and guileless eyes of Schweik, who interrupted the calm before the storm, as follows:

"Beg to report, sir, you've lost your cat. She ate up the boot polish and now she's gone and kicked the bucket. I threw her into the cellar—the next one, that is. You'll have a job to find another Persian cat like that. She was a nice little animal, that she was."

"What am I to do with him?" was the question which darted across the lieutenant's mind. "Good God, what an utter imbecile he looks!"

And Schweik's good-natured, guileless eyes beamed with a blend of tenderness and complacency at the thought that all was well, and nothing had happened, and even if anything had happened, all was well just the same.

Lieutenant Lukash jumped up, but he did not hit Schweik as he had originally intended. He brandished his fist under his nose and bellowed:

"You stole that dog, Schweik?"

"Beg to report, sir, that you went for a walk with Max this afternoon, so I couldn't have stole him. I thought it was funny when you came back without him, and it struck me at the time that something was up."

"Schweik, you misbegotten numskull, for God's sake hold your tongue. Either you're a thorough-paced rascal or else you're a champion, double-dyed, blithering idiot. But I warn you, don't try any of your tricks on me. Where did you get that dog from? How did you get hold of him? Do you know that he belongs to our colonel? Tell me the truth. Did you steal him or didn't you?"

"Beg to report, sir, I didn't steal him."

"Did you know he was stolen?"

"Beg to report, sir, yes, I knew that, sir."

"Then, Schweik, you prize ass, you thickheaded booby, you lousy skunk, I'll shoot you, by heaven I will. Are you really such a blithering idiot?"

"Beg to report, sir, I am, sir."

"Why did you bring me a stolen dog? What did you palm the brute off on me for?"

"I wanted to please you, sir."

And Schweik's eyes gazed kindly and tenderly at the lieutenant, who dropped into a chair and lamented:

"My God, what have I done to have this bloody fool inflicted on me?"

He sat there in silent resignation and felt too limp even to give Schweik a smack in the face. At last he rolled a cigarette and without knowing why, he sent Schweik for the *Bohemia* and the *Prager Tageblatt* so that he could read the colonel's advertisement about the stolen dog.

Schweik returned with the newspapers opened at the advertisement page. His face was beaming and he announced with the utmost joy:

"Here it is, sir. The colonel gives a grand description of that stolen Pomeranian. It's a fair treat to read it, that

it is. And on top of that he offers a reward of a hundred crowns to anyone who brings the dog back. Generally they only offer fifty crowns reward."

"You go and lie down, Schweik," ordered the lieutenant.

He also went to bed, and in the night he dreamed that Schweik had stolen also the horse belonging to the heir apparent, had brought it to him, and that during an inspection the heir apparent had recognized the horse when he, the unfortunate Lieutenant Lukash, was riding on it in front of his company.

Schweik's head suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Beg to report, sir, they've come for you from the barracks. You've got to go at once to the colonel. An orderly's just brought the message."

And he added confidentially:

"It may be something to do with that dog."

"I know all about it," said the lieutenant, when the orderly was about to deliver his message.

He said it dejectedly and departed, with a withering glance at Schweik.

This was not an orderly-room affair, but something far worse. The colonel was sitting very glumly in his arm-chair when the lieutenant entered his office.

"Two years ago," said the colonel, "you applied to be transferred to the 91st regiment at Budejovice. Do you know where Budejovice is? On the Vltava, yes, the Vltava, and the Ohre or some such river flows into it just there. The town is large and, if I may say so, cheerful, and if I am not mistaken there is an embankment alongside the river. Do you know what an embankment is? It's a sort of rampart, built up above the water. Yes. However, that's neither here nor there. We once had manœuvres in the neighbourhood."

The colonel was silent for a while and then, staring into his ink pot, passed on to another subject.

"You've upset that dog of mine. He won't eat any-

thing. Look, there's a fly in the inkpot. Funny that a fly should fall into the inkpot in the winter. It's the result of slack discipline."

"Out with it, for God's sake, you bloody old idiot," thought the lieutenant.

The colonel stood up and paced to and fro in his office.

"I have given much thought to the question of how I ought to deal with you so that this may not occur again, and I remembered that you applied to be transferred to the 91st regiment. The supreme command informed me quite recently that there is a considerable shortage of officers in the 91st regiment, because they have all fallen victims to the Serbians. I give you my word of honour that within three days you will be in the 91st regiment at Budejovice, where drafts are being formed. You need not thank me. The army needs officers who——"

And being now at a loss as to what he should say next, he looked at his watch and remarked:

"It's half past ten. It's high time for me to be off to the orderly room."

This concluded their pleasant chat, and the lieutenant heaved a sigh of profound relief as he left the office and proceeded to the officers' training school, where he announced that within a day or two he would be going to the front and was therefore arranging a farewell party.

On his return home he said to Schweik portentously:

"Schweik, do you know what a draft is?"

"Beg to report, sir, when you're on draft it means you're going to be sent to the front."

"Exactly, Schweik," said the lieutenant solemnly, "and so allow me to inform you that you are going on draft with me. But don't you imagine you'll be able to get up to any of your silly tricks there. Well, are you glad?'

"Beg to report, sir, I'm as glad as I can be," replied the good soldier Schweik. "It'll be a grand thing if you and me was to fall together fighting for the Emperor and his family."

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

SCHWEIK'S MISADVENTURES ON THE TRAIN

THERE were three passengers in a second-class compartment of the Prague-Budejovice express. Lieutenant Lukash, opposite whom an elderly and entirely bald gentleman was sitting, and Schweik, who was standing modestly in the corridor and was just preparing to listen to a fresh storm of abuse from Lieutenant Lukash who, regardless of the presence of the bald-headed civilian, kept yelling at Schweik throughout the journey, that he was a God-forsaken idiot and similar things.

The cause of the trouble was a trifling matter, a slight discrepancy in the number of pieces of luggage that Schweik was looking after.

"One of our trunks has been stolen, you say," snarled the lieutenant at Schweik. "That's a fine thing to tell anyone, you jackass. What was in that trunk?"

"Nothing at all, sir," replied Schweik, with his eyes glued to the bald head of the civilian, who was sitting opposite to the lieutenant, and who appeared to be taking no interest whatever in the matter, but was reading the *Neue Freie Presse*. "All that was in that trunk was a looking-glass from the bedroom and an iron clothes hanger from the passage, so that we didn't really lose anything, because the looking-glass and the hanger belonged to the landlord."

"Shut up, Schweik," the lieutenant shouted. "I'll deal with you when we get to Budejovice. Do you know I'm going to have you locked up?"

"Beg to report, sir, I don't," said Schweik blandly. "You never mentioned anything to me about it before, sir."

The lieutenant gritted his teeth, sighed, took a copy of the *Bohemia* from his pocket and began to read news about great victories, and the exploits of the German submarine "E" in the Mediterranean. Just when he had come to a report about a new German invention for blowing cities up by means of special triple detonating bombs dropped from aeroplanes, he was interrupted by the voice of Schweik, who was addressing the bald-headed gentleman:

"Excuse me, guv'nor, but ain't you Mr. Purkrábek, agent of the Slavia Bank?"

When the bald-headed gentleman made no reply, Schweik said to the lieutenant:

"Beg to report, sir, I once read in the paper that the average man has 60,000 to 70,000 hairs on his head and that many examples show black hair is thinner as a rule."

And he continued remorselessly:

"Then there was a doctor who said that loss of hair was due to mental disturbance during confinements."

But now a dreadful thing happened. The bald-headed gentleman jumped towards Schweik and shouted: "Get out of here, you dirty swine," and having hustled him into the corridor, returned to the carriage, where he gave the lieutenant a little surprise by introducing himself.

Evidently there had been a mistake. The bald-headed man was not Mr. Purkrábek, agent of the Slavia Bank, but merely Major-General von Schwarzburg. The major-general was just proceeding in mufti on a series of garrison inspections and was now about to pay a surprise visit to Budejovice.

He was the most fearsome major-general who had ever walked the earth, and if he found anything amiss, the following dialogue would ensue between him and the garrison commandant:

"Have you got a revolver?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. If I were in your place, I'd know what to do with it. This isn't a garrison, it's a pigsty."

And, as a matter of fact, there were always a certain number who shot themselves after one of his inspections, whereupon Major-General von Schwarzburg would always observe with satisfaction:

"That's the style! That's what I call a soldier."

He now said to Lieutenant Lukash:

"Where did you attend the cadet school?"

"At Prague."

"So you attended a cadet school and are not aware that an officer is responsible for his subordinate? That's a nice state of affairs. And then you carry on a conversation with your orderly as if he were a close friend of yours. You allow him to talk without being asked. That's an even nicer state of affairs. In the third place, you allow him to insult your superior officers. And that caps all. What is your name?"

"Lukash."

"And what regiment are you in?"

"I was——"

"I'm not asking where you were but where you are."

"In the 91st regiment, sir. They transferred me——"

"Oh, they transferred you, did they? Quite right, too. It won't do you any harm to get to the front as soon as possible with the 91st regiment."

"That's already settled, sir."

The major-general now held a lecture about how, of recent years, he had observed that officers talk to their subordinates in a familiar manner, and this he held to be a dangerous tendency, inasmuch as it promoted the spread of democratic principles. The private soldier must keep himself to himself, he must tremble before his superior officer, he must fear him. Officers must keep the rank-and-file at a distance of ten paces from them and not allow them to think independently or, indeed, to think at all. There was a time when officers put the fear of God into the rank-and-file, but nowadays——

The major-general made a hopeless gesture with his hand.

"Nowadays the majority of officers absolutely coddle the rank-and-file. That's all I wanted to say."

The major-general picked up his newspaper again and engrossed himself in it. Lieutenant Lukash, as white as a sheet, went out into the corridor to settle accounts with Schweik.

He found him by the window, looking as blissful and contented as a baby a month old who has drunk its fill and is now dropping off to sleep.

The lieutenant stopped, beckoned to Schweik and pointed to an empty compartment. He entered at Schweik's heels and closed the door.

"Schweik," he said solemnly, "the time has now come for you to get the biggest hiding on record. What on earth did you interfere with that bald-headed gentleman for? Do you know that he's Major-General von Schwarzburg?"

"Beg to report, sir," announced Schweik, with the air of a martyr, "never in my life have I had the least intention of insulting anyone and it's news to me about him being a major-general. As true as I stand here, he's the living image of Mr. Purkrábek, agent of the Slavia Bank. He used to come to our pub and once, when he fell asleep at a table, some joker wrote on his bald head with a copying-ink pencil: 'Please note our scheme for safeguarding your children's future as per schedule IIIc enclosed."

After a short pause, Schweik continued:

"There was no need for that gentleman to get into such a wax over a little mistake like that. It's an absolute fact he's supposed to have 60,000 to 70,000 hairs, like the average man has, just as the article said. It never struck me there was such a thing as a bald-headed major-general. Well, that's what they call a tragic mistake, the same as anybody might make when he passes a remark and somebody else takes it in a wrong way without giving him a chance to explain. I used to know a tailor who——"

Lieutenant Lukash gave one more look at Schweik and then left the compartment. He returned to his former seat, and after a few minutes Schweik's guileless countenance appeared in the doorway:

"Beg to report, sir, we'll be at Tábor in five minutes. The train stops there for five minutes. Wouldn't you care to order a little snack of something? Years and years ago they used to have very good——"

The lieutenant jumped up furiously and in the corridor he said to Schweik:

"Let me tell you once more that the less I see of you, the better I shall like it. If I had my way I'd never set eyes on you again, and you can take it from me that I won't if I can damn well help it. Don't let me see anything of you. Keep out of my sight, you blithering jackass, you."

"Very good, sir."

Schweik saluted, turned smartly to the right-about, in the military manner, and then went to the end of the corridor, where he sat down in a corner on the guard's seat and entered into a conversation with a railwayman.

"There's a question I'd like to ask you, boss."

The railwayman, who evidently was in no mood for conversation, nodded listlessly.

"I used to know a chap named Hofmann," began Schweik, "and he always made out that these alarm signals never act, what I mean to say, that nothing would happen if you pulled this handle. To tell you the honest truth, I never gave the matter another thought, but as soon as I spotted this alarm outfit here, I thought I'd like to know what's what, in case I should ever need it."

Schweik stood up and accompanied the railwayman to the alarm brake marked: "In case of danger."

The railwayman considered it his duty to explain to Schweik exactly what the alarm mechanism consisted of.

"He was right when he said you've got to pull this here handle, but he was kidding you when he made out it don't act. The train always stops, because this is connected with all the carriages and the engine. The alarm brake is bound to act."

While he was saying this, they both had their hands on the handle of the lever and then—how it happened must remain a mystery—they pulled it and the train stopped.

They were quite unable to agree as to who had actually done it and made the alarm signal work.

Schweik declared that he couldn't have done it.

"It's a fair marvel to me," he said good-humouredly to the guard, "why the train stopped so sudden. It was going, then all at once it stopped. I'm more upset about it than what you are."

A solemn gentleman took the guard's part and said

he'd heard the soldier start a conversation about alarm signals.

On the other hand, Schweik kept harping upon his good name and insisted that it was no advantage to him for the train to be late, because he was on his way to the front.

"The station master'll tell you all about it," declared the guard. "This'll cost you twenty crowns."

Meanwhile the passengers could be seen climbing down from the carriages, the head guard blew a whistle, and a lady in a panic started running with a portmanteau across the railway track into the fields.

"It's well worth twenty crowns, that it is," said Schweik stolidly, maintaining complete composure. "It's cheap at the price."

Just then the head guard joined the audience.

"Well, it's about time we made a move," said Schweik. "It's a nuisance when a train's late. If it was in peace time it wouldn't matter so much, but now that there's a war on, all the trains are carrying troops, major-generals, lieutenants, orderlies. It's a risky business being late like that. Napoleon was five minutes late at Waterloo and, emperor or no emperor, he got himself into a mess just the same."

At this moment Lieutenant Lukash pushed his way through the group. He was ghastly pale and all he could utter was the word "Schweik!"

Schweik saluted and explained:

"Beg to report, sir, they're making out I stopped the train. The railway company have got very funny plugs on their emergency brakes. It's better to keep away from them or else something'll go wrong and they'll ask you to fork out twenty crowns, the same as they're asking me."

The head guard had already blown his whistle and the train was starting again. The passengers returned to their seats, and Lieutenant Lukash, without another word, also went back to his compartment.

The guard now called upon Schweik to pay a fine of twenty crowns, as otherwise he would have to take him before the station master at Tábor.

"That's all right," said Schweik. "I like talking to educated people. It'll be a fair treat for me to see that station master at Tábor."

When the train arrived at Tábor, Schweik with all due ceremony went to Lieutenant Lukash and said:

"Beg to report, sir, I'm being taken before the station master."

Lieutenant Lukash did not reply. He had become completely indifferent to everything. It struck him that the best thing he could do was not to care a rap about anybody, whether it was Schweik or the bald-headed major-general, and to sit quietly where he was, to leave the train at Budejovice, to report himself at the barracks and to proceed to the front with a draft. At the front, if the worst came to the worst, he would be killed and thus get away from this appalling world in which such monstrosities as Schweik were knocking about.

When the train started again, Lieutenant Lukash looked out of the window and saw Schweik standing on the platform and engrossed in a solemn colloquy with the station master. Schweik was surrounded by a crowd of people in which several railway uniforms were visible.

Lieutenant Lukash heaved a sigh. It was not a sigh of pity. His heart felt lighter at the thought that Schweik had been left behind on the platform. Even the bald-headed major-general did not seem to be quite such a horrid bugbear.

The train had long since puffed its way into Budejovice, but there was no diminution in the crowd round Schweik.

Schweik was asserting his innocence, and had so convinced the assembly that one lady remarked:

"They're bullying another soldier again."

The assembly accepted this view, and a gentleman

announced to the station master that he was prepared to pay Schweik's fine for him. He was convinced that the soldier had not done what he was accused of.

Then a police sergeant made his appearance and, having grabbed hold of a man in the crowd, led him away, saying:

"What d'you mean by causing all this disturbance? If that's the way you want soldiers treated, how d'you expect Austria to win the war?"

Meanwhile, the worthy person who believed in Schweik's innocence had paid the fine for him and had taken Schweik into the third-class refreshment room, where he had treated him to beer. And having ascertained that all his papers, including his railway warrant, were in the possession of Lieutenant Lukash, he generously presented him with the sum of five crowns for a ticket and sundry expenses.

Schweik stayed where he was, and while he was quietly drinking his way through the five crowns, the people on the platform who had not witnessed Schweik's interview with the station master, and had only seen a crowd in the distance, were telling each other that a spy had been caught taking photographs of the railway station, but a lady contradicted this rumour by declaring that it wasn't a spy at all, but she had heard that a dragoon had struck an officer near the ladies' lavatory because the officer was following his (the dragoon's) sweetheart. These fantastic conjectures were brought to an end by the police, who cleared the platform. And Schweik went on quietly drinking; he wondered with a tender concern what Lieutenant Lukash had done when he reached Budejovice and found no signs of his orderly anywhere.

Before the departure of the slow train, the third-class refreshment-room became packed with travellers, consisting mostly of soldiers belonging to the most varied units and nationalities. The tide of war had swept them into hospital and now they were again leaving for the

front to be wounded, mutilated and tortured once more, so as to qualify for a wooden cross on their graves.

"*Ihre Dokumente, vasi tokúment,*" a sergeant-major of the military police now remarked to Schweik in German and broken Czech. He was accompanied by four soldiers with fixed bayonets. "You sit, *nicht fahren*, sit, drink, keep on drink," he continued in his elegant jargon.

"Haven't got none, *milacku*,"[1] replied Schweik. "Lieutenant Lukash of the 91st regiment took them with him and left me here in the station."

"*Was ist das Wort: milacek?*"[2] asked the sergeant-major, turning to one of his soldiers, an old defence corps man, who replied:

"*Milacek, das ist wie: Herr Feldwebel.*"[3]

The sergeant-major continued his conversation with Schweik:

"Papers, every soldier, without papers, lock up."

They took Schweik accordingly to the military transport headquarters.

"It's no use, chum, you've got to get it over. So in you go," said the corporal to Schweik in a sympathetic tone.

And he led Schweik into an office where, behind a table littered with papers, sat a small lieutenant who looked exceedingly fierce. When he saw Schweik with the corporal, he remarked: "Aha!" in a significant manner. Whereupon the corporal explained:

"Beg to report, sir, this man was found in the station without any papers."

The lieutenant nodded as if to indicate that years and years ago he had guessed that precisely on that day and at that hour Schweik would be found in the station without papers, for anyone looking at Schweik at that moment could not help feeling convinced that it was

[1] "Darling."

[2] "What does *milacek* mean?"

[3] "*Milacek*, that's the same as sergeant-major."

quite impossible for a man of such appearance and bearing to have any papers on him.

At last he asked:

"What were you doing in the station?"

"Beg to report, sir, I was waiting for the train to Budejovice, because I want to get to my regiment where I'm orderly to Lieutenant Lukash, but I got left behind on account of being taken to the station master to pay a fine through being suspected of stopping the express we were travelling in, by pulling the alarm signal."

"Here, I can't make head or tail of this," shouted the lieutenant. "Can't you say what you've got to say in a straightforward manner, without drivelling away like a lunatic?"

"Beg to report, sir, that from the very first minute I sat down with Lieutenant Lukash in that train that was to take us to our 91st imperial royal infantry regiment without any hanging about we had nothing but bad luck. First of all we lost a trunk, then by way of a change, there was major-general, a bald-headed cove——"

"Oh, good Lord!" sighed the lieutenant.

And while the lieutenant fumed, Schweik continued:

"Well, somehow or other this bald-headed major-general got his knife into me at the very start, and Lieutenant Lukash, that's the officer I'm orderly to, he sent me out into the corridor. Then in the corridor I got accused of doing what I've told you. And while they were looking into it, I got left behind on the platform. The train was gone, the lieutenant with his trunks and his papers and with my papers was gone too, and there I was left in the lurch like an orphan, with no papers and no nothing."

Schweik gazed at the lieutenant with such a touching air of gentleness that the latter was quite convinced of the absolute truth of what he was hearing from the lips of this fellow who, to all appearances, was a congenital idiot. He now enumerated to Schweik all the trains which had left for Budejovice since the departure of

the express, and he asked him why he had missed them as well.

"Beg to report, sir," replied Schweik, with a good-humoured smile, "that while I was waiting for the next train, I got into more trouble through having a few drinks."

"I've never seen such a fool," pondered the lieutenant. "He owns up to everything. I've had plenty of them here, and they all swear blind they've never done anything. But this chap comes up as cool as a cucumber and says: I lost all the trains through having a few drinks."

The lieutenant decided that the time had now come to settle the matter once and for all. He therefore said in emphatic tones:

"Now then, you blithering idiot, you fat-headed lout, go to the booking-office, buy a ticket and clear off to Budejovice. If I see any more of you, I'll treat you as a deserter. Dismiss!"

As Schweik did not move, but kept his hand at the salute at the peak of his cap, the lieutenant bellowed:

"Quick march outside, didn't you hear what I said? Corporal Palánek, take this drivelling idiot to the booking-office and buy him a ticket to Budejovice."

After a short interval Corporal Palánek again appeared at the lieutenant's office. Behind Palánek, through the open door, peeped Schweik's good-humoured countenance.

"What is it now?"

"Beg to report, sir," whispered Corporal Palánek mysteriously, "he's got no money for a ticket and I've got none, either. They won't let him ride free because he's got no papers to show he's going to the regiment."

The lieutenant promptly delivered a judgment of Solomon to settle the quandary.

"Then let him walk there," he decided, "and when he

gets there they can shove him in clink for being late. We can't be bothered with him here."

"It's no use, chum," said Corporal Palánek to Schweik when they were outside the office again, "you'll have to walk to Budejovice, old sport. We've got some bread rations in the guard room. I'll give you some to take with you."

And half an hour later, when they had treated Schweik to black coffee, and besides the bread rations had given him a packet of army tobacco to take with him to the regiment, he left Tábor at dead of night, singing an old army song. And heaven knows how it happened that the good soldier Schweik instead of turning southward towards Budejovice, went due west. He trudged through snow, wrapped up in his army greatcoat, like the last of Napoleon's guards returning from the march on Moscow.

When he got tired of singing, Schweik sat down on a pile of gravel, lit his pipe and after having a rest, trudged on towards new adventures.

CHAPTER II

SCHWEIK'S ANABASIS

XENOPHON, the warrior of antiquity, tramped all over Asia Minor and heaven knows where else, without any maps. The ancient Goths likewise achieved their expeditions without any topographical knowledge. An anabasis involves marching straight ahead, penetrating unknown regions, being surrounded by enemies who are on the lookout for a chance of wringing your neck.

When Cæsar's legions were somewhere up in the remote north, which incidentally they had managed to reach without maps, they decided they would get back to Rome by a different road, so as to see a little more of the world. And they got there, too. Hence, probably, the saying that all roads lead to Rome.

In the same way all roads lead to Budejovice, a circumstance of which the good soldier Schweik was fully persuaded, when instead of the region of Budejovice, he beheld a village in the vicinity of Milévsko. But Schweik kept trudging on in a westerly direction and on the road between Kvetov and Vraz he met an old woman who was returning from church and who hailed him with the Christian salutation:

"Good day, soldier, which way are you going?"

"I'm off to Budejovice to my regiment," replied Schweik. "I'm off to the war, Ma."

"But you're on the wrong road, soldier," said the old woman with alarm. "You'll never get there that way. If you keep straight on, you'll come to Klatovy."

"Well, I expect I can get to Budejovice from Klatovy,"

said Schweik with an air of resignation. "It's a tidy step, of course, especially when I'm in such a hurry to join my regiment, because it'd be rough luck on a man like me who wants to do his duty if I was to get into trouble for not turning up in good time."

The old woman looked at Schweik pityingly and said:

"You wait in that thicket and I'll bring you some potato soup to warm you. You can see our cottage from here, just behind the thicket a little bit to the left. You can't go yonder past our village, the police are as thick as flies down that way."

Schweik waited more than half an hour in the thicket for the old woman, and when he had warmed himself with the potato soup which the poor old woman brought him in a basin tied up in cloth to keep it from getting cold, from a bundle she took a hunk of bread and a piece of bacon which she slipped into Schweik's pocket, made the sign of the cross over him and said that she had two grandsons at the front. She then repeated very carefully the names of the villages he was to pass through and those he was to avoid. Finally she took a crown-piece from her skirt pocket and gave it to him to buy himself some brandy with.

Schweik followed the route recommended by the old woman, and near Steken he encountered an old tramp, who invited him to have a swig of brandy, as if he had known him for years.

"Don't go about in those togs," he warned Schweik. "That there uniform'll land you, as like as not, in a devil of a mess. It fairly stinks of police round here, and you can't do any cadging while you've got that on. The police don't worry us like what they used to. It's only you chaps they're after now."

"And where are you off to?" asked the tramp presently, when they had both lit their pipes and were walking slowly through the village.

"To Budejovice."

"Holy Moses!" said the tramp in alarm. "If you go there, they'll collar you before you know where you are. Why, you won't have the ghost of a chance. What you want is a suit of civvy clothes, with plenty of stains on 'em. Nice and dirty. Then you can pass yourself off as a cripple. But don't you be afraid. Four hours hoofing it from here'll bring us to a place where an old shepherd, a pal of mine, hangs out. We can stay there overnight and in the morning we'll get to Strakonice and find those togs for you somewhere in the neighbourhood."

The shepherd turned out to be an affable old fellow who could remember the tales his grandfather used to tell about the French wars.

"Yes, me lads," he explained, when they were sitting round a stove, on which potatoes were cooking in their jackets, "in those days my granddad, he done a bunk the same as this soldier here. But they copped him at Vodňany and walloped his backside for him till the skin peeled off in strips. And he got off lightly, he did. Why, there was a chap down Protivin way, he was the grandad of old Jaresh, the pond keeper, he got a dose of powder and shot at Pisek for slinging his hook. And before they put the bullets through him on the ramparts at Pisek, he had to run the gauntlet and got 600 whacks with sticks. When they'd finished with him, he was glad of the bullets to put him out of his misery. And when did you do a bunk?" he asked Schweik.

"When they were marching us off to barracks, just after I'd been called up," replied Schweik, who realized that he must not shake the old shepherd's faith in him.

"And where are you off to now?"

"He's fair daft, that's what he is," the tramp replied on Schweik's behalf. "He wants to go to Budejovice of all places. That's the way a young chap without experience does for himself. I shall have to teach him a thing or two. First of all we're going to scrounge some civvy clothes, and then it'll be all right. We'll keep ourselves

going till the spring, and then we'll do a bit of farm work somewhere. People are going to have a rough time of it this year, and a chap told me that they're going to nab all the tramps and make them work in the fields. So it strikes me we may as well go of our own free will. There won't be many men left. They'll be done in wholesale."

"You think it'll all be over this year?" asked the shepherd. "Ah, you're right there, lad. The old wars, they was long wars, if you like. Napoleon's wars, and afterward the Swedish wars, as I've heard say, and the Seven Years' War."

The water containing the potatoes now began to boil and after a short silence the old shepherd said in prophetic tones:

"But he won't win this war, our Emperor won't, me lads. He hasn't got the people on his side. After this war, they say, there ain't going to be any more emperors and they'll help themselves to the big royal estates. The police have collared a few of 'em for that sort of talk. Ah, the police are having it all their own way now."

The shepherd then strained the potatoes and poured sour sheep's milk into the dish. After a hasty meal, they soon went to sleep in the warm shanty.

In the night Schweik dressed quietly and crept out. The moon was rising in the east and in its encouraging light Schweik stepped out eastwards, saying to himself:

"I'm bound to get to Budejovice sooner or later."

But by an unfortunate chance, after leaving Protivin, instead of bearing to the south for Budejovice, Schweik turned his steps northward in the direction of Pisek. Towards noon he saw a village close by and as he walked down a small hill, from a white cottage behind a pond a policeman stepped forth, like a spider lurking in its web. He went straight up to Schweik and said:

"Where are you off to?"

"To Budejovice, to join my regiment."

The policeman gave a sarcastic smile.

"But you're coming away from Budejovice. You've left Budejovice behind you," and he drew Schweik into the police station.

"Well, we're pleased to see you," began the police sergeant of Putim, who had the reputation of being very tactful, but, at the same time, very shrewd. He never bullied persons who were arrested or detained, but subjected them to the kind of cross-examination which made even the innocent admit their guilt.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," he continued. "I expect you're tired after your long tramp. Now tell us where you're going to."

Schweik repeated that he was going to Budejovice to join his regiment.

"Then you've missed your way," said the police sergeant with a smile, "because you're not going to Budejovice but coming away from it."

The police sergeant gazed indulgently at Schweik, who replied in a calm and dignified tone:

"But I am going to Budejovice for all that."

"Now, look here," said the police sergeant to Schweik, still in a very friendly tone, "I'll prove to you that you're wrong, and in the end you'll realize that every denial only makes it more difficult to own up."

"You're right there," said Schweik. "Every denial only makes it more difficult to own up."

"There you are; now you can see it for yourself. I want you to tell me quite frankly where you came from when you started off for this Budejovice of yours."

"I started from Tábor."

"And what were you doing at Tábor?"

"I was waiting for the train to Budejovice."

"Why didn't you take the train to Budejovice?"

"Because I hadn't got a ticket."

"And why didn't they give you a free railway warrant? You're entitled to one, being a soldier."

"Because I hadn't got any papers on me."

The whole staff of the police station eyed each other significantly, and the police sergeant continued:

"So you were at the railway station in Tábor. Have you anything in your pockets? Let's see what you have."

When they had searched Schweik thoroughly and found nothing except a pipe and some matches, the police sergeant asked him:

"Tell me why it is you've got nothing whatever in your pockets."

"Because I don't need anything."

"Heavens alive!" sighed the police sergeant. "You're a devil of a nuisance. Did you stay long in the railway station at Tábor?"

"Till the last train left for Budejovice."

"And what did you do there?"

"Had a bit of a chat with some soldiers."

Another significant exchange of glances between the police sergeant and his staff.

"And what did you talk to them about? What sort of questions did you ask them?"

"I asked them what regiment they were from and where they were going to."

"I see. And didn't you ask them how many men there are in the regiment and how it is divided up?"

"No, I didn't ask them that, because I know it all inside out. Learned it years ago."

"So you know a lot about army arrangements?"

"I should think I do."

And then, glancing round at his subordinates, the police sergeant triumphantly played his trump card:

"Can you speak Russian?"

"No."

The police sergeant nodded to his right-hand man and when they were both in the adjoining room, he rubbed his hands as he gloated over the thoroughness and certainty of his triumph, and declared:

"Did you hear that? He doesn't speak Russian. The chap's as artful as a cartload of monkeys. He's admitted everything except the most important point. To-morrow we'll hand him over to the district superintendent at Pisek. The secret of dealing with wrongdoers is to keep your wits about you and to treat 'em kindly. Did you see how I put him through it? You wouldn't think he was that sort, would you? He looks like a village idiot, but those are just the people you've got to be most cautious with. Well, just put him under lock and key and I'll go and draw up a report about it."

And later in the afternoon the police sergeant with an enraptured smile was drawing up a report, every sentence of which contained the word "*Spionageverdächtig*."[1]

As he wrote on, the situation became clearer and clearer, and when he had concluded in his queer bureaucratic German: "I therefore herewith beg to report that the enemy officer this day will be handed over to the district police superintendent at Pisek," he smiled at what he had accomplished and called out to his right-hand man:

"Have you given the enemy officer anything to eat?"

"In accordance with your instructions, sir, we only supply food to persons who are brought up and cross-examined before twelve o'clock."

"This is a very exceptional case," said the police sergeant impressively. "This is a higher officer, one of the staff. The Russians don't use lance-corporals for spying jobs. You can send out to The Tom Cat to get him some lunch. Then let them make some tea with rum in it, and send the whole lot here. Don't say who it's for. In fact, don't tell anyone who we've got here. That's a military secret. And what's he doing now?"

"He asked for a bit of baccy. He's sitting in the guardroom and looks as pleased as if he was at home. 'It's nice and warm here,' he says, 'and your stove don't

[1] "Suspected of espionage."

smoke. I feel quite snug here. If your stove was to smoke, you should have the chimney swept. But only in the afternoon, never when the sun's right on top of the chimney,' he says."

"Ah, that only shows his artfulness," said the police sergeant in a voice brimful of satisfaction. "He pretends not to mind. All the same, he knows he's going to be shot. You can't help respecting a man like that, even though he is an enemy. There he is, practically face to face with death, as you might say. I'm not so sure whether we'd have the nerve to do it. We might shilly-shally and then back out of it. But there he sits and says: 'It's nice and warm here and your stove don't smoke.' That's what I call pluck. Yes, sir. A man's got to have nerves of steel, he's got to be full of guts, before he can do a thing like that. Guts and pluck. We could do with a little of it in Austria. Not that we haven't got any heroes. I was reading in the paper about—— But here we are, wasting our time talking. Just go down and order that meal and on your way send him in to me."

When Schweik was brought in, the police sergeant paused for a moment, and then proceeded to apply his method of cross-examination.

"And what were you going to do at Budejovice?"

"Join the 91st regiment."

The police sergeant told Schweik to return to the guardroom, and quickly, before he forgot it, he added to the report he was drawing up for the superintendent of police at Pisek: "He knows the Czech language perfectly and wanted to enter the 91st infantry regiment at Budejovice."

The police sergeant gleefully rubbed his hands, delighted at the abundance of the material he had collected and at the detailed results achieved by his method of enquiry. He smiled with satisfaction, and from a pigeon-hole in his desk he took out a schedule of secret instructions issued by the chief of police in Prague.

It was marked with the usual "Strictly Confidential" and read as follows:

All police authorities are urgently reminded that they must keep an extremely careful watch on all persons passing through the area of their jurisdiction. The operations of our troops in eastern Galicia have caused a number of Russian units, who have crossed the Carpathians, to occupy positions within the territories of our Empire, thus shifting the battle front further to the west of the Monarchy. This new situation has made it possible for Russian spies, owing to the instability of the battle front, to penetrate further into the territories of our Monarchy, especially in Moravia and Silesia, from which, according to confidential reports, large numbers of Russian spies have proceeded to Bohemia. It has been ascertained that among them there are many Czechs from Russia, trained in Russian military academies and with a perfect knowledge of the Czech language, who seem to be particularly dangerous persons, since they can, and undoubtedly do, spread treasonable propaganda among the Czech population. The police authorities are therefore instructed to detain all suspicious persons and in particular to keep a strict watch on localities in the neighbourhood of military garrisons, centres and stations through which troop trains pass. Persons thus detained are to be immediately subjected to a cross-examination and handed over to the appropriate higher authorities.

The police sergeant again smiled contentedly, and put the secret schedule back again into the pigeon-hole labelled "Secret Instructions." There were many of them and they had been drawn up by the Ministry of the Interior in co-operation with the Ministry of Defence. The police headquarters at Prague were kept busy all day long duplicating and distributing them. They included:

Instructions for keeping in touch with the disposition of the local population.

Hints how, by means of conversation, the effects of the news from the front upon the disposition of the local population may be traced.

Questionnaire on the attitude of the local population towards the war loans and subscriptions.

Questionnaire on the feeling among those called up and about to be called up.

Instructions for an immediate inquiry to ascertain what political parties the local population belongs to and in what numerical proportions the individual parties are represented in this respect.

Instructions for keeping in touch with the activities of the leaders of the local political parties.

Orders relating to an inquiry to discover the associates of persons suspected of disloyalty and to ascertain how their disloyalty is exhibited.

Orders relating to methods for securing informers from among the local population.

Orders for paid informers from among the local population duly registered for service.

Every day brought fresh orders, regulations, questionnaires and instructions. Swamped by this glut of contrivances which emanated from the Austrian Ministry of the Interior, the police sergeant was harassed with large quantities of arrears, and he dealt with the questionnaires in a stereotyped manner by replying that everything was all right and the loyalty among the local population was up to the Ia standard. The Austrian Ministry of the Interior had devised the following standards to indicate degrees of loyalty and devotion to the Monarchy: Ia, Ib, Ic; IIa, IIb, IIc; IIIa, IIIb, IIIc; IVa, IVb, IVc. The latter standard on the "a" grade denoted treason and gallows, "b" implied internment, while "c" meant observation and imprisonment.

The police sergeant often shook his head despairingly when he saw the accumulation of documents and circulars which relentlessly assailed him with every post. As soon

as he saw the familiar envelopes stamped "Official, paid," his heart sank, and in the night, when he was brooding over the whole business, would come to the conclusion that he was not going to survive the war. He was at his wits' end through being bombarded day after day by inquiries from police headquarters, demanding the reason why he had not replied to questionnaire number $\frac{72345}{721\ alf}$d, or what he had done with regard to instructions number $\frac{88892}{822\ gfeh}$z, or what particular results had accrued from orders number $\frac{123456}{19222\ bfr}$V, and so on.

Yes, the police sergeant had passed many sleepless nights. He was continually awaiting inspections, investigations. He used to dream about ropes and about being led to the gallows. And in his dream, just before he was going to be hanged, the Minister of National Defence in person asked him:

"Sergeant, what have you done with the reply to circular number $\frac{1789678}{23792}$X. Y. Z.?"

But now the outlook was far rosier. The police sergeant did not doubt that the district superintendent of police would tap him on the shoulder and say: "Congratulations, Sergeant." In his mind's eye he saw other delightful prospects, such as distinctions, rapid promotion and a wide recognition of his efficiency in tracking down wrongdoers, which would pave the way to a brilliant career.

He called his right-hand man and asked him:

"Did that lunch arrive?"

"They brought him some smoked pork with cabbage and dumplings. There wasn't any soup left. He's had some tea and wants some more."

"Then get it for him," was the sergeant's liberal decision, "and when he's had it, bring him to me."

"Well, did you enjoy it?" asked the sergeant, when half an hour later Schweik, who had eaten to his heart's content, was brought to him.

"Oh, it wasn't so bad, only there ought to have been a little more cabbage. Still, it can't be helped—I know you wasn't expecting me. The smoked pork was well done. I wouldn't mind betting it was home-cured stuff. And the tea with rum did me a world of good."

The sergeant looked at Schweik and began:

"They drink a lot of tea in Russia, don't they? And have they got rum, too?"

"You can get rum all over the world."

"Ah, my fine fellow," thought the sergeant, "now you'd like to get out of it, wouldn't you?" And he rapped out like a machine gun:

"What did you want to do in the 91st regiment?"

"I wanted to go to the front."

The sergeant gazed with satisfaction at Schweik and remarked:

"That's right. That's the best way of getting to Russia," and he thought to himself, beaming with delight:

"That was a smart bit of brain work, that was."

He looked to see what effect his words had produced on Schweik, but all he could observe was unruffled composure.

"This chap doesn't move an eyelid," he reflected with a feeling of alarm. "That's his military training. If I was in his shoes and anyone was to say that to me, I'd feel pretty shaky about the knees."

"To-morrow morning we're going to take you to

Pisek," he announced with a casual air. "Have you ever been to Pisek?"

"Yes, in 1910, at the imperial manœuvres."

When he heard this answer the police sergeant's smile became still more winsome and triumphant. He was now thoroughly convinced that by this system of cross-examination he had surpassed himself.

"Did you go right through the manœuvres?"

"Not half I didn't, seeing that I was a footslogger."

And again, with the same tranquil air as before, Schweik gazed at the police sergeant, who wriggled with delight and could not refrain from rapidly entering this in his report. He called his right-hand man and told him to take Schweik away. Whereupon he completed his report thus:

His plan was as follows: Having wormed his way into the ranks of the 91st infantry regiment, he intended to volunteer for the front immediately and at the first opportunity he would then get into Russia, for he had observed that owing to the alertness of the authorities the return journey would otherwise be impossible. It can be readily understood that he would get on well in the 91st regiment, for on his own admission, which was extracted from him after a lengthy cross-examination, he went right through the imperial manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Pisek, as an infantryman, as far back as 1910. From that it is clear that he is extremely efficient in his own special branch. I may add that all the items of incriminating evidence were the result of my system of cross-examination.

The police sergeant then proceeded to the guard room. He lit his pipe and gave Schweik tobacco to fill his with; the right-hand man put more coal on the fire, and amid the advancing winter twilight the police station was transformed into the cosiest spot on the globe for a friendly chat.

But no one had anything to say. The police sergeant

was following up a train of thought, and at last he turned to his right-hand man and said:

"If you ask me, I don't think they ought to hang spies. A man who sacrifices his life for his duty, for his country, as you might say, is entitled to a more honourable end with powder and shot. What do you think?"

"Yes, that's the ticket. Shoot 'em, don't hang 'em," agreed the right-hand man. "Supposing we was told to go and find out how many machine guns the Russians have got in their machine-gun corps, we'd change our togs and go. And then if I got nabbed, would it be fair to hang me, as if I'd.done someone in and robbed him?"

The right-hand man got so excited that he stood up and shouted:

"I say he's got to be shot and buried with military honours."

"Yes, that's all right," Schweik chimed in. "The only trouble is that if a chap's smart enough, they can never prove anything against him."

"Oh, can't they!" declared the police sergeant with emphasis. "They can, if they're as smart as he is, and if they've got a method of their own. You'll have a chance of seeing that for yourself."

The right-hand man nodded assent and remarked that people who did that sort of thing were playing a losing game and that it wasn't any use for a man to pretend he didn't care a damn, because the more he tried that dodge on, the more he gave himself away.

"Oh, you've got the hang of my method, that you have," declared the police sergeant proudly. "Yes, it's all very well to keep a cool head, but it's nothing more than a bubble, as you might say. And when it's only a bit of sham, it's a *corpus delicti*."

Whereupon, breaking off this disquisition on his theory, the police sergeant turned to his right-hand man and asked:

"Well, what have we got for supper to-night?"

"Ain't you going out to The Tom Cat for a meal, sir?"

This question confronted the police sergeant with another difficult problem which called for immediate settlement. Suppose this man were to take advantage of his temporary absence to escape? His right-hand man was reliable and cautious enough, although he had once let two tramps slip through his fingers.

"We'll send the old woman out to fetch our supper, and she can take a jug with her for the beer," was how the police sergeant handled the difficult problem. "It'll do the old girl good to stretch her legs a bit."

And the old girl who waited on them did, in fact, stretch her legs a bit. After supper there was a continual going and coming on the road between the police station and The Tom Cat Inn. The extremely numerous traces of the old woman's very large boots on this line of communication bore witness to the fact that the police sergeant had consoled himself in full measure for his absence from The Tom Cat. And when at last the old woman arrived at the taproom with the message that the police sergeant sent his best respects and would they please let him have a bottle of brandy, the landlord's curiosity knew no bounds.

"Who've they got there?" replied the old woman. "Some suspicious man. Just before I left 'em, they was both holding their arms round his neck and the police sergeant, he was stroking his head and calling him his dear old pal and what-not."

Later on, well after midnight, the police sergeant's right-hand man was reclining in full uniform on his truckle-bed, sound asleep and snoring loudly. The police sergeant himself, on the other hand, with the remainder of the brandy at the bottom of the bottle, was holding his arms round Schweik's neck. Tears were flowing over his florid face, his beard was sticky with brandy and he mumbled unsteadily:

"You've got to admit the brandy in Russia ain't as good as this stuff."

He rose and staggered off with the empty bottle into his own room, muttering:

"If I'd made only a sin-single sl-slip, it might have s-spoiled everything."

He then took his report out of his desk and endeavoured to supplement it with the following material:

> I must add that on the basis of paragraph 56 Russian brandy . . .

He made a blot, licked it up, and with a fatuous smile he flopped in full uniform on to his bed and slept like a log.

Towards morning the sergeant's right-hand man, who was lying on the bed by the opposite wall, started such a salvo of snoring, accompanied by a nasal buzzing, that it woke Schweik up. He left his bed, shook the right-hand man and lay down again. The cocks then began to crow, and when the sun rose shortly afterward, the old woman, who had also overslept herself as a result of so much running to and fro on the previous night, arrived to light the fire. She found the door wide open and everyone plunged into profound slumber. The oil lamp in the guard room was still smoking. The old woman raised an alarm, dragging Schweik and the right-hand man from their beds. To the latter she said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you did, going to sleep with all your clothes on, as if you was so much cattle," and finally she ordered him in emphatic terms to go and wake the sergeant, adding that they were a lot of lazy varmints to sleep the clock round like that.

It was a hard job to wake the police sergeant up. His right-hand man had all his work cut out to persuade him that it was morning. At last he stared about him, rubbed his eyes and began to remember what had happened the previous day. Suddenly a horrible idea

struck him and with an unsteady glance at his right-hand man, he expressed it thus:

"Has he slung his hook?"

"Not him. He's a regular sport."

The right-hand man began to walk to and fro.

Meanwhile, the police sergeant was rewriting his report, which in the night he had supplemented with blots, and which, through having been licked, now looked as if it had been smeared with marmalade. He rearranged the whole thing and remembered there was one detail he hadn't asked about. He therefore had Schweik sent for and enquired of him:

"Can you take photographs?"

"Yes."

"Why haven't you got a camera with you?"

"Because I haven't got one," was Schweik's clear and straight-forward answer.

"But if you had one, you'd take photographs, wouldn't you?" asked the police sergeant.

"Pigs might fly if they had wings," replied Schweik, and he blandly eyed the questioning expression on the face of the police sergeant, whose head was now aching so badly again that the only other question he could think of was:

"Is it hard to photograph a railway station?"

"That's easier than anything else," replied Schweik, "because it don't move and keeps in the same place, so you don't have to tell it to look pleasant."

The police sergeant could accordingly conclude his report thus:

With further reference to report Number 2172, I beg to add—

And this is what he begged to add:

—in the course of my cross-examination he stated that he could take photographs, and those of railway stations

for preference. Though no camera was found in his possession, it may be conjectured that he is hiding it somewhere and therefore does not carry it with him so as to avert attention from himself, which is borne out by his own admission that he would take photographs if he had a camera with him.

The police sergeant, whose head was heavy with the effects of the previous day's events, became more and more entangled in his report on photographs, and continued:

There can be no doubt that, according to his own admission, only the fact that he has no camera with him prevented him from photographing the premises of the railway station and, in fact, all places of strategic importance, and there can be no question that he would have done so if he had had with him the necessary photographic apparatus which he had hidden. It is due only to the circumstances that no photographic apparatus was available that no photographs were found in his possession.

"That'll be enough," said the police sergeant, and he signed his report. He was thoroughly pleased with his work and he read it with great pride to his right-hand man.

"That's a neat bit of work," he said. "That's the way to write reports. You've got to put everything in. A cross-examination isn't a simple job, let me tell you. No, sir. It's not much use unless you can shove the whole lot into your report, so that it makes the coves at the top sit up and take notice. Bring that chap in, and let's settle up with him."

"Now this gentleman's going to take you off to the superintendent at Pisek," he announced grandly to Schweik. "According to regulations, we ought to put handcuffs on you. But I think you're a decent sort of chap, so we won't put them on this time. I'm pretty certain you won't try to give us the slip on the way."

The police sergeant was evidently moved by the sight of Schweik's good-natured face, for he added:

"And don't bear any grudge against me. Now take him along. Here's the report."

Schweik accompanied the right-hand man on to the highroad, and all the people who saw them so deeply immersed in friendly conversation thought they must be very old acquaintances who happened to be going the same way to town.

After a while they came to a wayside inn.

"It's damned windy to-day," said the right-hand man. "A little drop of something wouldn't do us any harm. You needn't tell anyone I'm taking you to Pisek. That's a state secret."

When the right-hand man before entering the inn had expressed his belief that a little drop of something wouldn't do them any harm, he had been optimistic, because he had overlooked the possibility of applying the principle on a larger scale. And when he had reached the twelfth drop, he declared in a very decided manner that up to three o'clock the superintendent would be at lunch, so it would be useless to get there earlier, apart from the fact that a snowstorm was just starting. If they got to Pisek by four in the afternoon, there'd be loads of time. Why, up to six o'clock there'd be time enough. Pisek wouldn't run away.

"We ought to think ourselves lucky we're in a nice warm spot," he declared; "in this sort of dirty weather the chaps in the trenches are worse off than we are by the fire."

It was quite dark by the time the right-hand man decided they could start off for Pisek. In the snowstorm they could not see a yard ahead of them, and the right-hand man said:

"Follow your nose till you get to Pisek."

He said this again and then again, but when he was saying it for the third time, his voice no longer sounded

from the highroad, but from some lower place, where he had slipped along a snow-covered slope. With the aid of his rifle, he laboriously clambered on to the highroad again.

When he reached Schweik at last, he said in perplexed and despairing accents:

"I might very easily lose you."

"Don't you worry about that," said Schweik. "The best thing we can do is to tie ourselves together. Then we can't lose each other. Have you got any handcuffs?"

"Every policeman always has to carry handcuffs with him," said the right-hand man earnestly, as he floundered in a circle round Schweik. "That's our daily bread, as you might say."

"Well, shove 'em on, then," urged Schweik. "Let's see how they work."

With a masterly movement the guardian of the law fastened one handcuff on Schweik and then attached the other end to his own right wrist. They were now linked together like Siamese twins. They floundered inseparably along the highroad, and whenever the right-hand man tumbled, he pulled Schweik with him. The result of this was, that the handcuffs began to cut into their flesh, and at last the right-hand man announced that he couldn't stand it any longer and that he'd have to undo the handcuffs. After long and vain attempts to separate himself from Schweik, he sighed:

"We're fastened together for ever and ever."

"Amen," added Schweik, and they continued their troublesome journey. The right-hand man became terribly depressed and when, after appalling torments, they reached the police headquarters at Pisek late in the evening, he was in a state of complete collapse. On the staircase he said to Schweik:

"Now there's going to be ructions. We can't get away from each other."

And ructions there were when the station sergeant sent for the superintendent, Captain König.

The captain's first words were:

"Breathe on me."

"Aha, I've got you taped all right, my man," said the captain, whose keen and experienced sense of smell had unerringly fathomed the situation. "Rum, cognac, toddy, cherry brandy, grog, gin."

"Sergeant," he continued, turning to his subordinate, "here's an example of how not to do it. He's handcuffed himself to the prisoner. He's arrived dead-drunk. There'll have to be an official inquiry into this. Take off their handcuffs."

"What's that?" he asked the right-hand man, who was saluting the wrong way round.

"I've brought a report, sir."

"A report, eh? There's going to be a report about you, my man," said the captain curtly. "Sergeant, lock them both up, and in the morning bring them up for cross-examination. Have a look through that report and then send it on to me in my quarters."

The captain studied the "report" which the police sergeant had drawn up on the subject of Schweik. Before him stood his own sergeant, who was privately cursing the captain and all his reports, because his friends were waiting for him to make up a whist party.

"I told you not so long ago, sergeant," said the captain, "that the police sergeant at Protivin is the biggest bloody fool I've ever known, but the sergeant at Putim with this report of his beats him hollow. The soldier who was brought along here by that boozy blackguard of a policeman isn't a spy. I expect he's just a common or garden deserter. This report is full of such awful twaddle that a child could see at a glance that the chap was as drunk as a lord when he wrote it."

He had another look at the report from Putim and

ordered Schweik to be brought to him immediately. Also, a telegram was to be sent to Putim, instructing the sergeant there to come to Pisek the next day.

"What regiment did you desert from?" was the greeting with which the captain received Schweik.

"I never deserted from any regiment."

The captain looked hard at Schweik and beheld such a light-hearted expression in his tranquil countenance, that he asked:

"How did you get hold of that uniform?"

"Every soldier gets a uniform when he joins up," replied Schweik with a bland smile. "I'm in the 91st regiment and I never ran away from it. It's all the other way round."

He accompanied the latter phrase with such emphasis that the captain's jaw dropped as he inquired:

"What do you mean by all the other way round?"

"It's as simple as A. B. C.," explained Schweik confidentially. "I'm on my way to my regiment. I'm looking for my regiment, not running away from it. All I want is to get to my regiment as soon as possible. Well, I suppose the thought of it made me so flurried that I keep moving away from Budejovice, although that's where they're all waiting for me. The sergeant at Putim, he showed me on the map that Budejovice is in the south, but then he goes and sends me to the north."

The captain made a gesture implying that the sergeant at Putim did worse things than send people to the north.

"So you can't find your regiment, eh?" he said. "And you went to look for it?"

Schweik explained the whole situation to him. He mentioned Tábor and all the places through which he had passed on his way to Budejovice.

With tremendous gusto Schweik described his struggle with destiny and how, with might and main, regardless of obstacles, he had endeavoured to reach his regiment, the

91st, at Budejovice, and how all his efforts had been in vain.

The captain made a rapid decision and, showing a due concern for all the beauties and niceties of official diction, he had the following letter typed in the office:

To the C.O.
Imperial Royal Infantry Regiment, No. 91.
Budejovice.

Herewith beg to transmit Josef Schweik, the same claiming to be a private in your regiment, and detained, according to his statement, at Putim, by the police, on suspicion of desertion. The aforesaid declares he is proceeding to his regiment, as above. The individual in question is short and thickset, symmetrical features and blue eyes, without any distinguishing marks. Please find herewith enclosure B.1., this being account for expenses incurred in rationing aforesaid individual, which kindly forward to War Office and acknowledge receipt of individual in question. Beg also to send enclosure C.1. for your acknowledgment, this being list of government property in possession of aforesaid individual at the time of his arrest.

Schweik accomplished the journey from Pisek to Budejovice by train, briskly and punctually. He was escorted by a young constable, who had recently joined the force and who kept his eyes glued on Schweik for fear he might run away.

In due course they reached the barracks.

At the time of their arrival Lieutenant Lukash had been on duty for two days. Suspecting nothing, he was seated at the table in the orderly room, when Schweik was brought to him with the appropriate documents.

"Beg to report, sir, I'm back again," said Schweik, saluting with a solemn demeanour.

The whole of the ensuing scene was witnessed by Ensign Kotatko, who, later on, used to describe how, after this announcement of Schweik's, Lieutenant Lukash

jumped up, clutched his head in his hands, and fell back headlong on top of Kotatko, and how, when he had been brought to, Schweik, who had remained at the salute the whole time, repeated: "Beg to report, sir, I'm back again," whereupon Lieutenant Lukash, as white as a sheet, with trembling hands had taken the documents referring to Schweik, had signed them, and told everyone to go outside, after which he had locked himself with Schweik in the orderly room.

Thus concluded Schweik's Budejovice anabasis. . . .

Schweik and Lieutenant Lukash looked hard at each other.

In the lieutenant's eyes there was a sort of baleful and desperate glare, while Schweik gazed at the lieutenant tenderly and affectionately, as if he were a sweetheart who had been lost and then found again.

The orderly room was as quiet as a church. From the corridor could be heard the footsteps of a passer-by. Some conscientious volunteer officer, who had stayed in barracks on account of a cold in the head, as was evident from his voice, was snuffling the military lore which he was learning by heart. The following filtered through plainly:

"What reception is to be accorded to members of the royal family when they visit fortresses?

"As soon as Their Majesties reach the vicinity of the fortress in question, the guns in all bastions and ramparts are to fire a salute. The commanding officer will receive Their Majesties, sword in hand, and mounted, and will then——"

"Oh, shut that row!" the lieutenant yelled into the corridor. "And for God's sake go to hell. If you're seedy, why the devil don't you stay in bed?"

The conscientious volunteer officer could be heard departing, and like a quiet echo from the end of the corridor came a snuffling recitative:

"Simultaneously with the commandant's salute, the volley is to be repeated, and this must be carried out for the third time when Their Majesties leave their conveyances."

And again the lieutenant and Schweik looked at each other silently, till at last Lieutenant Lukash remarked with harsh irony:

"Delighted to see you, Schweik. You've turned up again like a bad penny. It looks as if there's no getting rid of you. Well, they've already issued a warrant against you and you'll be had up to-morrow in the regimental orderly room. I'm not going to waste any more breath swearing at you. You carried your lunacy too far, and so there's been a regular bust-up."

Lieutenant Lukash rubbed his hands:

"Yes, Schweik, you're for it now."

He went back to his table and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, called the sentry who was on guard in front of the orderly room, and told him to see that Schweik was taken to the warder with the chit.

Schweik was led away across the barrack square, and with undisguised joy the lieutenant saw how the warder unlocked the door bearing, on a black-and-yellow slab the words: *Regiments arrest*, how Schweik vanished behind the door and how, after an interval, the warder emerged from the door by himself.

"Thank heaven for that," said the lieutenant aloud to himself. "Now he's safe under lock and key."

Meanwhile Colonel Schröder was among his fellow-officers in the hotel, listening to Lieutenant Kretschmann, who had returned from Serbia with a damaged leg (he had been butted by a cow), and who was describing an attack on the Serbian position, as seen from staff headquarters. Colonel Schröder listened with a benign smile. Then a young officer sitting near him, anxious to impress upon the colonel what a ruthless warrior he was, said in loud tones to his neighbour:

"Consumptives have got to be sent to the front. It does 'em good, and, besides, it's better for us to lose the crocks than the fit men."

The colonel smiled, but suddenly he frowned and, turning to Captain Wenzl, he said:

"I'm surprised that Lieutenant Lukash gives us such a wide berth. He's not joined us once since the day of his arrival."

"He's writing poems," announced Captain Sagner scornfully. "He hadn't been here a couple of hours before he fell in love with a Mrs. Schreiter, the wife of an engineer, whom he met at the theatre."

The colonel stared in front of him with a scowl:

"I've heard he's good at singing comic songs."

"Yes, when he was at the cadet school he was quite a dab at comic songs. He used to make us roar with laughter. And he knows no end of funny yarns, too. It's a fair treat to listen to him. I can't make out why he isn't here."

The colonel shook his head sadly:

"Nowadays there's no real comradeship among us. I can remember the time when every officer tried to do his bit towards amusing the company. But nowadays the young officers can't take their liquor like men. It isn't twelve o'clock yet, and there's five of 'em under the table, blind to the wide. Why, there were times when we kept it up for two days on end, and the more we drank, the soberer we were, though we kept on shifting beer, wine and liqueurs. There's no such thing as a real military spirit. God alone knows why it is. You never hear anything witty now. Just listen to them at the other end of the table."

A solemn voice could be heard saying:

"America can't enter the war. The Americans and English are at loggerheads. America isn't prepared for war."

Colonel Schröder sighed.

"That's the sort of balderdash the reserve officers talk. It's a damned unpleasant business. Yesterday, fellows of that type were adding up figures in a bank or selling nutmeg and blacking, or teaching kids a lot of tommy-rot, and to-day they fancy they're on a level with pukka officers. They think there's nothing they can't do and they want to poke their noses into everything. And what can you expect, when we've got pukka officers like Lieutenant Lukash who never set foot among us?"

Colonel Schröder went home in a bad temper, and when he woke up in the morning, he was in a worse temper, because the newspapers which he had been reading in bed contained several references to Austrian troops withdrawing to positions prepared beforehand.

And such was the frame of mind in which at ten o'clock in the morning Colonel Schröder stationed himself in front of Schweik and looked at him attentively. At this moment Schweik's whole personality lay in his broad, smiling countenance, bounded by a large pair of ears, which projected from underneath his cap, pressed down tightly upon his head. The general impression was that of a man who is altogether at peace with the world and blissfully unconscious of any transgression on his part. His eyes seemed to ask: "I haven't done anything wrong, have I?"

The colonel summed up the results of his observations in a brief question which he addressed to the sergeant-major from the orderly room:

"Daft?"

Whereupon the colonel saw the mouth belonging to the unruffled countenance open before him.

"Beg to report, sir, daft," replied Schweik, on behalf of the sergeant-major.

Colonel Schröder beckoned to the adjutant and went on one side with him. Then they called the sergeant-major and inspected the material relating to Schweik.

"Aha," said Colonel Schröder, "so that's Lieutenant

Lukash's orderly, who, according to his report, got lost at Tábor. It seems to me that officers ought to attend to the training of their own orderlies. If Lieutenant Lukash chose to have this chronic imbecile for his orderly he must put up with the nuisance of looking after him. He's got plenty of spare time for that. He never goes anywhere. Have you ever seen him with us? Well, there you are, then. He's got enough spare time to lick his orderly into shape."

Colonel Schröder came up to Schweik and, looking at his good-humoured countenance, said:

"You blithering idiot, take three days in cells, and when it's over, report yourself to Lieutenant Lukash."

Thus it came about that Lieutenant Lukash enjoyed a special treat when Colonel Schröder sent for him and announced:

"About a week ago, on joining the regiment, you made an application to me for an orderly, because your own orderly had got lost at the railway station in Tábor. However, as he has now come back——"

"But, sir——" began Lieutenant Lukash imploringly.

"—I have decided," continued the colonel meaningly, "to detain him for three days in cells and then send him back to you."

Lieutenant Lukash, utterly crushed, reeled out of the colonel's office.

CHAPTER III

SCHWEIK'S ADVENTURES AT KIRALY-HIDA

THE 91st regiment was transferred to Bruck-on-the-Leitha, and from there to Kiraly-Hida.

Just when, after three days' incarceration, Schweik was within three hours of being released, he was conveyed with a defaulting volunteer officer to the main guard room and then led under escort to the railway station where the people of Budejovice had assembled to take leave of their regiment. It was not an official ceremony, but the square in front of the railway station was crowded with people who were awaiting the arrival of the troops.

Schweik felt that he really must hurrah and wave his cap to the crowd. The effect was so stimulating that a surge of cheering spread across the square. The corporal of the escort was quite upset and shouted to Schweik to shut up. But the cheering gathered strength like an

avalanche. There was a great brandishing of hats and caps. It developed into a regular demonstration. From the windows of the hotel opposite the railway station some ladies waved their handkerchiefs and shouted "Hurrah!" One enthusiast seized the opportunity to yell "Down with the Serbs!" but in the ensuing scrimmage he got somewhat trodden underfoot.

Just at this moment, Father Lacina, chaplain of the 7th cavalry division, suddenly made his appearance in a billycock hat.

His story was an exceedingly simple one. He had arrived at Budejovice on the previous day and had managed to attend a little party arranged by the officers of the departing regiment. He ate and drank for a dozen, and then in a more or less sober condition he had strolled into the officers' mess, to wheedle a few leavings from the cooks. After consuming many dumplings and much gravy, he got into the kitchen and discovered rum there. He swilled rum and then returned to the farewell party, where he distinguished himself by a new round of libations. In the morning it occurred to him that he really ought to go and make sure that the first battalion of the regiment got a proper send-off. He thus arrived in front of the station and attached himself to the prisoners' escort, who stopped him with a shout of "Halt!"

"Where are you going to?" inquired the corporal severely.

Here Schweik intervened good-humouredly:

"They're taking us to Bruck, your Reverence. If you like you can ride along with us."

"So I will, then," announced Father Lacina, and turning round to the escort, he added:

"Who says I can't come? By the right, quick march!"

When the chaplain had got into the prisoner's carriage, he lay down on the seat, and the kind-hearted Schweik took off his greatcoat and put it under Father Lacina's

head. Thereupon, the chaplain, comfortably stretched out on the seat, began to expound thus:

"Mushroom stew, gentlemen, is improved by the addition of mushrooms. In fact, the more of them there are, the better it is. But the mushrooms must first be braised with onion and then you add a laurel leaf and onion——"

"You've put onions in once," demurred the volunteer officer, amid the horrified glances of the corporal, who saw that Father Lacina was drunk, but recognized him as his superior officer. The corporal was in a fix.

"Yes," remarked Schweik. "His Reverence is quite right. The more onions, the better. Onions are good for you in every way. Fried onions are useful things if you've got carbuncles."

Meanwhile Father Lacina was murmuring half aloud, as if in a dream:

"It all depends on the seasoning you put in and how much there is of it. There mustn't be too much pepper, or too much curry——"

His voice became slower and fainter.

"—or too much mushroom, too—much—lemon—too —much nutmeg—too—much—clove——"

His voice died away and he fell asleep, whistling through his nose when, from time to time, he stopped snoring. The corporal gazed at him fixedly, while the men of the escort sniggered.

"He won't wake up in a hurry," remarked Schweik presently; "he's as tight as can be."

"That's all right," continued Schweik, when the corporal nervously beckoned to him to keep quiet. "You can't do anything about it. He's tight as per regulations. He's got a captain's rank. All these army chaplains, whatever their rank, you'd be surprised at the amount they can shift. I used to be orderly to old Katz, and he could drink like a fish. Why, this chap's nothing to what he was. We once pawned the monstrance to pay for

booze, and I expect we'd have pawned the Kingdom of Heaven if we could have found anybody to lend us money on it."

The corporal, now in a desperate plight, remarked:

"Perhaps I'd better go and report the matter."

"You'd better not," said the volunteer officer. "You're in charge of an escort and you're not allowed to leave us. And according to the regulations, you're not allowed to send any part of the escort on an errand, unless you've got someone to replace him. You see, you're in a bit of a fix. I can see you losing your stripes, corporal."

The corporal, in a terrible flurry, urged that he hadn't let the chaplain into the carriage, but that the chaplain had come in of his own accord and the chaplain was his superior officer.

"You're the only superior officer here," insisted the volunteer officer.

The corporal faltering objected that Schweik had been the first to tell the chaplain he could join them.

"I'm allowed to do that, corporal," replied Schweik, "because I'm daft, but nobody'd think you could be such a fool."

"Have you been long in the army?" asked the volunteer officer in an offhand manner.

"This is my third year. I'm just going to be promoted to sergeant."

"You'd better get that idea out of your head," said the volunteer officer callously. "You take it from me, you're going to lose your stripes."

The chaplain began to stir.

"He's snoring," announced Schweik. "I bet he's dreaming about a good old guzzle. Now, old Katz, who I was orderly to, he was a one, he was. I remember once——"

And Schweik began to give such a detailed and interesting account of his experiences with Otto Katz, that

nobody noticed the passage of time. But after a while the volunteer officer reverted to his former topic.

"It's a wonder to me," he said to the corporal, "that we haven't had any inspector yet. According to regulations, you ought to have made a report about us to the train commandant at the railway station and not waste your time fussing around with a boozy chaplain."

The unhappy corporal maintained a stubborn silence and stared at the telegraph poles which were whizzing past.

"Moreover," continued the volunteer officer, "according to the instructions issued on November 21, 1879, military prisoners must be conveyed in a carriage provided with barred windows. We've got the barred windows all right. But the instructions go on to say that the carriage must also be provided with a receptacle containing drinking water. You've not carried out that part of the regulations. And, by the way, do you happen to know where the rations are going to be served out? You don't know? I thought as much. You simply aren't fit for your job."

"You see, corporal," remarked Schweik, "it's no joke to escort prisoners like us. You've got to look after us properly. We ain't just ordinary soldiers who can shift for themselves. We have to have everything brought to us. That's what the regulations say, and they've got to be kept to, or else where's your law and order?"

The corporal, now reduced to the depths of despair, said no more. He stared out of the carriage window and let the disorganization of the prisoners' carriage take its course unhindered.

Suddenly the chaplain fell off the seat and continued his slumbers on the floor. The corporal gazed at him blankly and then, while all looked on with bated breath, he lifted him back to the seat without any assistance. It was clear that he had lost all authority, and when he mumbled feebly: "You might give me a hand with him,"

the men of the escort just stared at each other, without lifting a finger.

"You ought to have let him go on snoring where he was," remarked Schweik. "That's the way I always used to treat my chaplain. I just left him wherever he happened to be when he fell asleep. Once it was at home in a wardrobe, another time in somebody else's wash tub. He used to snooze in all sorts of places."

At this moment the train steamed into the station where the inspection was to take place.

The military staff had appointed Dr. Mráz, a reserve officer, as train commandant. Reserve officers were always dropped upon for absurd jobs of that kind. Dr. Mráz had got everything muddled up. Although in civil life he was a teacher of mathematics at a secondary school, there was one carriage which, try as he would, he found it impossible to account for. Also, he could not make the nominal roll, which he had received at the last station, tally with the figures which were reported after the troops had entered the train at Budejovice. Also, when he examined his documents, it seemed to him that there were two field kitchens too many, though for the life of him he couldn't make out where they had come from. Also, it made his flesh creep to discover that the horses had increased by some mysterious process. Also, among the officers, two cadets were missing and he had failed to run them to earth. Also, in the regimental orderly room which was installed in the front carriage a typewriter had disappeared. Now, as a result of this wholesale muddle, Dr. Mráz had a splitting headache. He swallowed two aspirins, and was now carrying out the inspection of the train with a very wry face.

When he entered the prisoners' carriage with his orderly, he looked at the documents and after receiving the crestfallen corporal's report, he once more compared the figures. Then he looked round the carriage.

"Who's that you've got with you?" he asked sternly, pointing to the chaplain, who was sleeping flat on his stomach and whose posterior was challenging inspection.

"Beg to report, sir," stammered the corporal, "that we sort of——"

"Sort of what?" growled Dr. Mráz. "Why don't you express yourself plainly?"

"Beg to report, sir," interposed Schweik, "this chap who's asleep on his belly is a chaplain and he's a bit squiffy, like. He joined in with us and got into our carriage, and him being our superior officer, we couldn't very well chuck him out, or it would have been an infringement of superordination, as they say. He must have mistook the prisoners' carriage for the staff carriage."

Dr. Mraz heaved a sigh and gazed into his documents. The nominal roll contained no reference to any chaplain who was to proceed with the train to Bruck. His eyes twitched nervously. At the last station there had been a sudden increase of horses and now a chaplain had turned up from nowhere in the prisoners' compartment.

All he could do was to tell the corporal to turn the sleeper over, as in his present posture it was impossible to ascertain his identity.

After a certain amount of effort, the corporal managed to turn the chaplain over on his back, the result being that the latter woke up and, perceiving Dr. Mráz, he said:

"Hallo, old boy, how are you? Supper ready yet?"

Whereupon he closed his eyes again and turned towards the wall.

Dr. Mráz, who saw that it was the same gluttonous fellow who had eaten himself sick in the officers' mess on the previous day, heaved a sigh.

"You'll report yourself to the orderly room for this," he said to the corporal.

At this moment the chaplain awoke in all his beauty and dignity. He sat up and asked in astonishment:

"Good gracious me, where on earth am I?"

The corporal, perceiving that the great man had woke up, replied cringingly:

"Beg to report, sir, you're in the prisoners' carriage."

A flash of amazement darted across the chaplain's countenance. He sat speechless for a moment and pondered deeply. In vain. An ocean of obscurity lay between what had happened to him overnight and his awakening in the railway carriage with the barred windows. At last he asked the corporal, who was still cringing before him:

"But at whose orders was I——"

"Beg to report, sir, at nobody's orders."

The chaplain stood up and began to walk to and fro, mumbling to himself that he couldn't make head nor tail of it. He then sat down again, saying:

"Where are we going to?"

"Beg to report, sir, to Bruck."

"And what are we going to Bruck for?"

"Beg to report, sir, all the 91st regiment, that's ours, sir, has been transferred there."

The chaplain again began to rack his brains as to what had happened to him, how he had got into the carriage and why he was on his way to Bruck of all places, with the 91st regiment, accompanied by a kind of escort. He had now sufficiently recovered from his fuddled condition to perceive the presence of the volunteer officer, to whom he now addressed himself.

"You seem to be an intelligent fellow. Perhaps you can tell me, without any beating about the bush, how I got among you."

"By all means," assented the volunteer officer amicably. "You joined us at the station this morning simply because you had a bit of a head."

The corporal looked at him severely.

"You got into our carriage," continued the volunteer officer, "and there you were. You lay down on the seat,

and Schweik here put his greatcoat under your head. When the train was inspected at the last station you were, if I may say so, officially discovered and our corporal is going to be had up in the orderly room on your account."

"I see, I see," sighed the chaplain. "At the next station I'd better make a move into the staff carriage. Do you happen to know whether lunch has been served yet?"

"Lunch won't be served till we get to Vienna," announced the corporal.

"So it was you who put the greatcoat under my head," said the chaplain to Schweik. "Thanks very much."

"Don't mention it," replied Schweik. "I only did what anyone'd do when he sees his superior officer with nothing under his head and a little bit tiddly, like. It's the duty of every soldier to respect his superior officer, even if he's not quite himself. I'm what you might call a dab at handling chaplains, because I was orderly to Otto Katz. They're all fond of a spree and they're good sports, too."

As the result of emerging from the effects of his yesterday's carouse, the chaplain felt in a hail-fellow-well-met mood, and producing a cigarette, he handed it to Schweik, saying:

"Have a fag."

"I hear that you're going to be had up in the orderly room because of me," he then said to the corporal. "But don't you worry. I'll get you out of that scrape all right."

He turned to Schweik again:

"You come along with me. You'll have the time of your life."

He became exceedingly magnanimous and promised he'd do them all a good turn. He'd buy chocolate for the volunteer officer, rum for the men of the escort; he'd have the corporal transferred to the photographic section attached to the staff of the 7th cavalry division; in fact

he'd see that they all had an easy time and he'd forget nobody.

"I don't want any of you to bear a grudge against me," he said. "I know lots of people and as long as I keep an eye on you, you won't come to any harm. If you've done anything wrong, why, you'll bear your punishment like men, and I can see you're cheerfully putting up with the burden that God has laid upon your shoulders."

"What was the reason for your punishment?" he asked, turning to Schweik.

"What God laid upon my shoulders," replied Schweik piously, "came from the orderly room, on account of me being late for my regiment through no fault of my own."

"God is merciful and just," said the chaplain solemnly. "He knows who should be punished, for it is thus that He reveals His omnipotence. And why are you here?" he asked the volunteer officer.

"Because of my overweening pride," answered the volunteer officer. "After I have atoned for my guilt, I shall be sent to the cookhouse."

"Wonderful are the ways of God," declared the chaplain, whose heart expanded at the sound of the word "cookhouse." "Yes, there's plenty of scope in a cookhouse for a man to make his mark, if he's got anything in him. The cookhouse is the very place for people who've got their wits about them. It's not so much the cooking itself, but the proper way of mixing the various parts of a dish, the arrangement and so on. A man must have his heart in it to do that sort of thing properly. Take sauces, for example. Now an intelligent man, when he's making onion sauce, will take all kinds of vegetables and steam them in butter, then he'll add nutmeg, pepper, more nutmeg, a little clove, ginger and so on. But a common or garden cook just takes some onions and boils them, and then pours some greasy gravy on top. I'd like to see you get a job in an officers' mess. Last night in the officers' club at Budejovice they gave

us, among other things, kidneys *à la madeira*. May God forgive all the sins of the man who prepared that dish. He knew his job thoroughly. And I've eaten kidneys *à la madeira* in the officers' mess of the 64th militia regiment, but there they put caraway seeds into it, just like in common eating houses when they do them with pepper. And now I'll just have a bit of a snooze till we get to Vienna. You might wake me up when we get there."

"And you," he continued, turning to Schweik, "you go to our mess, get a knife and fork and the rest of it, and bring me some lunch. Tell them it's for Father Lacina and see that you get double helpings. After that, bring me a bottle of wine from the kitchen and take a mess tin with you and get them to pour some rum into it."

Father Lacina fumbled in his pockets.

"Look here," he said to the corporal, "I haven't any change. Lend me a gulden. That's it, there you are. What's your name?"

"Schweik."

"Very well, Schweik, there's a gulden for you to get on with. Corporal, lend me another gulden. Now then, Schweik, you'll get the other gulden when you've carried out all my instructions. Oh, yes, and afterwards get some cigarettes and cigars for me. If there's any chocolate going, collar a double share, and if there's any tinned stuff, ask them to let you have some tongue or goose-liver. And if they're handing out any Emmenthaler cheese, see they don't palm off on you a piece near the rind. And similarly, if there's any salami, no end pieces, if you please. Get it well from the middle where it's nice and meaty."

The chaplain stretched himself out on the seat and in a moment he was fast asleep.

"It strikes me," said the volunteer officer to the corporal, amid the snoring of the chaplain, "that you ought to be very pleased with our foundling. He seems to have found his feet all right."

"Yes, corporal," remarked Schweik; "there's no flies on him. He's up to snuff, he is, and no mistake."

When they reached Vienna, the soldiers peeped out of the cattle trucks with the hopeless expression of those who are being led to the gallows. Ladies came up to them and distributed gingerbread decorated with inscriptions in sugar: "*Sieg und Rache*," "*Gott Strafe England*," and so forth.

After that they received orders to go and fetch their rations by companies from the field kitchens, which were installed at the back of the railway station. There was also an officers' kitchen to which Schweik proceeded, in accordance with the chaplain's instructions, while the volunteer officer waited behind to be fed, two men from the escort having gone to fetch rations for the whole of the prisoners' carriage.

Schweik duly carried out his orders, and as he was crossing the railway track, he caught sight of Lieutenant Lukash, who was strolling along the track and waiting for whatever might be left over for him in the way of rations. He was very awkwardly situated, because at the moment he was sharing an orderly with Lieutenant Kirschner. The orderly attended solely to the wants of Lieutenant Kirschner, and exercised complete sabotage as far as Lieutenant Lukash was concerned.

"Where are you taking that to, Schweik?" asked the unfortunate lieutenant, when Schweik had deposited on the ground a vast store of comestibles which he had managed to secure in the officers' mess and which he had wrapped up in a greatcoat.

"Beg to report, sir, that's for you. Only I don't know where your compartment is, and then I don't know whether the train commandant wouldn't cut up rough if I was to join you."

Lieutenant Lukash gazed questioningly at Schweik, who, however, with complete good-humour continued:

"Oh, yes, he's a brute and no mistake. When he came

round to inspect the train, I reported to him that I'd served my full three days and that I ought to be in the cattle truck or else with you. And he ticked me off properly and said I'd got to stop where I was so that I couldn't cause you any annoyance on the journey, sir."

Schweik assumed the air of a martyr.

"As if I'd ever caused you any annoyance, sir."

"No," continued Schweik, "you can take it from me, sir, I never caused you any annoyance. And if there's been any unpleasantness at any time, why, it was just a matter of chance. I've never done anything wrong on purpose, sir. I've always wanted to do something good and smart and it ain't my fault if neither of us got any advantage from it, but only a lot of bother and worry."

"All right, Schweik, don't take it so much to heart," said Lieutenant Lukash gently, as they drew near to the staff carriage. "I'll see to it that you can be with me again."

"Beg to report, sir, I ain't taking it to heart. But I was sort of sorry that we're both having such a bad time of it in the war and it's not our fault. It's rough luck when you come to think of it. I've always tried to keep out of harm's way."

"All right, Schweik. Now hop into this carriage."

"Beg to report, sir, I am hopping in."

The camp at Bruck was wrapped in the silence of night. In the huts for the rank-and-file the men were shivering with cold and the officers' huts were so overheated that the windows had to be opened.

Down in Bruck-on-the-Leitha lights were burning in the imperial, royal tinned meat factory, where they were busy day and night modifying various forms of offal. As the wind was blowing from that direction towards the camp, the avenues around the huts were filled with the stench of putrefying sinews, hoofs, trotters and bones which were being boiled as ingredients for tinned soup.

Bruck-on-the-Leitha was resplendent, and on the other side of the bridge Kiraly-Hida was equally radiant. Cisleithania and Transleithania. In both towns, the Austrian and the Hungarian, gipsy orchestras were playing, the windows of cafés and restaurants shone brightly, there was singing and revelling. The local big-wigs and jacks-in-office had brought their ladies and their grown-up daughters to the cafés and restaurants, and Bruck-on-the-Leitha and Kiraly-Hida formed one vast Liberty Hall.

In one of the officers' hutments in the camp, Schweik was waiting that night for Lieutenant Lukash, who had gone to the theatre. The door opened and Lieutenant Lukash entered. It was at once obvious that he was in a good temper, as his cap was on the wrong way round.

"I want to talk to you," said Lieutenant Lukash. "There's no need for you to stand at attention in that idiotic manner. Sit down, Schweik, and never mind about the regulations. Hold your tongue and listen to what I've got to say. Do you know where Sopronyi Street is? Now don't start any of your: 'Beg to report, sir, I don't know.' If you don't know, say you don't know and have done with it. Now then, write down on a piece of paper: 16 Sopronyi Street. It's an ironmonger's shop. Do you know what an ironmonger's shop is? For God's sake, don't keep saying: 'Beg to report, sir.' Say: 'Yes' or 'No.' All right, do you know what an ironmonger's shop is? You do? Very well, then. Now this shop belongs to a Magyar named Kákonyi. Do you know what a Magyar is? Holy Moses, do you or don't you? You do. Very well, then. He lives above the shop on the first floor. Do you know that? You don't know, but damn it all, I'm telling you, aren't I? Do you understand now? You do? All right. If you didn't, I'd have you shoved into clink. Have you made a note of this chap's name? Kákonyi, I said. Very good. Now then, to-morrow morning at about ten o'clock you'll go into town, you'll

find this place, you'll go upstairs to the first floor, and you'll hand this note to Mrs. Kákonyi."

Lieutenant Lukash opened his pocket-book and with a yawn he gave Schweik a white envelope bearing no address.

"This is an extremely important matter, Schweik," he went on. "A man can't be too careful, and that's why I haven't put any address, as you see. I rely on you to hand the note to the proper person. Oh, and just bear in mind that the lady's name is Etelka—write it down; Mrs. Etelka Kákonyi. And let me also tell you that you're to hand the note over very discreetly, whatever you do, and wait for an answer. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"Supposing they don't give me an answer, sir, what am I to do then?"

"Tell them you've got to get an answer, whatever happens," replied the lieutenant, with another wide yawn. "But now I'm going to bed, I'm fagged out."

Originally Lieutenant Lukash had not intended to stop anywhere. He had gone into town that evening because he wanted to visit the Magyar theatre in Kiraly-Hida, where a musical comedy was being played, the chief parts in which were taken by plump Jewesses, who distinguished themselves wonderfully by kicking their legs up in the air when they danced.

Lieutenant Lukash, however, was not enthralled by this interesting display, because the opera glasses which he had borrowed were not achromatic, and instead of thighs he could see only some violet surfaces moving to and fro.

In the interval after the first act his attention was attracted by a lady who was accompanied by a middle-aged gentleman. She was pulling him towards the cloak-room and saying that they were going home immediately and that she was not going to look at such a disgraceful performance. She was making these remarks very

loudly in German, whereupon her companion replied in Magyar:

"Yes, my angel, let us go. I quite agree. It's really most disgusting."

"*Es ist ekelhaft,*" said the lady angrily, when the gentleman had helped her on with her opera cloak. And as she spoke her eyes flashed with indignation at such scandalous goings-on, large, dark eyes which were quite in keeping with her handsome presence. She also glanced at Lieutenant Lukash, as she insisted with great emphasis:

"*Ekelhaft, wirklich ekelhaft.*"

That proved decisive. The romance had started.

Lieutenant Lukash learned from the person in charge of the cloak-room that this was Mr. and Mrs. Kákonyi, and that Mr. Kákonyi kept an ironmonger's shop at 16, Sopronyi Street.

"And he lives with Mrs. Etelka on the first floor," said the person in charge of the cloak-room with the precision of an ancient procuress. "She's a German lady from Sópron and he's a Magyar. In this town everything's mixed."

Lieutenant Lukash removed his greatcoat from the cloak-room and went into the town, where he made his way to a small café. He entered a private room and after chasing away a Rumanian girl he ordered ink, pen and writing paper, as well as a bottle of cognac, and after careful reflection, he wrote in his best German the following missive, which struck him as being the finest thing he had ever penned.

DEAR MADAME,

Yesterday evening I was present at the theatre and saw the play which aroused your indignation. Throughout the first act I noticed you and your husband, and I could not help seeing that your husband——

"I may as well lay it on thick," reflected Lieutenant

Lukash. "What business has a chap like that to have such a damn fine wife? Why, he looks like a baboon who's had a shave."

He continued his letter:

—your husband evinced considerable appreciation of the disgusting antics which were being performed on the stage, and which met with your strong disapproval, because, far from being artistic, they pandered only to man's baser instinct.

"She's got a damn fine figure," thought Lieutenant Lukash. "Now I'd better come straight to the point."

I hope you will pardon me, a stranger, for addressing you in this direct manner. In the course of my life I have seen many women, but none of them made such an impression upon me as you did, because your views and your outlook on life are identical with my own. I feel sure that your husband is completely selfish and drags you with him——

"That won't do," said Lieutenant Lukash, and crossing out "drags you with him," he continued as follows:

—in his own interests takes you to theatrical performances which appeal only to his personal tastes. I like to be frank, and while not desiring to intrude upon your private life, I should very much like to speak to you privately on the subject of art in its purer aspects——

"I shan't be able to manage it in the hotels here. I suppose I shall have to trot her along to Vienna," meditated the lieutenant. "I'll wangle special leave."

For this reason I venture to ask you whether you would kindly make an appointment so that we could meet and become better acquainted on honourable terms, and I feel sure you will not withhold this favour from one who before

very long will be facing the perils of warfare and who, should you give your consent, will preserve amid the terrors of the battlefield the most wonderful memory of a soul between whom and himself there was complete mutual understanding. Your decision will be my law. Your answer will constitute a decisive factor in my life.

He signed his name, drank what was left of the cognac, and ordered another bottle. As he drank glass after glass and re-read what he had written, he was moved to tears by almost every sentence.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when Schweik woke Lieutenant Lukash.

"Beg to report, sir, you're on duty and you've overslept yourself and I've got to go now to this here Kiraly-Hida. I woke you at seven o'clock and then at half-past seven and then at eight, just when they was going past on their way to parade, but you just turned over on to the other side. Beg to report, sir—here, I say, sir——"

For Lieutenant Lukash, mumbling to himself, was about to turn over again to the other side. But he did not succeed in doing so, because Schweik shook him mercilessly and bawled:

"Beg to report, sir, I'm just going to take that letter to Kiraly-Hida."

The lieutenant yawned.

"That letter? Oh, yes, that letter of mine. Mum's the word about that, you know. It's strictly between ourselves. Dismiss."

The lieutenant again wrapped himself up in the bedclothes, from which Schweik had dragged him, and continued his slumbers, while Schweik proceeded on his way to Kiraly-Hida.

It would not have been difficult for him to find 16, Sopronyi Street, if by chance he had not met Sapper

Voditchka. Voditchka had lived years ago in Prague, and so the only thing they could do to celebrate their meeting was to go to The Red Lamb in Bruck, where there was a Czech barmaid.

"Where are you off to?" asked Voditchka.

"That's a secret," replied Schweik, "but as you're an old pal of mine, I'll tell you."

He explained everything to him in great detail, and Voditchka declared that he was an old sapper, that he wouldn't leave Schweik in the lurch, and that they would go and deliver the letter together.

They had a good long talk about old times, and when, shortly after twelve, they set out from The Red Lamb, everything seemed natural and easy to them. Moreover, they had a deep-rooted conviction that they were afraid of nobody. All the way to 16, Sopronyi Street, Voditchka was dwelling upon his vast hatred of the Magyars and kept telling Schweik how he was always coming to blows with them.

At last they found Mr. Kákonyi's ironmonger's shop at 16, Sopronyi Street.

"You'd better wait here," said Schweik to Voditchka in front of the doorway. "I'll just pop up to the first floor, leave the letter, and wait for an answer. I'll be back again in a jiffy."

"What, and me leave you in the lurch?" demurred Voditchka. "You don't know the Magyars. You got to keep a sharp eye on them. I'll give him such a biff in the eye."

"Stow it," said Schweik in a serious tone. "Magyar be blowed. It's his wife we're after. Didn't I tell you when we was in that pub where that Czech barmaid is that I'm taking a letter to her from my lieutenant, and that it's a dead secret? My lieutenant made me swear blind I wouldn't tell a living soul, and didn't the barmaid say he was quite right, because it's the sort of thing you got to keep to yourself? Didn't she say that it'd never do if

anyone found out that the lieutenant had written to a married lady? And didn't you yourself nod your head and say it was all right? And now you've taken it into your head to come up with me."

"Ah, you don't know me, Schweik," replied Sapper Voditchka very solemnly. "Once I've said I'm coming with you, remember I mean what I say. It's always safer when there's two."

"All right, come along then," agreed Schweik, "but be careful what you do. We don't want to get ourselves into a mess."

"Don't you worry, chum," said Voditchka, as they went towards the staircase. "I'll biff him one——"

And, in lower tones, he added:

"You'll see, we'll have an easy job with this Magyar fellow."

Schweik and Voditchka stood at the door of Mr. Kákonyi's abode. Schweik rang the bell, whereupon a maid appeared and asked them in Magyar what they wanted.

"*Nem tudom,*" (I don't understand) said Voditchka, contemptuously. "Why don't you learn Czech, my girl?"

"*Verstehen Sie deutsch?*" asked Schweik.

"*A Pisschen.*"

"Then tell the lady I want to speak to her. Say that there's a letter from a gentleman, outside."

They stood in the passage and Schweik remarked:

"It's nice and comfortable here, I must say. Why, they've got two umbrellas on the hat rack and that picture of Jesus Christ ain't a bad bit of work, either."

The maid now returned from the room, where the rattling of spoons and the clattering of plates could be heard, and said to Schweik in broken German:

"The lady says she's got no time. If there's anything for her, you're to give it to me with a message."

"All right," said Schweik solemnly. "Here's a letter for her, but keep quiet about it."

He produced Lieutenant Lukash's letter.

"I," he said, pointing to himself, "will wait for the answer here."

"Why don't you sit down?" asked Voditchka, who had taken a seat in a chair by the wall. "Here's a chair for you. You're standing there as if you was a beggar. Don't make yourself cheap in front of these Magyars. We're going to have a bit of a dust-up with him, but I'll biff him properly."

Again there was silence. Then a great uproar could be heard in the room into which the maid had taken the letter. Somebody was hitting the ground with a heavy object, then the noise of glasses being thrown about and plates being broken could be distinctly recognized, and amid it all somebody was making angry noises in Magyar.

The door flew open and in dashed a gentleman with a serviette round his neck and brandishing the letter which had just been delivered.

Sapper Voditchka was nearest to the door, and it was to him that the excited gentleman first addressed himself.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded in German. "Where's the damned blackguard who brought this letter?"

"Here, steady on, governor," said Voditchka, standing up. "You're making a devil of a noise. Keep your hair on, and if you want to know who brought this letter, just ask my chum here. But keep a civil tongue in your head, or you'll get slung outside in double-quick time."

The gentleman clutched at his head and let loose a regular volley of curses, adding that he himself was a reserve officer, that he'd like to be in the army, only his kidneys were out of order. And as for the letter, he'd send it to the C. O., to the War Office, to the newspapers.

"Look here," said Schweik with dignity. "I wrote that letter. It wasn't the lieutenant who wrote it. The

signature's a fake. I signed it. I've taken a fancy to your wife. I'm fairly mashed on her, as the poet Vrchlicky used to say."

The excited gentleman was about to hurl himself at Schweik, who stood there in front of him as cool as a cucumber, but Sapper Voditchka, watching his every movement, tripped him up, snatched the letter out of his hand (he was still brandishing it) and put it in his pocket. And when Mr. Kákonyi recovered his balance, Voditchka caught hold of him, dragged him to the door, opened the door with one hand, and in a trice some heavy object could be heard rolling down the stairs.

The only relic of the excited gentleman was the serviette. Schweik picked it up, knocked politely on the door of the room from which Mr. Kákonyi had emerged five minutes previously, and where the sound of female weeping could now be heard.

"Here's your serviette," said Schweik courteously to the lady who was sobbing on the sofa. "It might get trodden on. Good-day, ma'am."

He clicked his heels together, saluted and went out into the passage. On the stairs there was not the slightest trace of any struggle; everything had gone off with the utmost ease, just as Voditchka had said it would. But at the outer doorway Schweik discovered a collar which showed signs of having been wrenched off. Evidently it was there that the final act of the tragedy had occurred, when Mr. Kákonyi had desperately clung to the doorway to save himself being dragged into the street.

And in the street itself there was quite a rumpus. Kákonyi had been dragged into the doorway of the house opposite, where water was being poured upon him, while in the middle of the street Sapper Voditckha was fighting like a lion against some Magyar militiamen and hussars, who had espoused the cause of their fellow-countryman. Sapper Voditchka was skilfully keeping his adversaries at bay by means of a bayonet strap which he was wielding

like a flail. Nor was he alone. Side by side with him a number of Czech soldiers were engaged in the contest.

Schweik, as he afterwards related, did not himself know how he got mixed up in the shindy. Nor could he tell how, having no bayonet, he obtained possession of a walking stick which had been the property of a scared spectator.

It lasted quite a long time, but all good things must come to an end. The patrol arrived and took them all into custody.

Schweik marched along by the side of Voditchka, holding the walking stick, which the commander of the patrol afterward fastened upon as a *corpus delicti*. He marched along complacently, with the walking stick at the slope, like a rifle.

Sapper Voditchka maintained a stubborn silence all the way. But when they were entering the guard-room he said to Schweik mournfully:

"Didn't I tell you, you don't know the Magyars?"

CHAPTER IV

FRESH TRIBULATIONS

COLONEL SCHRÖDER was gloating over the pallid, hollow-eyed countenance of Lieutenant Lukash, who, in his embarrassment, was looking away from him, and stealthily peeped at the plan showing the disposition of the rank-and-file in the camp, which formed the sole decorative feature of the colonel's office.

On the table in front of Colonel Schröder there were a number of newspapers containing articles marked with blue pencil which the colonel scanned once again before turning to Lieutenant Lukash with the remark:

"So you already know that Schweik, your orderly, is in custody and will probably be handed over to a divisional court-martial?"

"Yes, sir."

"That, of course," said the colonel meaningly, as he feasted his eyes on the lieutenant's pallor, "does not dispose of the matter. There can be no doubt that the whole of the business in which your orderly was mixed up has caused local feeling to run high, and your name is being mentioned in connection with it. The divisional command has already supplied us with certain material. Here are a number of papers which discuss this matter. Kindly read them aloud to me."

He handed Lieutenant Lukash the papers with the pencilled articles, which the lieutenant began to read in a monotone:

"WHERE IS THE GUARANTEE FOR OUR FUTURE?"

"That's the *Pester Lloyd*, isn't it?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir," replied the lieutenant, and went on reading:

"The conduct of the war demands the co-operation of all classes in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. If we desire to attain the security of the State, all the nations must support each other, and the guarantee for our future consists precisely in this mutual and spontaneous respect. The enormous sacrifices of our gallant troops at the front, where they are continually advancing, would not be possible, if the home front were not united but harboured elements inimical to the harmonious structure of the State, undermining its authority by their malicious activities and thus threatening the joint interests of the nations in our Empire. At this historical juncture we cannot view in silence the handful of people who would like to impair the unified effort and struggle of all the nations in this Empire. We cannot silently overlook these odious signs of a diseased mentality which aims solely at destroying the unanimity in the hearts of the nations. Several times already we have had occasion to point out how the military authorities are compelled to adopt the severest mesures against individuals in the Czech regiments who, heedless of glorious regimental traditions, by their disgraceful conduct in our Magyar

towns have spread ill-feeling against the Czech nation which, in its entirety, is not to blame and, indeed, has always been closely identified with the interests of this Empire, as is attested by the many distinguished Czech military leaders, such as the renowned Marshal Radetzky and other defenders of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. These noble figures are being besmirched by a few blackguards from the Czech rabble who are taking advantage of war conditions to enlist in the army and then imperil the united front among the nations in the monarchy, at the same time allowing their lowest instincts to run riot. We have already drawn attention to the disgraceful behaviour of regiment No.—— at Debreczin, whose outrageous conduct formed the subject of debate and condemnation in the parliament at Budapest and whose regimental colours subsequently, at the front, were . . . (Deleted by censor). At whose door is this revolting offence to be laid. . . . (Deleted by censor)? Who incited the Czech troops to . . . (Deleted by censor)? Some idea of the lengths to which the foreign elements in our midst will go, can be best inferred from the recent incidents at Kiraly-Hida. What is the nationality of those troops from the Bruck military camp close at hand who attacked and ill-treated Mr. Gyula Kákonyi, a tradesman in that town? It is obviously the bounden duty of the authorities to investigate this outrage and to ask the military command, which has doubtless already started making inquiries, what part in this unexampled bullying of Magyar citizens was played by Lieutenant Lukash, whose name is being mentioned in the town in connection with the recent disgraceful episode, as we are informed by a local correspondent who has already collected ample evidence on this matter which, at so grave an epoch as to-day, clamours for redress. We are sure that readers of the *Pester Lloyd* will follow with interest the further course of investigation and we shall certainly not fail to keep them acquainted with a matter of such eminent significance. At the same time, however, we await an official report on the outrage at Kiraly-Hida perpetrated against a Magyar citizen. It is obvious that the parliament at Budapest will give the matter its closest attention."

"Who's the article signed by?"

"Bela Barabas. He's a journalist and a member of parliament, sir."

"Oh, yes, he's a well-known blackguard. But before the article got into the *Pester Lloyd* it had already appeared in the *Pesti Hirlap*. Now perhaps you wouldn't mind reading to me the official translation of an article in the *Sopronyi Napló*."

Lieutenant Lukash read aloud an article in which the writer had taken plenty of trouble to drag in as often as possible such phrases as:

"An essential demand of political prudence," "law and order," "human depravity," "human dignity and honour trampled underfoot," "the feasting of cannibals," "the slaughter of mankind," "gang of ruffians," "behind the scenes" and so on, as if the Magyars were the persecuted element on their own soil. It read as if the Czech troops had intruded on the writer's privacy, had knocked him down, trampled on his abdomen with Wellington boots, whereupon he had howled with pain and somebody had taken it all down in shorthand.

"There are certain matters of prime importance [wailed the *Sopronyi Napló*], on which a significant silence is maintained and which nobody ventures to write about. Fifteen passages in our yesterday's article were deleted by the censor. Accordingly, all we can do to-day is to announce that for technical reasons we feel no considerable urge to discuss in any detail the Kiraly-Hida affair. Our special reporter ascertained on the spot that the authorities are showing considerable zeal about the whole matter, which they are investigating with the utmost dispatch. Nevertheless, it seems to us rather curious that a number of persons who were present at the outrage are still at large. This applies particularly to the gentleman who, according to hearsay, is still enjoying complete freedom of movement in camp, and whose name was published the day before yesterday in the *Pester Lloyd* and *Pesti Napló*. We refer

to the notorious Czech jingo, Lukash, concerning whose outrageous conduct a question will be asked in parliament by Géza Savanyi, member for the Kiraly-Hida constituency."

"There are equally pleasant references to you," said Colonel Schröder, "in the *Kiraly-Hida Weekly* and also in the Pressburg papers. But that won't interest you, because it's a re-hash of the same old stuff. Still, you may care to see an article in the Komarno *Evening News* which says that you made an attempt to violate Mrs. Kákonyi at lunch in the dining-room, in the presence of her husband, whom you threatened with your sword, forcing him to gag his wife with a napkin to stop her from screaming. That's the latest news about you."

The colonel smiled and continued:

"The divisional court-martial have entrusted me with the task of cross-examining you and have sent me all the relevant documents. It'd be all right if it wasn't for that orderly of yours, that wretched fellow Schweik. With him there's a certain Sapper Voditchka, and after the rumpus, when they'd taken him to the guard-room, they found him in possession of the letter you sent to Mrs. Kákonyi. Your man Schweik declared, when cross-examined, that it wasn't your letter, but that he'd written it himself, and when it was placed before him and he was asked to copy it, so that the handwriting could be compared, he ate your letter up. Specimens of your reports were then produced to compare your writing with Schweik's, and here's the result."

The colonel turned over some documents and pointed out the following passage to Lieutenant Lukash:

"The prisoner Schweik refused to write the dictated sentence, asserting that overnight he had forgotten how to write."

"Of course," went on the colonel, "I don't attach any importance to the evidence of Schweik or this Sapper Voditchka before the divisional court-martial. They

both say that the whole thing was a joke which was misunderstood, and that they themselves were attacked by civilians and that they defended themselves to vindicate their military honour. In the course of the proceedings it turned out that this Schweik of yours is a very queer fish indeed. Not all there, I should think, judging by his answers. I need hardly say that on behalf of the regimental command I've made arrangements for corrections of these disgraceful reports to be sent to all the papers concerned. They're being distributed to-day. I think I've worded it rather neatly. It runs like this:

"Divisional court-martial No. N. and the command of regiment No. N. hereby declares that the article published in your paper on the subject of alleged outrage committed by men of regiment No. N. is entirely without foundation and is a complete fabrication from beginning to end. Further, kindly note that the proceedings instituted against the offending papers will lead to the infliction of severe penalties upon the culprits."

"In its report to our regimental command," continued the colonel, "the divisional court-martial expresses the opinion that the whole business is nothing more or less than a systematic agitation against the military detachments proceeding from Cisleithania to Transleithania."

The colonel spat and added:

"But, all the same, you know, that chap Schweik is a regular card. That was really rich, the way he acted with your letter. He's a caution and no mistake. I think he showed a real sporting spirit. The court-martial proceedings have certainly got to be quashed. You got a dressing down from the newspapers. They've made it too hot for you here. Within a week the draft will be on its way to the Russian front. You're the oldest lieutenant in the 11th company and you'll be attached to it as company commander. That's all been settled with the brigade. Tell the sergeant-major to find you another batman to replace this chap Schweik."

Lieutenant Lukash gazed gratefully at the colonel, who continued:

"I'm attaching Schweik to you as company orderly."

The colonel rose, and shaking hands with the lieutenant, whose face had turned as white as a sheet, he said:

"Well, that's all settled. I wish you all success and luck at the front. And if you should happen to come this way again, give us a look-up. Don't give us such a wide berth as you did at Budejovice."

All the way home Lieutenant Lukash kept repeating to himself:

"Company orderly, company orderly."

At the divisional court-martial headquarters, in a hut provided with gratings, they rose at seven in the morning, and, in accordance with regulations, tidied up their paillasses, which were scattered about on the dusty floor. In a long compartment, partitioned off by planks, they folded their bedspreads on a straw mattress, and those who had finished this job sat on the benches by the walls and were either searching for lice or, if they had arrived from the front, were telling each other their experiences.

Schweik, with Sapper Voditchka, was sitting on a bench near the door with a number of soldiers belonging to various regiments and units.

At this moment the key grated in the lock and the warder shuffled in.

"Private Schweik and Sapper Voditchka to go to the provost-marshal."

As they proceeded on their way to the cross-examination in the office, which was situated in another part of the building, Sapper Voditchka discussed with Schweik when they were likely to come up for a proper trial.

Sapper Voditchka mused for a while, and then remarked:

"When you come up before this provost-marshal bloke, Schweik, don't get flurried, but just pitch the same yarn as you did at the cross-examination, or else I'll be

in a hell of a mess. The chief thing is that you saw those Magyar chaps go for me. Don't forget we share and share alike in this little rumpus."

"Don't you worry, Voditchka," said Schweik consolingly.

They were just entering the offices of the divisional court-marshal, and a sentry at once took them to office No. 8, where, behind a long table containing stacks of papers, sat Provost-Marshal Ruller. Before him lay a volume of the legal code, and on it stood a half-full cup of tea. On the right-hand side of the table stood an imitation ivory crucifix. Provost-Marshal Ruller was just knocking out a cigarette against the base of the crucifix, while with his other hand he was lifting the cup of tea, which had got stuck to the cover of the legal code. Having liberated the tea-cup from the cover of the legal code, he went on turning over the pages of the book which he had borrowed from the officers' casino. It was by F. S. Krauss and bore the promising title: *Investigations into the Historical Development of Sexual Morality.*

He was contemplating the diagrams which so effectively supplemented the text, when he was interrupted by a cough. It was Sapper Voditchka.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, searching for more diagrams and sketches.

"Beg to report, sir," replied Schweik, "my chum Voditchka here has caught cold and now he's got a nasty cough."

Provost-Marshal Ruller now looked at Schweik and Voditchka. He endeavoured to impart a stern expression to his countenance.

"You'd better keep your mouth shut," said Provost-Marshal Ruller, "and don't answer back till I ask you something. Where the devil's that file got to? You two jailbirds are giving me a hell of a lot of work. But you'll find it won't pay you to cause all this unnecessary trouble."

From a stack of documents he now drew a bulky file, labelled "Schweik & Voditchka," and said:

"Just look at that, you mongrels. If you think you're going to fritter your time away at the divisional court-martial over a paltry rumpus, and dodge going to the front, you're damned well mistaken, let me tell you."

He sighed.

"We're going to quash the proceedings against you," he continued. "Now you're going back to your units, where you'll be punished by the orderly room. Then off you'll go to the front. If you ever come my way again, you blackguards, I'll give you something you won't forget in a hurry. Take them away to No. Z."

As the military clerks in the office had gone to fetch rations, the soldier who was escorting them had to take them back to the cells, which he did to the accompaniment of much invective against the whole race of military clerks.

"They'll take all the fat from the soup again," he lamented, "and leave me nothing but gristle. Yesterday I had to escort a couple of fellows to camp, and somebody pinched half my bread rations."

"You chaps here think of nothing but your grub," said Voditchka, who was now his old self again.

In the office they settled everything promptly. A sergeant-major, his mouth still greasy from his recent meal, handed Schweik and Voditchka their papers with an exceedingly solemn expression. He also took advantage of the opportunity to deliver a speech, in which he made a special appeal to their soldierly spirit. His remarks were liberally embellished with elegant terms of abuse in his native Polish dialect.

The time now came for Schweik and Voditchka to take leave of each other. Schweik said:

"Well, when the war's over, come and give me a look up. You'll find me in The Flagon every evening at six o'clock."

"You bet I will," replied Voditchka.

They parted, and when there was a distance of several yards between them, Schweik shouted:

"Don't forget. I'll be looking out for you."

Whereupon Sapper Voditchka, who was now turning the corner by the second row of hutments, shouted:

"Right you are. After the war, at six o'clock in the evening."

"Better make it half-past, in case I'm a bit late," replied Schweik.

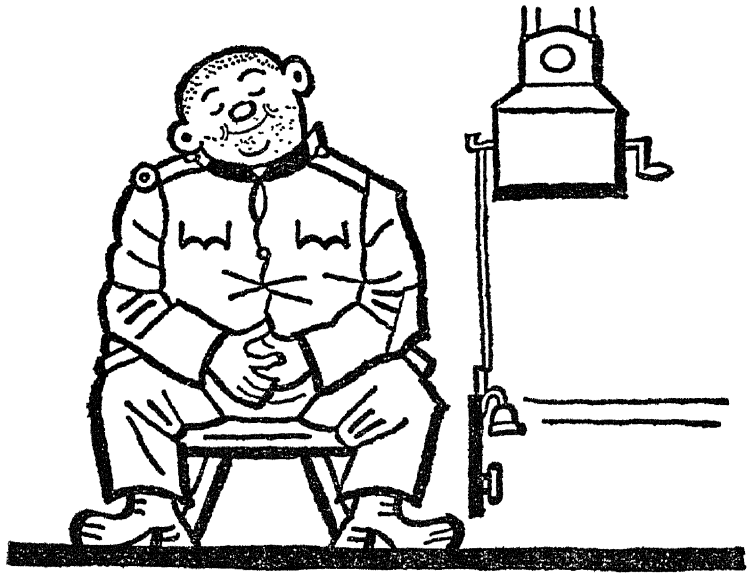
Then, at a great distance, Voditchka's voice could be heard:

"Can't you make it six?"

And the last that Voditchka heard of his departing comrade was:

"All right. I'll be there at six."

And that was how the good soldier Schweik parted from Sapper Voditchka.



CHAPTER V

FROM BRUCK-ON-THE-LEITHA TO SOKAL

LIEUTENANT LUKASH, in a state of great agitation, was pacing up and down the office of draft No. 11. It was a dark den in the company hutment, partitioned off from the passage by means of planks. A table, two chairs, a can of paraffin oil and a mattress.

Facing Lieutenant Lukash stood Quartermaster-Sergeant Vanek, who spent his time drawing up pay lists and keeping the accounts for the rations of the rank-and-file. He was, in fact, the finance minister of the whole company, and he spent the entire day in that dark little den, which was also where he slept at night.

By the door stood a fat infantryman with a long, thick beard. This was Baloun, the lieutenant's new orderly, who in civil life was a miller.

"Well, you've chosen a fine batman for me, I must say," said Lieutenant Lukash to the quartermaster-sergeant. "Thanks very much for the pleasant surprise. The first day I sent him to the officers' mess for my lunch, and he ate half of it."

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I spilled it," said the bearded giant.

"All right, then you spilled it. You might have spilled some soup or some gravy, but you couldn't have spilled the roast meat. The piece you brought me was about big enough to cover my fingernail. And what did you do with the pudding?"

"I——"

"You ate it. It's no use saying you didn't. You ate it."

Lieutenant Lukash uttered the last three words with such solemnity and stern emphasis that Baloun involuntarily stepped two paces backward.

"I've made inquiries in the kitchen, and I've found out what we had for lunch to-day. First of all, there was soup with dumplings. What did you do with those dumplings? You took them out on the way, didn't you? Then there was beef with gherkins. What did you do with that? You ate that, too. Two slices of roast meat. And you only brought me half a slice, didn't you? Two pieces of pudding. Where's that gone to? You gobbled it up, you greedy hog, you. Come on, what did you do with that pudding? What's that? You dropped it in the mud? You damned liar! Can you show me the place where it's lying in the mud? What's that? A dog came up and ran away with it before you could stop him. For two pins I'd give you such a bloody good hiding that your own mother wouldn't know you. You'd try to make a fool of me in the bargain, eh, you low-down skunk, you! Do you know who saw you? Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, here. He came to me and said: 'Beg to report, sir, Baloun's eating your lunch,

the greedy hog. I was looking out of the window and saw him stuffing himself as if he hadn't eaten anything for a week.' Look here, sergeant, really you might have found something better for me than this lousy fellow."

"Beg to report, sir, Baloun seemed to be the most satisfactory man on our draft. He's such a thick-headed idiot that he forgets all his drill as soon as he's taught it, and if we was to let him handle a rifle, he'd only do some more damage. The last time he was practising musketry with blank cartridges, he nearly shot the next man's eye out. I thought he'd be all right as an orderly, at any rate."

"And eat up an officer's lunch," said Lieutenant Lukash, "as if his own issue of rations wasn't enough for him. I suppose you'll tell me now that you're hungry, eh?"

"Now then, sergeant," he continued, turning to Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, "you take this man to Corporal Weidenhofer and tell him to tie him up for two hours near the cookhouse door, until the rations of stew are issued this evening. He's to tie him up properly, so that he can only just stand on tiptoe, and so that he can see the stew cooking in the saucepan. And tell him to keep the blighter tied up while the stew rations are being issued in the cookhouse, so that it'll make his mouth water like a hungry tike sniffing outside a butcher's shop. And tell them to let someone else have his rations."

"Very good, sir. Come along, Baloun."

When Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek returned and announced that Baloun was already tied up, Lieutenant Lukash said:

"It strikes me that you're a bit of a boozer. As soon as I spotted your red nose, I had you sized up all right."

"That's from the Carpathians, sir. When we got our rations up there, they were always cold. The trenches were in the snow; we wasn't allowed to make fires, and rum was the only thing we had to keep us going. And if

it hadn't been for me, it would have been like in the other companies, where they hadn't got any rum and the men were frozen. The rum gave all of us red noses. The only drawback was that orders came from the battalion that only men with red noses were to be sent out on patrol duty."

"Well, the winter's practically over now," remarked the lieutenant meaningly.

"You can't do without rum, sir, in the field, whatever season it is. It keeps you in good spirits, as you might say. When a man's got a drop of rum inside him, he's ready to go for anyone. Hallo, who's that knocking at the door? Silly ass, can't he read what it says on the door: 'Don't knock. Come in'?"

Lieutenant Lukash turned on his chair towards the door, and he saw the door open slowly and softly. And just as slowly and softly the good soldier Schweik entered the office of draft No. 11.

Lieutenant Lukash closed his eyes at the sight of the good soldier Schweik, who gazed at him with much the same gratification as might have been displayed by the prodigal son when he saw his father killing the fatted calf.

"Beg to report, sir, I'm back again," announced Schweik from the doorway, with such frank informality that Lieutenant Lukash suddenly realized what had befallen him. Ever since Colonel Schröder had informed him that Schweik was being sent back to afflict him, Lieutenant Lukash had been hoping against hope that the evil hour might be indefinitely postponed. Every morning he said to himself: "He won't be here to-day. He may have got into trouble again, so perhaps they'll keep him there." But now Schweik had upset all these expectations by turning up in that bland and unassuming manner of his.

Schweik now gazed at Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek and turning to him, handed to him with a smile papers which he took from the pocket of his greatcoat.

"Beg to report, sergeant," he said, "I've got to hand you these papers that they signed in the regimental office. It's about my pay and rations allowance."

Schweik's demeanour in the office of draft No. 11 was as free-and-easy as if he and Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek were old cronies. The Quartermaster-sergeant, however, replied curtly:

"Put 'em down on the table."

"I think, sergeant," said Lieutenant Lukash, with a sigh, "that you'd better leave me alone with Schweik."

Vanek went out and stood listening at the door to hear what these two would say to each other. At first he heard nothing, for Schweik and Lieutenant Lukash held their peace. For a long time they looked at each other and watched each other closely.

Lieutenant Lukash broke this painful silence by a remark, to which he endeavoured to impart a strong dose of irony:

"Well, I'm glad to see you again, Schweik. It's very kind of you to look me up. Just fancy now, what a charming visitor!"

But his feelings got the better of him, and he gave vent to his bottled-up arrears of annoyance by banging his fist on the table, so that the inkpot gave a jerk and ink was spilled over the pay-roll. He also jumped up, thrust his face close to Schweik and yelled at him:

"You bloody fool!"

Whereupon he began to stride up and down the narrow office, spitting whenever he came past Schweik.

"Beg to report, sir," said Schweik, while Lieutenant Lukash continued to pace up and down and kept furiously flinging into a corner crumpled scraps of paper which he snatched from the table each time he came near it, "I handed over that letter just as you told me. I found Mrs. Kákonyi all right, and I don't mind saying that she's a fine figure of a woman, although when I saw her she was crying——"

Lieutenant Lukash sat down on the quartermaster-sergeant's matress and exclaimed hoarsely:

"When is this foolery going to stop, Schweik?"

Schweik continued, as if he had not heard the lieutenant's exclamation:

"Well, then there was a little bit of unpleasantness, but I took all the blame for it. Of course, they wouldn't believe that I'd been writing letters to the lady, so I thought I'd better swallow the letter at the cross-examination, so as to put them off the scent, like. Then—how it happened I don't know, unless it was a stroke of bad luck—I got mixed up in a little bit of a shindy, nothing worth talking about, really. Anyhow, I managed to get out of that, and they admitted I wasn't to blame, and sent me to the regimental orderly room and stopped all further inquiries into it. I waited in the regimental office for a few minutes, till the colonel arrived, and he gave me a bit of a wigging and said I was to report myself to you as company orderly, and told me I was to tell you to go to him at once about this here draft. That's more than half an hour ago, but the colonel didn't know they was going to take me into the regimental office again and that I'd have to hang about there for another quarter of hour because I've got back pay coming to me for all this time, and I'd got to collect it from the regiment and not from the draft, because I was entered on the list as being under close arrest with the regiment."

When Lieutenant Lukash heard that he ought to have been with Colonel Schröder half an hour earlier, he hastily put on his tunic and said:

"You've done me another good turn, Schweik."

He said it in such an utterly dejected and despairing tone that Schweik endeavoured to console him with a kindly word, which he addressed to Lieutenant Lukash as he was dashing out of the doorway:

"The colonel don't mind waiting, sir; he ain't got anything to do, anyhow."

Shortly after the lieutenant had departed, Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek came in.

Schweik was sitting on a chair and throwing pieces of coal into the small iron stove, the flap of which was open. The stove smoked and stank, and Schweik continued his amusement, without perceiving the quartermaster-sergeant, who watched Schweik for a while, but then suddenly kicked the flap to, and told Schweik to clear out.

"Sorry, sergeant," said Schweik with dignity, "but let me tell you that I can't obey your order, much as I'd like to, because I'm under higher authority.

"You see, sergeant, it's like this," he added, with a touch of pride, "I'm company orderly. Colonel Schröder, he arranged for me to be attached to draft No. 11 with Lieutenant Lukash who I used to be batman to, but owing to my natural gumption, as you might say, I've been promoted to orderly. Me and the lieutenant are quite old pals."

The telephone rang. The quartermaster-sergeant clutched hastily at the receiver and then flung it down again, saying fretfully:

"I've got to go to the regimental office. I don't like the look of that, at such short notice."

Schweik was alone again.

Presently the telephone rang again.

Schweik picked up the receiver and bellowed into the mouthpiece:

"Hallo, who's speaking? This is Schweik, orderly of draft No. 11."

Schweik then heard the voice of Lieutenant Lukash replying:

"What are you all up to? Where's Vanek? Call Vanek to the telephone immediately."

"Beg to report, sir, the telephone rang not long ago——"

"Listen here, Schweik. I've got no time for gossip

with you. In the army, messages by telephone have got to be brief and to the point. And when you're telephoning, drop all that beg-to-report stuff. Now I'm asking you whether you've got Vanek there. He's to come to the telephone immediately."

"Beg to report, sir, I haven't got him here. He was called away a little while ago to the regimental office, hardly a quarter of an hour ago."

"Look here, Schweik, I'll settle up with you when I come back. Can't you be brief? Now pay close attention to what I'm telling you. Do you understand clearly what I'm saying? Don't make the excuse afterward that there was a buzzing noise in the telephone. Now then, immediately, as soon as you hang up the receiver——"

There was a pause. Then the telephone rang again. Schweik picked up the receiver and was swamped by a flood of abuse:

"You bloody, blithering, thickheaded, misbegotten booby, you infernal jackass, you lout, you skunk, you hooligan, what the hell are you up to? Why have you rung off?"

"Beg to report, sir, you said I was to hang up the receiver."

"I'll be back home in an hour's time, Schweik, and I'll make it hot for you. Now pull yourself together, and go and fetch a sergeant—Fuchs, if you can find him —and tell him he's to go at once with ten men to the regimental stores and fetch the issue of tinned rations. Now repeat what he's got to do."

"He's got to go with ten men to the regimental stores, and fetch the issue of tinned rations for the company."

"For once in a way you've stopped talking twaddle. Now I'm going to telephone to Vanek in the regimental office to go to the regimental stores and take charge there. If he comes back in the meanwhile, he's to leave

everything and go to the regimental stores at the double. Now hang up the receiver."

For some time Schweik searched in vain not only for Sergeant Fuchs, but for all the other N.C.O.'s. They were in the cookhouse, where they were gnawing scraps of meat from bones and gloating over Baloun, who had been duly tied up according to instructions. One of the cooks brought him a chop and thrust it between his teeth. The bearded giant, not being able to use his hands, cautiously took the bone in his mouth, balancing it by means of his teeth and gums, while he gnawed the meat with the expression of a wild man of the woods.

"Which of you chaps is Sergeant Fuchs?" asked Schweik, when he had at last succeeded in running the N.C.O.'s to earth.

Sergeant Fuchs did not even deign to announce himself when he saw that it was only an ordinary private who was asking for him.

"Look here," said Schweik, "how much longer am I to go on asking? Where's Sergeant Fuchs?"

Sergeant Fuchs came forward and, very much on his dignity, began to explain in the strongest language how a sergeant ought to be addressed. Anyone in his squad who had the bloody cheek to talk to him as Schweik had done would get a biff in the jaw before he knew where——

"Here, steady on," said Schweik severely. "Just you pull yourself together without wasting any more time and take ten men at the double to the regimental stores. You're wanted there to fetch the tinned rations."

Sergeant Fuchs was so astounded that all he could do was to splutter:

"What?"

"Now then, none of your back answers," replied Schweik. "I'm orderly of the 11th draft, and I've just been talking over the telephone with Lieutenant Lukash. And he said: 'With ten men at the double to the regimental stores.' If you won't go, Sergeant Fuchs, I'll

report the matter immediately. Lieutenant Lukash particularly asked for you to go. There's nothing more to be said about it. Lieutenant Lukash said that messages by telephone have got to be brief and plain. 'When Sergeant Fuchs is told to go,' he said, 'why, he's got to go. In the army, especially when a war's on, all waste of time's a crime. If this chap Sergeant Fuchs won't go, when you tell him, just you telephone to me at once, and I'll settle up with him. I'll make mincemeat of Sergeant Fuchs,' he said. My word, you don't know what a terror Lieutenant Lukash is."

Schweik gazed triumphantly at the N.C.O.'s, who were taken aback, and also very much upset by his attitude. Sergeant Fuchs muttered something unintelligible and departed in a hurry, while Schweik called out to him:

"Can I telephone to Lieutenant Lukash that it's all right?"

"I'll be with ten men at the regimental stores in a jiffy," came the voice of the departing sergeant, whereupon Schweik, without another word, left the N.C.O.'s, who were as astounded as Sergeant Fuchs had been.

"Things are getting lively," said little Corporal Blazek. "We'll be getting a move on soon."

When Schweik got back to the office of the 11th draft, he again had no time to light his pipe, for once more the telephone began to ring. It was Lieutenant Lukash who spoke to him once more.

"Where have you been, Schweik? I telephoned twice before and couldn't get any answer."

"I've done that little job, sir."

"Have those men gone yet?"

"Oh, yes, sir, they've gone all right, only I don't know whether they'll get there. Shall I go and have another look?"

"Did you find Sergeant Fuchs?"

"Yes, sir. First of all, he answered me back a bit off-hand, like, but when I told him that telephone messages have got to be brief and——"

"Stop all that jabber, Schweik. Is Vanek back yet?"

"No, sir."

"Don't yell into the telephone. Have you got any idea where that confounded Vanek is likely to be?"

"I've no idea where that confounded Vanek is likely to be, sir."

"He's been in the regimental office, and then he went off somewhere. I shouldn't be surprised if he's in the canteen. Just go and look for him there, Schweik, and tell him to go to the regimental stores immediately. And then there's something else. Find Corporal Blazek immediately and tell him to untie that fellow Baloun at once. Then send Baloun to me. Hang up the receiver."

Schweik discovered Corporal Blazek, personally witnessed the untying of Baloun, and then accompanied Baloun on his way, as this led also to the canteen, where he was to search for Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek. Baloun regarded Schweik as his deliverer and promised that he would go halves with him in every parcel of food which he received from home.

Schweik made his way to the canteen through an old avenue of tall linden trees.

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek was sitting at his ease in the canteen somewhat fuddled, but very cheerful and friendly about it.

"You've got to go at once to the regimental stores, sir," announced Schweik. "Sergeant Fuchs is waiting there with ten men, and they're going to draw tinned rations. You've got to go at the double. The lieutenant's telephoned twice."

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek burst out laughing:

"Not if I know it, old chap. There's plenty of time, lad, plenty of time. The regimental stores won't run away. When Lieutenant Lukash has handled as many

drafts as what I have, then he'll be able to talk, but he'll drop all that stuff about doing things at the double. A lot of useless worry, that's what it is. Why, many's the time I've received orders in the regimental office that we was off the next day and I was to go and draw rations there and then. And what I did was to come here and have a quiet drink and just take things easy. The tinned rations won't run away. I know more about regimental stores than what the lieutenant does, and when the officers have one of these here confabs with the colonel, I know the sort of stuff they talk. Why, for one thing, there ain't any tinned rations in our regimental stores, and there never was. All the tinned rations we've got is inside the colonel's noddle. Whenever we want tinned rations, we just get it in driblets from the brigade, or we borrow it from other regiments if we happen to be in touch with them. Why, there's one regiment alone we owe more than 300 tins of rations to. Yes, sir! They can say what they like at their confab, but they're not going to bounce me.

"The best thing you can do," continued Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, "is not to worry about anything. Let 'em do what they damn well please. If they said in the regimental office that we're leaving to-morrow, they don't know what they're talking about. How can we leave, if there ain't any railway trucks? I was there when they was telephoning to the railway station. There ain't a single spare truck. No, take it easy, lad. Everything'll come right in time, but there's no need for any hurry. That's the ticket. And if you take my advice you'll just sit down——"

"It can't be done," said the good soldier Schweik with a considerable effort. "I've got to get back to the office. Suppose someone was to telephone."

"All right, go if you want to, old chap, but it ain't sporting of you and that's a fact. You're too keen on rushing back to work."

But Schweik was already outside the door and was hurrying in the direction of his draft.

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek was left by himself. From time to time he took a pull at his glass and remembered that ten men with a sergeant were waiting for him at the regimental stores. When he thought of this he smiled to himself and waved his hand airily.

When, at a late hour, he returned to the office of draft No. 11, he found Schweik at the telephone. He crawled, fully dressed, on to his mattress, where he immediately fell fast asleep.

But Schweik continued to sit by the telephone, because two hours previously Lieutenant Lukash had telephoned that he was still conferring with the colonel, but he had forgotten to tell him that he need not wait at the telephone any longer. Then Sergeant Fuchs telephoned to say that he had been waiting with ten men for hours and hours, but the quartermaster-sergeant hadn't turned up. Not only that, but the regimental stores were locked. At last he'd given it up as a lost job and the ten men, one by one, had gone back to their huts.

From time to time Schweik amused himself by taking the receiver and listening-in. The telephone was a new patent which had just been introduced into the army, and the advantage of it was that other people's conversations could be heard quite distinctly all along the line.

The army service corps was slanging the artillery, the engineers were breathing fire and slaughter upon the postal department, the school of musketry was snarling at the machine-gun section.

And Schweik still sat at the telephone.

The deliberations with the colonel were prolonged still further. Colonel Schröder was expounding the latest theories of field service, with special reference to trench mortars. He talked on and on, about how two months earlier the front had been lower down and more to the east, about the importance of precise communication

between the various units, about poison-gases, about anti-aircraft, about the rationing of troops in the trenches; and then he went on to discuss the conditions inside the army. He let himself go on the subject of the relationship between officers and rank-and-file, between rank-and-file and N.C.O.'s, and desertion to the enemy at the front, which led him to point out that fifty per cent of the Czech troops were of doubtful loyalty. The majority of the officers were wondering when the silly old buffer was going to stop his chatter, but Colonel Schröder prated on and on and on about the new duties of the new drafts, about the regimental officers who had fallen, about Zeppelins, about barbed wire entanglements, about the military oath.

While he was on the latter subject, Lieutenant Lukash remembered that the whole draft had taken the oath except Schweik, who had been absent from divisional headquarters. And suddenly he burst out laughing. It was a kind of hysterical laughter which had an infectious influence among several of the officers sitting near him, and as a result it attracted the attention of the colonel, who was just about to discuss the experience gained during the retreat of the German troops in the Ardennes. He got the whole subject mixed up and then remarked:

"Gentlemen, this is no laughing matter."

They then all proceeded to the officers' club, because Colonel Schröder had rung up brigade headquarters on the telephone.

Schweik was dozing by the telephone when it started ringing and woke him up.

"Hallo," he heard, "regimental office speaking."

"Hallo," he answered, "this is draft No. 11."

"Don't hang up," he heard a voice saying. "Take a pencil and take this message down."

"Draft No. 11."

This was followed by a number of sentences in a queer muddle, because drafts Nos. 12 and 13 chimed in

and the message got completely lost in the medley of sounds. Schweik could not understand a word of it. But at last there was a slight lull and Schweik heard:

"Hallo, hallo! Now read it over and don't hang up."

"Read what over?"

"The message, of course, you jackass."

"What message?"

"Ye gods, are you deaf, or what? The message I just dictated to you, you bloody fool!"

"I couldn't hear it. Somebody kept interrupting."

"You blithering idiot, do you think I've got nothing else to do but to listen to your drivel? Are you going to take the message down or not? Have you got pencil and paper? What's that? You haven't, you thick-headed lout, you! I've got to wait till you find some? Christ, what an army! Now then, how much longer are you going to be? Oh, you've got everything ready, have you? So you've managed to pull yourself together at last. I suppose you had to change your uniform for this job. Now listen to me: Draft No. 11. Got that? Repeat it."

"'Draft No. 11.'"

"Company commander. Got that? Repeat it."

"*Zur Besprechung morgen.* Ready? Repeat it."

"'*Zur Besprechung morgen.*' "

"*Um neun Uhr. Unterschrift.* Do you know what *Unterschrift* is, you chump? It means 'signature.' Repeat it!"

"'*Um neun Uhr. Unterschrift.* Do you know what *Unterschrift* is, you chump? It means "signature."'"

"You blithering idiot! Signature: Colonel Schröder, fathead. Got that? Repeat it!"

"'Colonel Schröder, fathead.'"

"All right, you swab. Who received the message?"

"Me."

"Good God, who's me?"

"Schweik. Anything else?"

"No, thank the Lord."

Schweik hung up the receiver and began to rouse quartermaster-sergeant Vanek from his slumbers. The quartermaster-sergeant offered a stout resistance and when Schweik began to shake him, he hit him in the nose. Nevertheless Schweik managed to make the quartermaster-sergeant rub his eyes and inquire in alarm what had happened.

"Nothing so far," replied Schweik. "But I'd like to have a little confab with you. We've just got a telephone message to say that Lieutenant Lukash has got to go at nine o'clock to-morrow morning to the colonel for another *Besprechung*. I don't know what to do about it. Am I to go and tell him now, or wait till the morning? I couldn't make up my mind for a long time whether I ought to wake you up or not, but at last I thought I'd better ask your advice——"

"For God's sake let me go to sleep," moaned Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, with a tremendous yawn. "Go there in the morning, and don't wake me up."

He turned over on the other side and fell fast asleep immediately.

Schweik went back to the telephone, sat down and dropped quietly off to sleep, without hanging up the receiver, so that nobody could disturb his slumbers, and the telephonist in the regimental office used much strong language at not being able to get through to draft No. 11 with a new message that by twelve the next morning the regimental officer was to be informed how many men had not yet been inoculated against typhus.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Lukash, who was still in the officers' club, drank the rest of his black coffee and went home.

He sat down at the table, and under the influence of his mood at the moment, began to write a pathetic letter to his aunt:

DEAR AUNT,

I have just received orders to be ready with my draft to leave for the front. It may be that this is the last letter you will ever receive from me, for the fighting is very severe and our losses are great. It is therefore difficult to conclude this letter by saying "au revoir." I think I ought rather to send you a last farewell.

"I'll finish it off in the morning," decided Lieutenant Lukash, and went to bed.

When Schweik woke up with the awakening morning which arrived with the smell of coffee essence boiling in all the company cookhouses, he mechanically hung up the receiver, as if he had just finished talking on the telephone, and started off on a short morning stroll through the office. He hummed a tune to himself with such gusto that Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek woke up and inquired what time it was.

"They sounded the reveille a little while ago."

"Then I won't get up till I've had some coffee," decided the quartermaster-sergeant, who always had plenty of time for everything. "Besides, they're sure to chivvy us about again on some stunt or other, that'll only be a wash-out in the end, like they did yesterday with those tinned rations."

The telephone rang. The quartermaster-sergeant answered it and the voice of Lieutenant Lukash became audible. He was asking what had happened about the tinned rations. Then the sound of expostulation was heard.

"They're not, sir, I assure you," Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek shouted into the telephone. "How could they be? It's all a lot of eyewash, sir. The commissariat's responsible for it. There wouldn't be any point in sending the men there, sir. I was going to telephone to you about it. Have I been in the canteen? Well, yes, sir, as a matter of fact, I did drop in there for

a bit. No, sir, I'm quite sober. What's Schweik doing? He's here, sir. Shall I call him?"

"Schweik, you're wanted on the telephone," said the quartermaster-sergeant, and added in low tones:

"If he asks you what I was like when I got home, tell him I was O.K."

Schweik at the telephone:

"Beg to report, sir, this is Schweik."

"Look here, Schweik, what's all this about those tinned rations? Is it all right?"

"No, sir, there ain't a trace of 'em."

"Now, then, Schweik, I want you to report yourself to me every morning as long as we're in camp. And you'll keep near me until we start. What were you doing last night?"

"I was at the telehpone all night, sir."

"Any news?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then, Schweik, don't start talking twaddle. Did anyone report anything of any importance?"

"Yes, sir, but not till nine o'clock. And I didn't want to disturb you, sir. Far from it."

"Well, for God's sake, tell me what it was."

"A message, sir."

"Eh, what's that?"

"I've got it written down, sir. 'Receive a message. Who's there? Got it? Read it.' Something like that, sir."

"Good God, Schweik. Tell me what the message was, or I'll give you a damned good hiding when I get at you. Now then, what is it?"

"Another *Besprechung* with the colonel, sir, this morning at nine o'clock. I was going to wake you up in the night, but then I changed my mind."

"I should think so, too. You'd better not have the cheek to drag me out of bed when the morning'll do. Another *Besprechung*! To hell with it! Call Vanek to the telephone."

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek at the telephone:

"Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, sir."

"Vanek, get me a list—— Let's see, now, a list of what? Oh, yes, a list of the N.C.O.'s with their length of service. Then the company rations. A list of men according to nationality? Yes, that as well. What's Ensign Pleschner doing to-day? Inspecting the men's kit? Accounts? I'll come and sign them after the rations have been served out. Don't let anybody go into the town. Hang up the receiver."

As Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek sat sipping his black coffee, into which he had poured rum from a bottle labelled "Ink" (for the sake of caution), he looked at Schweik and said:

"This lieutenant of ours didn't half yell into the telephone. I understood every word. You must know him pretty well by now, I should think."

"You bet I do," replied Schweik. "Why, we're as thick as thieves. Oh, yes, we been through a lot together. They've tried over and over again to separate us, but we've always managed to get together again. He relies on me for every blessed thing. Sometimes I can't help wondering why."

In summoning another conference of the officers, Colonel Schröder was prompted by his great desire to hear himself orate. When the *Besprechung* started, Colonel Schröder emphasized the necessity for frequent deliberations before their impending departure. He had been informed by the brigade commander that they were awaiting divisional orders. The rank-and-file must be in fighting trim and company commanders must carefully see to it that nobody was missing. He once more repeated everything that he had uttered the previous day. He again gave a survey of recent military events and insisted that nothing must be allowed to impair the army's fighting spirit and eagerness for war.

On the table before him was fastened a map of the battle areas, with little flags on pins, but the little flags had been disarranged and the battle fronts reshuffled. Pins with the little flags attached to them were lying about under the table.

The whole of the war areas had been scandalously disarranged in the night by a tomcat, the pet of the military clerks in the regimental office. This animal, after having relieved himself all over the Austro-Hungarian areas, had made attempts to bury the resulting mess and had dragged the little flags from their places and smeared the mess over the positions; whereupon he had wetted on the battle fronts and bridgeheads, and soiled all the army corps.

Now Colonel Schröder was very shortsighted. With bated breath the officers of the draft watched Colonel Schröder's finger getting nearer and nearer to the small heaps.

"From here, gentlemen, to Sokal on the Bug——" began Colonel Schröder with a prophetic air, and thrust his forefinger by rote towards the Carpathians, the result being that he plunged it into one of the cat's attempts to impart a plastic character to the map of the war areas.

"It looks, sir, as if a cat's been——" remarked Captain Sagner, very courteously on behalf of all present.

Colonel Schröder rushed into the adjacent office, whence could thereupon be heard a terrible uproar and the grisly threats of the colonel that he'd have all their noses rubbed in it.

There was a brief cross-examination. It turned out that the cat had been brought into the office a fortnight previously by Zwiebelfisch, the youngest clerk. When this fact had been established, Zwiebelfisch gathered together all his goods and chattels and a senior clerk led him off to the guard-room, where he was to remain until further orders from the colonel.

This practically concluded the conference. When the

colonel, very red in the face, returned to the assembled officers, he said curtly:

"I should be glad if you would kindly remain in readiness, gentlemen, and await my further orders and instructions."

The situation became more and more perplexing. Were they leaving, or were they not? Schweik, sitting at the telephone in the office of the 11th draft, overheard the most varied opinions, some pessimistic and some optimistic. The 12th draft telephoned that somebody in their office had heard that they were going to wait till they had been trained in shooting at moving targets and that they would not leave until they had completed the usual course in musketry. This optimistic view was not shared by the 13th draft, which telephoned to say that Corporal Havlik had just come back from the town, where he had heard from a railwayman that the carriages were waiting in the station.

Schweik sat on at the telephone with a genuine attachment to his job, and in reply to all questions his answer was that he knew nothing definite.

Then came a series of telephonic messages which Schweik received after lengthy misunderstandings. In particular, there was one which could not be dictated to him during the night when he had failed to hang up the receiver and was asleep. This referred to those who had been, or who had not been, inoculated.

Then there was a belated message about tinned rations, companies and regimental sections.

"Copy of brigade telephonic message No. 75692. Brigade order No. 122. When indenting for cookhouse stores the requisite commodities are to be enumerated in the following order: 1. Meat; 2. Tinned goods; 3. Fresh vegetables; 4. Preserved vegetables; 5. Rice; 6. Macaroni; 7. Oatmeal and bran; 8. Potatoes in place of the foregoing: 3. Preserved vegetables; 4. Fresh vegetables."

After that Schweik received another message which was dictated so rapidly that when he had taken it down it looked like something in cipher:

"Subsequently closer permitted however has been nevertheless or thus has been notwithstanding the same to be reported."

"That's all a lot of useless bunk," said Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, when Schweik, vastly astonished at what he had written, read it aloud three times in succession. "It's all damn nonsense. Of course, it may be in cipher, but that's not our job. Chuck it away."

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek lay down on his bed again.

At this juncture Lieutenant Lukash was in his den, studying a cipher message from the staff which had just been handed to him, together with instructions how to decode it and secret orders in cipher about the direction in which the draft was to proceed to the Galician frontier:

7217—1238—475—212135=Mazony.
8922—375—7282=Raab.
4432—1238—7217—35—8922—35=Komarom.
7282 — 9299 — 310 — 275 — 7881 — 298 — 475 — 7929=Budapest.

As he decoded this rigmarole, Lieutenant Lukash sighed and exclaimed:

"To hell with it all!"

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

ACROSS HUNGARY

At last the moment came for them all to be crammed into a railway truck in the proportion of forty-two men to eight horses. The horses, it must be said, travelled more comfortably than the men, because they could sleep in a standing posture. Not that it mattered. The important thing was that the military train was conveying to Galicia a fresh batch of mortals who had been hounded to the shambles.

On the whole, however, they felt rather relieved. Once the train had started, they knew a little more definitely how they stood. Hitherto they had been in a wretched state of uncertainty, racked with the strain of wondering whether they were starting that day or the next or the day after that. And now their minds were more at rest.

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek had been quite right when he told Schweik that there was no hurry. Several days elapsed before they actually got into the railway trucks, and during that time there was continual talk about tinned rations. The quartermaster-sergeant, an experienced man, insisted that there was nothing in it. Tinned rations were a wash-out! A field mass was a more likely stunt, because the previous draft had been treated to a field mass. If they had tinned rations, there wouldn't be a field mass. And, conversely, a field mass was a substitute for tinned rations.

And surely enough, instead of tinned stew, Chaplain Ibl appeared on the scene, and killed three birds with one stone. He celebrated a field mass for three drafts

simultaneously, blessing two of them for service in Serbia and one for Russia.

In the staff carriage, where the officers of the draft were assembled, there had been a curious hush from the very beginning of the journey. The majority of the officers were engrossed in a German book, bound in cloth and entitled *The Sins of the Fathers*, by Ludwig Ganghofer. They were all simultaneously absorbed in the perusal of page 161. Captain Sagner, the battalion commander, stood by the window, holding the same book, and his copy also was opened at page 161. He gazed at the landscape and wondered how he could best explain to them in the most intelligible manner what they were to do with the book. For it was a strictly confidential affair.

Meanwhile, the officers were wondering whether Colonel Schröder had now gone completely and irrevocably mad. Of course, they knew he had been a bit cracked for some time past, but they had not expected that the final seizure would be so sudden. Before the departure of the train he arranged a final *Besprechung* at which he informed them that they each were entitled to a copy of *The Sins of the Fathers*, by Ludwig Ganghofer, and that he had ordered the books to be taken to the battalion office.

"Gentlemen," he said with a terribly mysterious expression on his face, "whatever you do, don't forget page 161."

They had pored over page 161, but could make nothing of it except that a gentleman called Albert kept trying to crack jokes which, detached from the earlier part of the story, appeared to be such drivel that Lieutenant Lukash, in his annoyance, bit through his cigarette holder.

"The old boy's daft," was the general view. "It's all up with him. Now he'll be transferred to the War Office."

When Captain Sagner had arranged everything carefully in his mind, he left his place by the window. He

was not excessively gifted as an instructor, and so it took him a long time before he had devised the scheme of a lecture on the significance of page 161. He began his lecture with the word "Gentlemen," just as the colonel did, although before they had entered the train he had addressed the other officers as "comrades."

"Gentlemen," he began, and went on to explain that on the previous evening he had received from the colonel certain instructions concerning page 161 of *The Sins of the Fathers* by Ludwig Ganghofer.

"This, gentlemen," he continued solemnly, "is entirely confidential information concerning a new system of telegrams in code for use on active service."

Cadet Biegler took out his notebook and pencil, and in an extremely zealous tone said:

"Ready, sir."

Everybody stared at Cadet Biegler, whose zeal in the pursuit of knowledge bordered on idiocy.

Captain Sagner continued his lecture:

"I have already referred to the new method of sending telegrams in code on active service. You may have found it difficult to understand why you were recommended to study page 161 of *The Sins of the Fathers*, by Ludwig Ganghofer, but that, gentlemen, contains the key to the new code which has been introduced as the result of new instructions to the army corps to which we are attached. As you may be aware, there are many codes in use for sending important messages in the field. The latest which we have adopted is the method of supplemented numerals. Thus, you can now dispense with the codes which were served out to you last week by the regimental staff, and the instructions for deciphering them."

"Archduke Albrecht's system," murmured the assiduous Biegler to himself. "8922—R; adopted from Grenfeld's method."

"The new system is very simple," went on Captain

Sagner. "Supposing, for example, we are to receive this order: 'On hill 228 direct machine-gun fire to the left'; we receive, gentlemen, the following telegram: 'Thing — with — us — that — we — look — in — the — promised — which — Martha — you — which — anxious — then — we — Martha — we — the — we — thanks — well— end — we — promised — really — think — idea — quite — prevails — voice — last.' As I say, it's extremely simple, no superfluous complications. From the staff by telephone to the battalion, from the battalion by telephone to the company. When the commander has received this code telegram, he deciphers it in the following way: He takes *The Sins of the Fathers*, opens it at page 161, and begins from the top to look for the word 'thing' on the opposite page 160. Now then, gentlemen, the word 'thing' occurs first on page 160 and forms the 52nd word, taking sentence by sentence. Very well. On the opposite page 161, he discovers the 52nd letter from the top. Kindly notice that this letter is 'o.' The next word in the telegram is 'with.' That is the 7th word on page 160, corresponding to the 7th letter on page 161, which is 'n.' That gives us 'on.' And so we continue, till we've deciphered the order: 'On hill 228 direct machine-gun fire to the left.' It's very ingenious, gentlemen, and very simple, and it absolutely can't be deciphered without the key which is *The Sins of the Fathers* by Ludwig Ganghofer, page 161."

They all gazed glumly at the fateful page and lapsed into anxious thought. For a while there was silence, till suddenly Cadet Biegler shouted in great alarm:

"Beg to report, sir, God Almighty, there's something wrong."

And, indeed, it was extremely puzzling.

However much they tried, nobody except Captain Sagner discovered on page 160 the words corresponding to the letters on the opposite page 161 which supplied the key.

"Gentlemen," stammered Captain Sagner, when he had convinced himself that Cadet Biegler's desperate oratory was in accordance with the facts of the case. "What *can* have happened? In my copy of *The Sins of the Fathers* it's there all right, and in yours it isn't."

"I beg your pardon, sir." It was Cadet Biegler again. "I should like to point out," he continued, "that this novel by Ludwig Ganghofer is in two volumes. You will see for yourself, if you kindly turn to the title page. There you are: 'Novel in two volumes,' it says. We've got Volume 1, and you've got Volume 2," explained the thoroughgoing Biegler. "It is therefore obvious that our pages 160 and 161 do not correspond to yours. We've got something quite different. In your case the first word of the decoded telegram should be 'on,' and we make ours 'bo.'"

It was now quite clear to everyone that Biegler was not such a fool as they thought.

"I received Volume 2 from brigade headquarters," said Captain Sagner, "so there must be some mistake. It looks as if they got things mixed up at brigade headquarters."

Cadet Biegler gazed round triumphantly, while Captain Sagner continued:

"It's a queer business, gentlemen. Some of the people in the brigade office are of very limited intelligence."

While all this was being revealed, Lieutenant Lukash might have been observed grappling with a curious mental agitation. He was biting his lip, was about to say something, but in the end, when he did speak, he changed his mind and spoke about something else.

"There's no need to take it so seriously," he remarked in an oddly embarrassed tone. "While we were stationed at Bruck several changes were made in the system of coding telegrams. And before we leave for the front there'll be a fresh lot introduced, but personally I don't

think we'll have much time at the front for solving conundrums. Why, before any of us could work out the meaning of a code message like that we, the company, the battalion and the brigade would all be blown to smithereens. It's got no practical value."

Captain Sagner assented very reluctantly.

"In actual practice," he admitted, "as far as my experience on the Serbian front goes, nobody had any time for solving ciphers. I don't say that codes had no value while we were in the trenches for any length of time. And, of course, they did change the systems."

Captain Sagner withdrew along the whole line of his argument:

"One of the chief reasons why the staff at the front are using codes less and less is because our field telephones don't work properly, and especially during artillery fire make it difficult to distinguish the various syllables of words. You can simply hear nothing, and that causes a hell of a muddle."

He paused.

"Muddle is the worst thing that can happen in the field, gentlemen," he added in oracular tones.

"Presently," he continued, after a fresh interval, "we shall be at Raab, gentlemen. Each man will be served out with five ounces of Hungarian salami. Half an hour's rest."

He looked at the time table.

"We leave at 4.12. Everybody must be in the train by 3.58. Alight by companies, beginning with No. 11. Rations to be issued one platoon at a time, from store No. 6. Officer in charge of issue: Cadet Biegler."

Everyone looked at Cadet Biegler, as much as to say:

"Now you're for it, you young whippersnapper."

But the assiduous Cadet Biegler was already extracting from his attaché case a sheet of paper and a ruler, drew lines on the paper to correspond with the number of squads, and asked the commander of each squad how

many men there were in it, a detail which none of them knew with any exactitude. They could supply Biegler only with figures based upon vague jottings in their notebooks.

Lieutenant Lukash was the first to dash out of the staff-carriage. He proceeded to the truck in which Schweik was installed.

"Schweik, come here," he said. "Stop all your idiotic jabber and come and explain something to me."

"Delighted, sir."

Lieutenant Lukash led Schweik away, and the glance which he bestowed upon him was highly suspicious.

In the course of Captain Sagner's lecture, which had ended in such a fiasco, Lieutenant Lukash had been developing a certain ability as a detective. This was not unduly difficult, for on the day before they started, Schweik had announced to Lieutenant Lukash:

"There's some books for the officers, sir, up at battalion headquarters. I fetched them from the regimental office."

And so when they had crossed the second set of rails, Lieutenant Lukash said point-blank:

"Do you know Ganghofer?"

"Who's he?" inquired Schweik with interest.

"A German author, you blithering booby," replied Lieutenant Lukash.

"Lord bless you, sir," said Schweik with the expression of a martyr, "I don't know no German author personally, as you might say. I once knew a Czech author personally, a chap named Ladislav Hajek. He used to write for a paper called *The Animal World.*

"Look here," interposed Lieutenant Lukash, "drop all that. That's not what I asked you about. All I wanted to know was whether you had noticed if those books were by Ganghofer."

"Those books I took from the regimental office to battalion headquarters?" asked Schweik. "Oh, yes,

there was a regular sackful of 'em and I had quite a job to get them into the company office. Then I had a look at those books, and that gave me an idea. The quartermaster-sergeant says to me: 'There's the first volume and there's the second. The officers know which volume they've got to read.' So I thinks to myself, why, they must be all dotty, because if anyone's going to read a book like this *Sins of the Fathers*, or whatever it is, from the beginning, they got to start with the first volume, because we don't read books backward like what the Jews do. So then I telephoned to you, sir, when you got back from the club, and I reported about those books and asked you whether, being wartime, things was all topsy-turvey like, and books had got to be read backward, the second volume first and the first volume afterwards. And you told me to stop talking twaddle. So then I asked our quartermaster-sergeant, Vanek, because he's had some experience of the front. And he said that the officers seemed to think that the war was a sort of damned picnic, taking a regular library with them as if they was going away for their summer holidays. He said there was no time for reading, because they was always on the run. So then, sir, I only took the first volume of this tale to the battalion office and I left the rest in our company office. My idea was that when the officers have read the first volume, they could have the second volume served out to them, like in a lending library, but suddenly the order came that we was leaving, and a message was sent all over the battalion that the rest of the books was to go into the regimental stores."

Schweik paused, and then continued:

"They've got all sorts of stuff in those stores, sir. Why, there's the top hat belonging to the choirmaster at Budejovice, the one he wore when he joined the regiment."

"Look here, Schweik," said Lieutenant Lukash, with a deep sigh, "let me tell you that you can't realize the

amount of harm you've done. I'm sick of calling you an idiot. In fact what you are is beyond words. If I call you an idiot, it's downright flattery, that's what it is. And if at any time anything's ever said about those books, you take no notice. You've heard nothing, you know nothing, you can remember nothing. Now get back into your truck and tell Vanek that he's a thickheaded lout. Three times I've asked him to let me have the exact number of men. To-day, when I needed the figures, I had to use the old list from last week."

"Right you are, sir," barked Schweik, and departed slowly to his truck.

"Sergeant," said Schweik, when he was sitting in his place again. "It strikes me that Lieutenant Lukash is in a jolly good temper to-day. He told me to tell you that you're a thickheaded lout because he's asked you three times to let him know the number of men in the company."

"God Almighty," said Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, flaring up. "I'll make it hot for those bloody sergeants. Is it my fault if they're too damned lazy to let me know the number of men in their squads? How the hell can I be expected to guess how many men there are? This draft's in a fine state, upon my word. But I knew it, I knew it! I guessed that everything'd be at sixes and sevens. One day there's four lots of rations missing from the cookhouse, and the next day there's three too many. They don't even let me know if anyone's in hospital. Last month I had a chap named Nikodem on my list, and I didn't discover until pay-day that he'd died of galloping consumption in hospital. And they kept drawing rations for him. A uniform was served out for him, too, but God knows where that went to. And then, on top of all that, the lieutenant calls me a thick-headed lout, just because he can't keep his company in order."

Shortly before this, a very tense conversation was taking place between Captain Sagner and Cadet Biegler.

"I'm surprised at you, Biegler," said Captain Sagner. "Why didn't you come and report to me immediately that those five ounces of Hungarian salami were not being issued? I had to go out personally and ascertain why the men were coming back from the store. And the officers, too, as if orders were so much empty talk. What I said was: 'To the stores by companies, one platoon at a time.' That meant, that if no rations were served out, the men were to come back to the train one squad at a time as well. I told you to keep proper order, but you just let things slide. I suppose the fact is you were glad you didn't have to worry your head about counting out the rations of salami."

"Beg to report, sir, that instead of salami, the men received two picture postcards each."

And Cadet Biegler presented the battalion commander with two specimens of these postcards, which had been issued by the War Records Department in Vienna, at the head of which was General Wojnowich. On one side was a caricature of a Russian soldier, a Russian peasant with a shaggy beard who was being embraced by a skeleton. Underneath were the words:

The day upon which perfidious Russia is snuffed out will be a day of relief for our whole Monarchy.

The other postcard emanated from the German Empire. It was a gift from the Germans to the Austro-Hungarian warriors. On top was the motto "*Viribus unitis*" and underneath it a picture of Sir Edward Grey hanging on a gallows, with an Austrian and a German soldier blithely at the salute below. This was accompanied by a poem from Greinz's book *The Iron Fist.* The witticisms were described by the German papers as being so many strokes from a lash, full of rollicking

humour and irrepressible wit. This particular stroke from a lash was as follows:

Grey.
The gallows should on high display
Dangling now Sir Edward Grey.
It should have happened long ago;
Why did it not, then? You must know
That every single tree refused
As gallows for this Judas to be used.

Captain Sagner finished perusing this specimen of "rollicking humour and irrepressible wit" and returned to the staff carriage, where all the officers, except Cadet Biegler, were playing cards. Cadet Biegler was rummaging among a pile of manuscripts which he had started, all dealing with various aspects of the war. For he had ambitions to distinguish himself, not only on the battlefield, but also as a literary wizard. His literary efforts had promising titles, but he had got no further with them. They included the following:

Character of the Troops in the Great War; Who Began the War?; The Policy of Austria-Hungary and the Birth of the Great War; Observations on War; Popular Lecture on the Outbreak of the Great War; Reflections on Politics and War; Austria-Hungary's Day of Glory; Slavonic Imperialism and the Great War; War Documents; Documents Bearing on the History of the Great War; Diary of the Great War: Daily Survey of the Great War; Our Dynasty in the Great War; The Nations of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in Arms; My Experiences in the Great War; Chronicle of My War Campaign; How Austria-Hungary's Enemies Wage War; Whose Is the Victory?; Our Officers and Our Men; Noteworthy Deeds of My Soldiers; Book of Austro-Hungarian Heroes; The Iron Brigade; Collection of My Letters from the Front; Handbook for Troops in the Field; Days of Struggle and Days of Victory; What I Saw and Experienced in the Field; In the

Trenches; The Officer Tells His Story; Enemy Aeroplanes and Our Infantry; After the Battle; Our Artillery, Faithful Sons of Our Country; War, Defensive and Offensive; Blood and Iron; Victory or Death; Our Heroes in Captivity.

Captain Sagner inspected all these things, and asked Cadet Biegler what he thought he was up to. Cadet Biegler replied with genuine gusto that each of these titles denoted a book which he was going to write. So many titles, so many books.

"If I should get killed at the front, sir," he said, "I should like to leave some sort of memorial behind me."

Captain Sagner led Cadet Biegler to the window.

"Let's see what else you've got. Your doings interest me enormously," he said with a touch of irony. "What's that notebook you're hiding under your tunic?"

"That's nothing," replied Cadet Biegler, blushing like a girl. "You can see for yourself, sir."

The notebook bore the following label:

CONSPECTUS OF GREAT AND FAMOUS BATTLES

Fought by the Austro-Hungarian Army.
Compiled from Historical Records by Adolf Biegler, Officer in the Imperial Royal Army. With Notes and Comments.

By ADOLF BIEGLER, Officer in the Imperial Royal Army.

The conspectus was extremely simple.

From the Battle of Nördlingen on September 6, 1634, by way of the Battles of Zenta on September 11, 1697, Caldiera on October 31, 1805, Aspern on May 22, 1809, Leipzig in 1813, Santa Lucia in May, 1848, Trautenau on June 27, 1866, to the capture of Sarajevo on August 19, 1878. The diagrams of these battles were all alike. In each case Cadet Biegler had drawn plain rectangles on one side to represent Austro-Hungarian troops and

dotted rectangles to represent the enemy. Both sides had a left wing, a centre and a right wing. Then at the back there were reserves, while arrows darted to and fro. The Battle of Nördlingen, just like the capture of Sarajevo, looked like the arrangement of the players at the start of a football match and the arrows showed which way each side was to kick the ball.

Captain Sagner, with a smile, continued to peruse the notebook and paused at the comment on the diagram representing the Battle of Trautenau during the war between Prussia and Austria. Cadet Biegler had written:

> The battle of Trautenau ought not to have been fought, because the mountainous character of the terrain made it impossible for General Mazzucheli to extend the division menaced by the strong Prussian columns on the elevated areas surrounding the left wing of our division.

"According to you," said Captain Sagner, with a smile, returning the notebook to Cadet Biegler, "the battle of Trautenau could only have been fought if Trautenau were in a plain. It's very nice to see the way you've given yourself such rapid promotion. 'Adolf Biegler, Officer in the Imperial Royal Army'! At that rate, you'll be a field-marshal by the time we get to Budapest. Why, man alive, you're not an officer yet. You're a cadet. You're about as much entitled to call yourself an officer as a lance-corporal would be to let people call him a staff sergeant-major."

Cadet Biegler, seeing that the conversation was at an end, saluted and, very red in the face, passed through the carriage to the corridor at the very end. He entered the lavatory, where he began to sob quietly. Later, he wiped his eyes and stalked out into the corridor, telling himself that he must be strong, damned strong. But he had a headache and he felt altogether out of sorts.

He went and lay down in his corner. When, later on, Ensign Pleschner came to give him a drink from a bottle of brandy, he was surprised to find Cadet Biegler engrossed in Professor Urdo Kraft's volume, *How to Die for the Kaiser! A Course of Self-training.*

Before they reached Budapest, Cadet Biegler was so tipsy that he leaned out of the carriage window and kept shouting to the deserted landscape:

"Get a move on! For God's sake, get a move on!"

Later, at Captain Sagner's orders, Matushitch and Batzer, two orderlies, laid Cadet Biegler to rest on a seat, where he dreamed that he had the iron cross with bars, that he'd been mentioned in dispatches, and that he was a major who was proceeding to inspect a brigade. It puzzled him why it was that though he was in charge of a whole brigade, he was still major. He suspected that he ought to have been appointed major-general, and that the "general" had somehow got lost in the post. Then he was in a motor-car which, as the result of an explosion, reached the gates of heaven, for which the password was "God and Kaiser." He was admitted to the presence of God, who turned out to be none other than Captain Sagner who was accusing him of masquerading as a major-general. Then he floundered into a new dream. He was defending Linz during the War of the Austrian Succession. There were redoubts and palisades and Lieutenant Lukash dying at his feet. Lieutenant Lukash was saying something very pathetic and complimentary to him when he felt a bullet strike him so that he could no longer sit on his horse. He fell through space and landed on the floor of the railway carriage.

Batzer and Matushitch lifted him up and put him back on his seat. Then Matushitch went to Captain Sagner and reported that strange things had been happening to Cadet Biegler.

"I don't think it's the brandy that's upset him," he said. "It's more likely to be cholera. He's been

drinking water at all the railway stations. I saw him at Mozony——"

"Cholera doesn't come on as quickly as all that. Go and ask the doctor to have a look at him."

The doctor who was attached to the battalion was named Welfer. When Dr. Welfer came back from his examination of Cadet Biegler, he smiled.

"Cadet Biegler, your aspirant for military rank, has had a slight bodily mishap. It isn't cholera and it isn't dysentery. What with his thirty cream puffs and rather more brandy than he's used to—well, as I say, a slight bodily mishap."

"So it's nothing serious, then?" asked Captain Sagner. "All the same. If the news of it were to get about . . ."

"I pulled him round a bit," continued Dr. Welfer. "The battalion commander will do the rest. I'm going to have him sent to hospital. I'll issue a certificate that he's got dysentery. A severe case of dysentery. Isolation. Cadet Biegler will be taken to the disinfection hut."

Captain Sagner turned to his friend Lieutenant Lukash and said in a strictly official voice:

"Cadet Biegler of your company has been taken ill with dysentery and will remain at Budapest for treatment."

And thus it came about that the dauntless Cadet Biegler was conveyed to the military isolation hospital at Új Buda.

His trousers got lost amid the alarums and excursions of the Great War.

CHAPTER II

AT BUDAPEST

At the railway station in Budapest, Matushitch brought Captain Sagner a telegram from the brigade commander: "Finish cooking promptly and advance on Sokal." To it was added: "Assign army service corps to eastern group. Reconnoitring work to be discontinued. Draft No. 13 to build bridge over River Bug. Further particulars in newspapers."

Captain Sagner at once proceeded to the railway transport headquarters. He was received by a fat little major with a friendly smile.

"This brigade general of yours has been up to fine old pranks," he said, chuckling with gusto. "I had to deliver the drivel to you because we haven't yet had any instructions from the division that his telegrams are to be kept back. Yesterday the 14th draft of the 75th regiment

passed through here and the battalion commander had a telegram to say he was to issue six crowns extra pay to each man as a bonus for Přzemysl, and also that of these six crowns two were to be deposited here in the office as subscription to war loan. From what I hear on good authority, your brigade-general has got G.P.I."

"According to regimental orders, sir," said Captain Sagner to the railway transport officer, "we are to proceed to Godölö. Each man is to be given five ounces of Emmenthaler cheese here. At the last stopping place they were to receive five ounces of Hungarian salami. But they got nothing."

"I expect that's what'll happen here, too," replied the major, still smiling affably. "I don't know anything about such orders, at least as far as the Czech regiments are concerned." He spoke the last words meaningly. "Anyway, that's not my business. You'd better apply to the commissariat."

"When are we leaving, sir?"

"In front of you there's a train with heavy artillery for Galicia. We're starting it off in an hour's time. On the third track there's a hospital train. That's leaving twenty-five minutes after the artillery. On track No. 12 we've got a munition train. That leaves ten minutes after the hospital train and twenty minutes after that your train's leaving.

"That is, of course, if there are no changes," he added, still smiling in a manner which made Captain Sagner feel quite sick.

"Excuse me, sir," Captain Sagner then asked. "Can you explain to me why you know nothing about orders relating to the issue of five ounces of Emmenthaler cheese per man in the Czech regiments?"

"There's a special proviso about that," answered the railway transport officer at Budapest, still smiling.

"I suppose I was asking for it," thought Captain Sagner to himself, as he left the office. "Why the devil

didn't I tell Lieutenant Lukash to call together all platoon commanders and go with them to the commissariat to fetch five ounces of Emmenthaler cheese per man?"

Before Lieutenant Lukash, commander of the 11th company, could carry out the orders of Captain Sagner relating to the procedure to be followed in respect of the issue of five ounces of Emmenthaler cheese per man, the signal was given for the train to start, and the men again returned without any rations. Instead of the five ounces of Emmenthaler cheese which was to have been served out, they each received a box of matches and a picture postcard, issued by the Austrian War Graves Committee. Instead of five ounces of Emmenthaler cheese, they were provided with a picture of the Western Galician Military Cemetery, with a monument to some unfortunate militiamen which had been prepared by Scholz, a sculptor and a volunteer sergeant-major, who had successfully managed to dodge the front.

There was quite a hum of excitement in the vicinity of the staff carriage. The officers of the draft had gathered round Captain Sagner, who was excitedly explaining something to them. He had just come back from the railway transport office, where he had received a very confidential (and genuine) telegram from brigade headquarters, a telegram containing news of far-reaching importance and accompanied by instructions as to how to act in the new situation which had arisen for Austria on May 22, 1915.

The telegram from the brigade stated that Italy had declared war on Austria-Hungary.

Captain Sagner, having perused the instructions just received from the brigade, gave orders for the alarm to be sounded.

When the whole draft had assembled, the men were drawn up in a square, and Captain Sagner, in an unusually solemn voice, read them the telegraphic message which had reached him from the brigade.

"As the result of unparalleled treachery and greed, the King of Italy has forgotten the fraternal agreement by which he was bound as an ally of our Monarchy. Since the outbreak of the war, the treacherous King of Italy has been playing a double game and carrying on secret negotiations with our enemies, and this treachery reached its climax on May 22nd-23rd, by the declaration of war on our Monarchy. Our supreme commander is convinced that our ever staunch and glorious troops will reply to this vile treachery on the part of a faithless ally with such a blow that the traitor will realize how, by having started war basely and treacherously, he was preparing his own destruction. We firmly trust that with God's help the day will soon dawn when the plains of Italy will again see the victor of Santa Lucia, Vicenza, Novara, Custozza. We desire to conquer, we must conquer, and assuredly we shall conquer!"

After that they gave the usual three cheers, and the troops got back into the train, feeling rather dazed. Instead of five ounces of Emmenthaler cheese, they had war with Italy foisted off upon them.

In the truck in which Schweik was sitting with Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek and Chodounsky the telephonist, Baloun and Jurajda the cook, an interesting conversation had started on the subject of Italy's entry into the war.

"Well, now that we've got another war," remarked Schweik, "now that we've got one more enemy and a new front, we'll have to be more economical with the ammunition."

"All I'm afraid of is," said Baloun with great concern, "that this Italian business is going to mean smaller rations."

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek reflected and then said gravely:

"It's bound to, because now it'll take us a bit longer to win the war."

"What we want now," declared Schweik, "is another chap like Radetzky. He knew his way about in those parts and how to catch the Italians napping and what places to bombard and from what side to do it. It's an easy enough job to get into a place. Anybody can manage that. But getting out again, that's how a man shows if he's good at soldiering or not."

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek had a sneaking regard for Italy. In his drug-store at home he did a side line in lemonade which he manufactured from decayed lemons, and he always obtained the cheapest and most decayed lemons from Italy. Now there wouldn't be any more lemons coming from Italy to Vanek's drug-store. There could be no doubt that the war with Italy was going to produce many awkward surprises like that.

In the staff carriage, the conversation on the latest turn of events, brought about by Italy's entry into the war, would certainly have been very dull, now that Cadet Biegler, that great expert on military strategy, was no longer there, if he had not been replaced, to a certain extent, by Lieutenant Dub of the 3rd company.

Lieutenant Dub now began to hold forth in the tones of a priggish schoolmaster:

"On the whole I cannot say I am surprised at this action on the part of Italy. I expected this to happen three months ago. There can be no doubt that of recent years Italy has become extremely arrogant, in consequence of the successful war against Turkey. Moreover, she is placing too much reliance on her fleet and on the feeling among the population in our Adriatic areas and in South Tyrol. Before the war I used to tell our district chief of police that our government ought not to underestimate the irredentist movement in the south. He quite agreed with me, because every far-sighted man who is concerned about the preservation of this Empire must long ago have realized what would happen to us if we were to show too much indulgence towards such elements.

I well remember that about two years ago, in the course of a conversation with our district chief of police, I stated that Italy was only waiting for the next opportunity of making a treacherous attack on us.

"And now they've done it!" he bellowed, as if all the others were disputing his statements, although all the regular officers who were listening to his speech were wishing that the talkative temporary gentleman would go to blazes.

"It is true," he continued in quieter tones, "that in the vast majority of cases people were apt to forget our former relations with Italy, those great days when our armies were glorious and victorious, in 1848 and in 1866, which are mentioned in to-day's brigade orders. But I always did my duty, and just before the end of the school year, practically at the very beginning of the war, I set my pupils an essay on: 'Our Heroes In Italy from Vicenza to Custozza, or——'"

And the drivelling Lieutenant Dub solemnly added:

"'——Blood and Life for Habsburg, for an Austria Undivided and Uniquely Great.'"

He paused and waited for someone else in the staff carriage to express views on the new situation, so that he could show them that he had known five years previously how Italy would one day treat her Ally. But he was grievously disappointed, for Captain Sagner, to whom battalion orderly Matushitch had brought the evening edition of the *Pester Lloyd* from the railway station, remarked from the depths of his newspaper:

"Look here, that actress Weiner who was starring at Bruck when we were three, was playing last night at the Little Theatre in Budapest."

As the train had now been standing in the station for more than two hours, the occupants of the other trucks believed to a man that the train was going to be turned round and sent to Italy. This was suggested by a number of queer things that had been happening to the echelon.

All the men had again been chivvied out of the trucks, there had been a sanitary inspector with a disinfecting committee which had come and liberally sprinkled all the trucks with lysol, a proceeding which met with great disapproval, especially in the trucks containing bread rations. But orders are orders. The sanitation committee had issued orders to disinfect all trucks of echelon 728, and so they stolidly squirted lysol over quantities of bread rations and bags of rice. This alone showed that something special was going to happen.

After that, everybody was chivvied back into the trucks, because an aged general had come to inspect the echelon. Schweik, who was standing in the back ranks, remarked to Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek on the subject of this worthy:

"There's an old perisher for you!"

And the old perisher trotted along the ranks, accompanied by Captain Sagner, and stopped in front of a young recruit. Apparently by way of encouraging the rank-and-file as a whole, he asked where the young recruit came from, how old he was and whether he had a watch. The young recruit had a watch, but as he thought that he was going to get another one from the gentleman, he said he hadn't got one, whereupon the aged general gave a fatuous smile, such as Franz Joseph used to put on, whenever, on festive occasions, he addressed a few words to the mayors of towns, and said: "That's fine, that's fine," whereupon he honoured a corporal, who was standing near, by asking him whether his wife was well.

"Beg to report, sir," bawled the corporal, "I'm not married."

Whereupon the general, with a patronizing smile, repeated: "That's fine, that's fine."

Then the general, lapsing still further into senile infantility, asked Captain Sagner to show him how the troops number off in twos from the right, and after a

while, he heard them yelling: "One—two, one—two, one—two."

The aged general was very fond of this. At home he had two orderlies, and he used to line them up in front of him and make them number off: "One—two, one—two."

Austria had lots of generals like that.

When the inspection was safely over, and the general had lavishly expressed his approval to Captain Sagner, the men were given permission to move about the precints of the railway station, as a message had arrived that they were not leaving for another three hours. The men accordingly strolled about with an eye to the main chance, and as there were plenty of people in the station, here and there a soldier managed to scrounge a cigarette.

It was obvious, however, that the early enthusiasm which had evinced itself in the festive welcome extended to the troops in railway stations had sunk considerably and was being reduced to the point where cadging began.

Captain Sagner was met by a deputation from the League for Welcoming Heroes, consisting of two terribly jaded ladies who presented the gifts for the troops, to wit, twenty small boxes of throat pastilles (assorted flavours). These little boxes, which were distributed as an advertisement by a Budapest manufacturer of confectionery, were made of tin and on the lid was painted a Hungarian soldier shaking hands with an Austrian militiaman, with the crown of St. Stephen glittering above them. This was surrounded by an inscription in German and Magyar: "For Emperor, God and Country." The manufacturer of confectionery was so loyal that he put the Emperor before God.

Each box contained eighty pastilles, which worked out, on an average, at five pastiles for three men. Besides the pastilles, the jaded and worried ladies had brought a bundle of leaflets containing two prayers written by Géza Szatmur Budafal, Archbishop of Budapest. They

were in German and Magyar, and contained the most dreadful imprecations against all enemies. According to the venerable archbishop, the Almighty ought to chop the Russians, English, Serbs, French and Japanese into mincemeat. The Almighty ought to bathe in the blood of the enemy and slaughter them all as Herod did the babies. In his pious prayers the worthy archbishop made use of such choice phrases as:

"May God bless your bayonets that they may penetrate deep into the entrails of your enemies. May the Almighty in His great righteousness direct your artillery fire upon the heads of the enemy staffs. Merciful God, grant that all our enemies may be stifled amid their own blood, from the wound which we inflict upon them."

When the two ladies had handed over all these gifts, they expressed to Captain Sagner an urgent wish to be present at the distribution. In fact, one of them went so far as to say that on this occasion she would like to say a few words to the troops, whom she always referred to as "our brave boys."

They both looked terribly hurt when Captain Sagner refused them their wish. Meanwhile, the gifts were carted off to the truck which was being used as a store. The worthy ladies passed through the ranks and one of them patted a bearded warrior on the cheek. Knowing nothing about the exalted mission of these ladies, the warrior remarked to his comrades after their departure:

"There's a couple of brazen old tarts for you! Fancy those ugly, flat-footed old geezers having the sauce to try and get off with soldiers!"

The station was in a regular hubbub. The Italian complication had caused a certain amount of panic. Two echelons of artillery had been held up and sent to Styria. There was also an echelon of Bosnians who for some unknown reason had been left there for two days and completely overlooked. They had not drawn rations for

two days and were now going about the streets of Ujpest, begging for bread.

At last the draft of the 91st regiment was again got together and went back into the trucks. But after a while, Matushitch, the battalion orderly, came back from the railway transport office with the news that they were not starting for another three hours. Accordingly, the men who had just been collected were again let out of the trucks. Then, just before the train started, Lieutenant Dub entered the staff carriage in a very agitated state and asked Captain Sagner to have Schweik put under arrest immediately. Lieutenant Dub, who had been notorious as a talebearer among his fellow-teachers, was fond of having conversations with soldiers, with the idea of getting at their opinions and also so that he could explain to them didactically why they were fighting and for what they were fighting.

While strolling round, he caught sight of Schweik standing near a lamp-post behind the station buildings, and examining with interest the poster of some charitable war lottery. This poster depicted an Austrian soldier impaling a scared and bearded Cossack against a wall.

Lieutenant Dub tapped Schweik on the shoulder and asked him how he liked it.

"Beg to report, sir," replied Schweik, "it's a lot of rot. I've seen plenty of footling placards in my time, but I've never seen any flapdoodle as bad as that before."

"What is it you don't like about it?" asked Lieutenant Dub.

"Well, sir, first of all I don't like the way the soldier is handling the bayonet that he's been trusted with and all. Why, he'll smash it against the wall like that. And, besides, there's no need for him to do it, anyhow, because the Russian's put his hands up. He's a prisoner and you got to treat prisoners properly. Fair's fair, when all's said and done. That chap'll cop out for what he's doing."

Lieutenant Dub continued his investigations into Schweik's views and asked him:

"So you're sorry for that Russian, are you?"

"I'm sorry for both of 'em, sir. For the Russian because he's got a bayonet shoved through his inside, and for the soldier because he's going to cop out for it. What's the use of him smashing his bayonet like that, sir?"

Lieutenant Dub gazed cantankerously at the cheerful face of the good soldier Schweik and asked him in an angry tone:

"Do you know me"

"Yes, sir, I know you."

Lieutenant Dub rolled his eyes and stamped his foot.

"Let me tell you that you don't know me yet."

Schweik again replied, with unruffled calm:

"Beg to report, sir, I know you. You're on our draft."

"You don't know me yet!" yelled Lieutenant Dub. "You may know me from my good side, but wait till you know me from my bad side. If a man gets on the wrong side of me, I can make him wish he hadn't been born. Now do you know me or don't you?"

"I do know you, sir."

Lieutenant Dub looked daggers at Schweik. Schweik bore Lieutenant Dub's savage glance with dignified composure and the interview between them concluded with the order: "Dismiss!"

Each of them went his way thinking matters over from his own angle.

Lieutenant Dub, thinking of Schweik, decided that he would tell Captain Sagner to have him put under close arrest, while Schweik, for his part, reflected that he had come across some daft officers in his time, but Lieutenant Dub was the choicest specimen he had ever met.

Lieutenant Dub stopped three more groups of soldiers, but his educational endeavours "to make them wish

they'd never been born" failed completely. His pride was hurt and that was why, before the train started, he asked Captain Sagner to have Schweik placed under arrest. He emphasized the necessity of isolating the good soldier Schweik, by reason of Schweik's astoundingly impudent demeanour. If things were to go on like that, said he, the officers would be completely discredited in the eyes of the rank-and-file. Surely, he argued, none of the officers present could doubt that. He himself before the war had told the district chief of police that every person holding a superior position must aim at maintaining authority over his subordinates. The district chief of police had been of the same opinion. Especially now in the army during wartime, the nearer they got to the enemy, the more urgent it was to put the fear of God into the troops. For that reason he demanded that Schweik should be summarily punished.

Captain Sagner, who, as a regular officer, loathed all reserve officers, reminded Lieutenant Dub that proceedings of the kind which he was suggesting could be carried out only through the orderly room. As regards Schweik, the proper person to approach in the first instance was the person to whose jurisdiction Schweik was amenable, and that person was Lieutenant Lukash. Such things as these were done simply and solely through the orderly room. As perhaps Lieutenant Dub was aware, they passed from the company to the battalion. If Schweik had done anything he ought not to have done, he would be had up in the company orderly room and then, if he wished to appeal, the matter would be passed on to the battalion orderly room. If, however, Lieutenant Lukash was willing and if he regarded Lieutenant Dub's narrative as an official notification which should be followed by punitive measures, he had no objection to having Schweik brought up for cross-examination.

Lieutenant Lukash had no objection to this.

Lieutenant Dub wavered and said that he had asked for Schweik to be punished in the broader sense of the term and that perhaps Schweik was not capable of expressing himself properly and his answers only seemed to be impudent, insulting and lacking in respect towards his superiors. Moreover, judging from the general appearance of the said Schweik, it was obvious that he was feeble-minded.

Thus, the thunderstorm passed over Schweik's head without touching him.

Before the train started, the echelon was overtaken by a military train containing specimens of various units. They comprised stragglers of soldiers discharged from hospital and now sent to rejoin their regiments, and other suspicious characters returning from special stunts or spells in detention barracks.

Among the occupants of this train was volunteer officer Marek, who had been charged with mutiny for refusing to clean the latrines. The divisional court-martial, however, had discharged him and he now made his appearance in the staff carriage to report himself to the battalion commander.

Captain Sagner, on seeing the volunteer officer and receiving from him his documents which contained the confidential remark: "A political suspect. Caution," was not altogether pleased.

"You're a regular slacker," he said to him. "Instead of trying to distinguish yourself and attain the rank to which your education entitles you, you just loaf about from one detention barracks to another. You're a disgrace to the regiment. But there's a chance for you to make up for your past offences. You're an intelligent young fellow, and I've no doubt you've got a ready pen. Every battalion in the field needs a man to keep a proper record of what it achieves at the front. What he has to do is to note down all the successful operations, all the

cases of distinguished conduct in which the battalion is concerned, and in that way he gradually does his bit towards producing a history of the army. Do you follow me?"

"Beg to report, sir, yes, sir. It'll be a labour of love for me to place on record the gallant deeds of our battalion, especially now that the offensive is in full blast and the battalion is going into the thick of it."

"You will be attached to the battalion staff," continued Captain Sagner, "and you will keep an account of who is proposed for decorations, and then we will supply you with particulars which will enable you to record the marches testifying to the dauntless spirit and rigid discipline of the battalion. It's not an easy task, but I hope you've got enough powers of observation to give our battalion a better show than any other unit can put up, if I supply you with the proper hints. I'll send a telegram to regimental headquarters to say that I've appointed you keeper of the battalion records. Now report yourself to Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek of the 11th company, so that he can make room for you in the carriage, and tell him to come to me."

Shortly afterward the order came that they were leaving in a quarter of an hour. As nobody would believe this, it came about that, in spite of all precautions, a certain number strayed away somewhere or other. When the train did start, eighteen men were missing, among them Sergeant Nasakl of the 12th draft, who, long after the train had vanished beyond Isatarcsa, was squabbling in a small shrubbery behind the station with a street walker who was demanding five crowns for services rendered.

CHAPTER III

FROM HATVAN TO THE FRONTIERS OF GALICIA

WHILE the battalion, which was to reap military glory, was being transported by railway as far as Laborcz in Eastern Galicia, whence it was to proceed on foot to the front, the truck containing Schweik and the volunteer officer was again the scene of more or less treasonable conversations, and on a smaller scale the same sort of thing was happening in the other trucks. Indeed, even in the staff carriage there was a certain amount of discontent because at Füzes-Abony an army order had been received, by which the wine rations served out to the officers were to be reduced by a quarter of a pint. Of course, the rank-and-file had not been forgotten and their sago rations had been reduced by one third of an ounce per man, which was all the more mysterious because nobody had ever seen any sago in the army.

The station was crammed with people. Two munition trains were to be sent off first, and after them two echelons of artillery, as well as a train with pontoon divisions.

There was also a train with an aircraft division. On another set of rails could be seen trucks containing aeroplanes and guns, but in a very damaged state. These were the remains of aircraft which had been shot down and the shattered barrels of howitzers. While all the new material was being taken up to the front, these remnants of bygone glory were being conveyed inland for repairs and reconstruction.

Lieutenant Dub, however, was explaining to the troops who had assembled round the damaged guns and aeroplanes that this was war booty. He continued to act

the fool by pointing out to the soldiers an Austrian aeroplane which had been shot down and the struts of which distinctly bore the mark "Wiener Neustadt."

"We shot that down and captured it from the Russians at Lemberg," said Lieutenant Dub. Lieutenant Lukash overheard this remark and coming nearer, he added:

"Yes, and the two Russian airmen were burned to death." Then he went away again without saying another word, but thinking what a dreadful jackass Lieutenant Dub was.

Behind the second lot of trucks he encountered Schweik and endeavoured to steer clear of him, because the face of Schweik, when he gazed upon Lieutenant Lukash, showed that there was much of which he desired to unbosom himself.

Schweik walked straight up to Lieutenant Lukash.

"Beg to report, sir, I've come to see if there are any more orders. Beg to report, sir, I've been looking for you in the staff carriage."

"Listen here, Schweik," replied Lieutenant Lukash; "the more I see of you the more convinced I am that you've got no respect for your superior officers."

"Beg to report, sir," said Schweik apologetically, "I used to serve under a Colonel Flieder von Boomerang, or something like that, and he was just about half your height. He had a long beard, and it made him look like a monkey, and when he got ratty he used to jump so high that we called him Indiarubber Daddy. Well, one day——"

Lieutenant Lukash tapped Schweik amicably on the shoulder and said in a good-humoured tone:

"Now then, enough of that, you ruffian."

"Right you are, sir," replied Schweik, and returned to his truck.

Five minutes later the train was approaching Humenné. Here could be seen plain traces of the fighting which had occurred when the Russians were marching into the valley

of the Tisza. Primitive trenches flanked the hillsides, with here and there the remains of a burned farm, and where this was surrounded by a hastily constructed shanty, it showed that the inhabitants had returned.

Later, towards noon, when they reached Humenné, where the railway station also showed traces of fighting, preparations were made for lunch and the troops were able to have a glimpse into the secrets of how the authorities treated the local population after the departure of the Russians, to whom they were akin by language and religion.

On the platform, surrounded by Magyar gendarmes, stood a group of Ruthenian prisoners. Among them were priests, teachers and peasants from the length and breadth of the regions round about. They all had their hands tied behind their backs and they were fastened together in twos. Most of them had broken noses and bumps on their heads, as immediately after their arrest they had been thrashed by the gendarmes.

A little further on, a Magyar gendarme was having some fun with a priest. Round the priest's left foot he had tied a rope which he held in his hand, and with the butt end of his rifle he was making him dance a czardas, during which he pulled the rope so that the priest fell on his nose, and having his hands tied behind his back he could not get up, and made desperate attempts to turn over on his back, so that he might possibly stand up that way. The gendarme roared so heartily with laughter at this, that the tears came into his eyes, and when the priest did at last manage to get on his feet, he pulled the rope again and once more the priest fell on his nose.

This amusement was stopped by a gendarme officer, who ordered the prisoners to be taken into an empty shed behind the station, so that they could be mauled and knocked about where nobody could see them.

These goings-on were discussed in the staff carriage and on the whole they met with strong disapproval.

Ensign Kraus expressed the view that if the men were traitors they ought to be hanged on the spot, without any ill-treatment beforehand, but Lieutenant Dub thoroughly approved of the whole business which he at once connected with the Sarajevo outrage. He talked as if the Magyar gendarmes at Humenné were avenging the death of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. In order to lend weight to his words, he said that he took in a monthly paper which even before the war, in the July number, had declared that the unexampled outrage of Sarajevo would leave a wound in human hearts which would not heal for many years to come. And so forth.

Lieutenant Lukash muttered something to the effect that probably the gendarmes at Humenné also took in the paper which had published that touching article. He then left the carriage and went to look for Schweik. He had suddenly begun to feel disgusted with everything and all he wanted was to get drunk and forget his sorrows.

"Listen, Schweik," he said, "you don't happen to know where you could lay hands on a bottle of brandy? I'm feeling rather seedy."

"Beg to report, sir, that's the change of weather. I shouldn't be surprised that when we get to the front you'll feel worse. The further you get from your proper military base, the queerer you feel. But if you like, sir, I'll collar some brandy for you, only I'm afraid they'll leave here without me."

Lieutenant Lukash assured him that they wouldn't be leaving for another two hours and that brandy was being sold in bottles, on the Q.T., just behind the station. Captain Sagner had sent Matushitch there, and he'd brought back a bottle of quite respectable cognac for fifteen crowns. So there was fifteen crowns and Schweik was to go, and not to tell anyone that it was for Lieutenant Lukash, or that he had sent him, because, strictly speaking, it was not allowed.

"Don't you worry, sir," said Schweik. "That'll be all

right, because I'm very fond of things that ain't allowed and I've been mixed up in lots of things like that without even knowing about it. Why, once when we were in barracks at Prague we was told not to——"

"About turn! Quick march!" Lieutenant Lukash interrupted him.

So Schweik went behind the station, repeating to himself all the main points of his expedition. The brandy must be good, so he would have to taste it first, and as it wasn't allowed, he would have to be cautious.

Just when he was turning aside from the platform, he again ran into Lieutenant Dub.

Schweik went beyond the platform and Lieutenant Dub, struck by an idea, set out after him. Past the station, just by the highroad, stood a row of baskets, placed topsy-turvy, and on top of them were some wicker trays containing various dainties which looked as innocent as though they were meant for school children on an outing. There were fragments of sugar sticks, rolled wafers, a large quantity of acid drops, with here and there some slices of black bread with a piece of salami, quite obviously of equine origin. But inside, the baskets contained various kinds of liquor, small bottles of brandy, rum, gin and other alcoholic beverages.

Just beyond the ditch skirting the highroad was a shanty in which all the transactions in prohibited drinks were arranged.

The soldiers first struck a bargain in front of the wicker trays, and a Jew with side curls produced the brandy from beneath the tray which looked so innocent, and carried it under his caftan into the wooden shanty, where the soldier unobtrusively slipped it into his trousers or under his tunic.

This was the place to which Schweik directed his steps while Lieutenant Dub, with his talent for sleuthing, watched his movements.

Schweik tried his luck at the very first basket. First he

selected some sweets, which he paid for and put in his pocket, while the gentleman with the side curls whispered to him in German:

"I've got some schnapps, too, soldier."

A bargain was soon struck. Schweik went into the shanty, but handed over no money until the gentleman with the side curls had opened the bottle and Schweik had tasted the contents. However, he was satisfied with the brandy and having slipped the bottle under his tunic, he went back to the station.

"Where have you been, you skunk?" said Lieutenant Dub, standing in front of him as he was about to mount the platform.

"Beg to report, sir, I've been to fetch some sweets."

Schweik dived into his pocket and produced a handful of grimy, dusty sweets.

"I don't know whether you'd care to try them, sir. I've had a taste. They're not bad. They've got rather a nice fruity flavour, something like raspberry jam, sir."

The curved outlines of a bottle stood out under Schweik's tunic.

Lieutenant Dub passed his hands over Schweik's tunic.

"What's that you've got there, you skunk? Take it out."

Schweik drew forth a bottle plainly and clearly labelled "Brandy" and containing a yellowish liquid.

"Beg to report, sir," replied Schweik, quite undaunted, "I pumped a little drinking water into this empty brandy bottle. I've still got a shocking thirst from that stew we had yesterday. But, you see, sir, the water from that pump is a bit yellow. I expect it's the sort of water that's got iron in it. That kind of water's very healthy and it does you good."

"If you're as thirsty as all that, Schweik," said Lieutenant Dub with a diabolical smile, "then have a drink, but take a good swig at it. Drink up the whole lot at one go."

Lieutenant Dub rather fancied that he was successfully piling up the agony. At last, he thought, he had driven Schweik into a corner. His forecast of events was that Schweik would drink a few gulps and would then give in, whereupon he, Lieutenant Dub, would triumph over him and say: "Give me that bottle and let me have a drink of it. I'm thirsty as well." And he pictured gleefully to himself how discomfited Schweik would be at that terrible moment, and then the various species of trouble into which he would be landed as a result.

Schweik uncorked the bottle, raised it to his lips and gulp by gulp the contents vanished down his throat. Lieutenant Dub was dumbfounded. Before his very eyes Schweik drank up the whole bottle without turning a hair. He then threw the empty bottle across the road into a pond, and said, as if he had just put away a bottle of lemonade:

"Beg to report, sir, that water really does sort of taste of iron. I used to know a chap who kept a pub near Prague and he used to make a drink that tasted of iron for the summer trippers, by throwing old horseshoes into the well."

"I'll give you old horseshoes, you ruffian! You come and show me the well where you got that water from."

"It's just a few steps from here, sir, right behind that wooden hut."

"You go on in front, you skunk, so that I can see whether you can march properly in step."

Schweik went on in front, commending himself to the will of God. But he had a sort of inkling that there would be a well behind the hut, and so he was not surprised to find that there was one. In fact, there was a pump as well, and when they reached it, Schweik moved the pump handle up and down, whereupon out flowed some yellowish water, so that Schweik was able to announce with all due solemnity:

"Here's the water that tastes of iron, sir."

At this juncture, the man with the side curls, now very much scared, came up, and Schweik told him in German to bring a glass, as the lieutenant wanted to have a drink.

Lieutenant Dub was so flabbergasted that he drank up the whole glass of water, which left in his mouth a flavour of liquid manure, and, quite dazed by what had happened to him, he gave the Jew with the side curls a five-crown note and turning to Schweik, said:

"What are you hanging about here for? Get back to your right place."

Five minutes later Schweik made his appearance in the staff carriage, and mysteriously beckoned to Lieutenant Lukash to come outside. He then said to him:

"Beg to report, sir, that in five minutes, or ten at the most, I shall be as tight as a lord, but I'm going to lay down in my truck, so perhaps you wouldn't mind, sir, not calling me for another three hours and not giving me any orders until I've slept it off. There's nothing wrong with me, only I got nabbed by Lieutenant Dub, and I told him it was water, so I had to drink up the whole bottle of brandy right under his nose so as to prove to him that it was water. There's nothing wrong, sir; I never gave the game away, like you told me, and I was on my guard, but now I beg to report, sir, that I can feel my legs beginning to wobble. Of course, sir, I can stand liquor all right, because when I was with Mr. Katz——"

"Get out of it, you hog!" shouted Lieutenant Lukash, but he was not really angry with Schweik. On the other hand, his dislike of Lieutenant Dub was a hundred per cent greater than before.

Schweik crept cautiously into his truck and as he lay down on his greatcoat and valise, he said to Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek and the rest:

"Here's a chap who for once in a way has got tight and doesn't want to be woke up."

With these words he rolled over on his side and began to snore.

Marek, the volunteer officer, who at last, after all his tribulations, had managed to get a job as keeper of battalion records, was seated at the folding table. He was preparing an advance and reserve stock of heroic deeds for the battalion, and it was plain that this peep into the future was causing him much amusement.

Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek looked on with interest at the volunteer officer who, with a broad grin, was writing busily. Presently, he stood up and looked over the shoulder of the volunteer officer, who began to explain matters to him:

"This is no end of a lark, laying up stocks of history for the battalion. The chief thing is to go about the job in a systematic way. There's got to be system in the whole business."

"A systematic system," remarked Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, with a more or less contemptuous smile.

"Yes," said the volunteer officer in an offhand tone, "a systematized, systematic system for writing the history of the battalion. It's no use coming out with great victories right at the very start. The whole thing's got to take its course gradually and according to a definite plan. One battalion can't win the war right off. In the meanwhile I must lay in a stock of little incidents giving proof of unexampled bravery. And, by the way," continued Marek, with a gesture indicating sudden remembrance, "I nearly forgot to tell you, sergeant, to get me a list of all the N.C.O's. Tell me the name of one of the sergeant-majors in the 12th company. Houska? Very well then, Houska's going to have his head blown off by a mine. His head will fly off, but his body will go on walking for another few yards, he'll take aim and shoot down an enemy aeroplane. Of course, the royal family will have to arrange a special evening party in their own home to celebrate exploits of that kind. Quite a select

affair, to be held in the apartment next to the Emperor's bedroom. The place will be lit up with candles only, because, as I expect you know, electric light is unpopular in court circles, on account of our aged monarch's prejudice against short circuits. The festivities in honour of our battalion will begin at six p.m. At that hour the grandchildren of His Royal Highness will be in bed, and after the Emperor has proposed a toast to our draft, a few words will be said by the Archduchess Marie Valerie, who will refer to you, sergeant, in terms of approval. I tell you, Austria's got lots and lots of battalions, but ours is the only one that'll distinguish itself to that extent. Of course, from the notes I have made, it is evident that our battalion will suffer severe and irretrievable losses, because a battalion without any dead can hardly be called a battalion. A fresh article will have to be written about our losses. Victories are all very well in their way, and I've got about forty-two of 'em on tap now. But the history of the battalion has got to be something more than a string of dry facts about victories. So, as I say, there's got to be plenty of losses as well. And everyone in the battalion will have his turn at distinguishing himself, until, say somewhere in September, there'll be nothing left of us except these glorious pages of history which will thrill the hearts of all Austrians. And this is how I've wound up the whole thing, sergeant: All honour to the memory of the fallen! Their love for our monarchy is the holiest love, for it culminates in death. Let their names, e.g., Vanek, be uttered with awe. And they who were most closely affected by the loss of their breadwinners—let them proudly dry their tears, for they who fell were the heroes of our battalion."

Chodounsky the telephonist and Jurajda the cook were listening with bated breath to the volunteer officer's account of the projected history of the battalion.

At this point Lieutenant Dub popped his head in at the door, which was ajar.

"Is Schweik here?" he asked.

"Beg to report, sir, he's asleep," replied the volunteer officer.

"When I ask for him, it's your business to pull yourself together and fetch him."

"I can't do that, sir; he's asleep."

Lieutenant Dub lost his temper.

"What's your name? Marek? Oh, yes; you're the volunteer officer who spends all his time under close arrest, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir. I've done all my training as a volunteer officer more or less in clink, but since being discharged by the divisional court-martial, where my innocence was established beyond the slightest doubt, I've reverted to my former rank and been appointed keeper of the battalion records."

"You won't be that long," yelled Lieutenant Dub, very red in the face. "I'll see to that!"

"I wish to be reported to the orderly room, sir," said the volunteer officer solemnly.

"Don't trifle with me," said Lieutenant Dub. "I'll give you orderly room. We'll meet again before long, and then you'll be damned sorry for yourself, because you don't know me yet; but you will."

Lieutenant Dub went out wrathfully, and in his annoyance he quite forgot that only a few moments previously he had fully intended to call Schweik to say to him: "Breathe on me," as a final method of establishing Schweik's unlawful alcoholism. He did not remember this until half an hour afterward, and it was then too late, because in the meanwhile the rank-and-file had been served out with an issue of black coffee with rum. When he got back to the truck, Schweik was already up and doing, and on being summoned by Lieutenant Dub, he skipped out of the truck like a lamb.

"Breathe on me!" Lieutenant Dub bawled at him.

Schweik breathed forth upon him the complete

contents of his lungs, and it was like a hot wind sweeping the fragrance of a distillery into a field.

"What's this I smell, you brute?"

"Beg to report, sir, you can smell rum."

"Oh, I can, can I?" exclaimed Lieutenant Dub victoriously. "I've got you at last."

"Yes, sir," said Schweik without any sign of uneasiness. "We've just had an issue of rum for our coffee and I drank the rum first. But of course, sir, if there's some new regulation that we got to drink coffee first and rum afterward, I'm very sorry, and I'll see it don't happen again."

Lieutenant Dub, without saying another word, shook his head with perplexity and departed, but he immediately came back again and said to Schweik:

"Just remember, all of you, that the time will come when I'll make you squeal for mercy." That was all he could manage, and he then returned to the staff carriage. He felt the need to hear himself talk, and he therefore said to Captain Sagner in a confidential, free-and-easy tone:

"I say, captain, what's your opinion about——"

"Excuse me a moment," said Captain Sagner, and got out of the carriage.

A quarter of an hour later they started off towards Nagy-Czaba, past the burnt-out villages of Brestov and Great-Radvány. They could now see that they were getting into the thick of it. The slopes of the Carpathians were scored with trenches, which stretched from valley to valley, and on both sides there were large shell holes. Across the streams flowing into the Labore, the upper course of which was skirted by the railway, they could see the new bridges which had been built and the charred beams of the old ones. The whole valley had been gouged and scooped out and the trampled state of the ground made it look as if hosts of gigantic moles had been toiling there. At the edges of the shell holes there were tattered shreds of Austrian uniforms which had been

uncovered by downpours of rain. Behind Nagy-Czaba, on a charred old fir tree, in the tangle of the branches, hung the boot of an Austrian infantryman, with a piece of shinbone left in it. The forests without foliage or pine needles, the trees without tops and the isolated farms riddled with shot bore witness to the havoc which had been wrought by the artillery fire.

The train moved slowly forward along embankments which had been newly built, so that the whole battalion was able to feast its eyes on the joys of war, and by scanning the military cemeteries with their white crosses, which formed gleaming patches on the devastated hillsides, they had an opportunity of preparing their minds gradually but surely for the field of glory which terminated with an Austrian military cap, caked with mire and dangling on a white cross.

Mezö-Laborcz was the stopping-place behind a shattered burnt-out railway station from the sooty walls of which twisted girders projected. A new long timber hut, which had been hastily constructed in place of the burnt station, was covered with placards bearing the inscription: "Subscribe to the Austrian war-loan" in various languages. Another long hut contained a Red Cross centre from which emerged two nurses with a fat doctor.

The men were informed that a meal would be served beyond Palota in the Lubka Pass, and the battalion quartermaster-sergeant-major, accompanied by the company cooks and Lieutenant Cajthaml, with four men as a patrol, proceeded into the parish of Meczi. They returned after less than half an hour, with three pigs tied up by their hind legs, the squalling family of a Ruthenian peasant, from whom the pigs had been requisitioned, and the fat military doctor from the Red Cross hut. He was vociferously explaining something to Lieutenant Cajthaml who only shrugged his shoulders.

The controversy came to a head in front of the staff carriage, when the military doctor began to tell Captain

Sagner in downright terms that the pigs were reserved for the Red Cross hospital, while the peasant flatly contradicted this and demanded that the pigs should be restored to him, as they were his only property and he certainly could not let them go at the price which had been paid him. He thereupon thrust the money which he had received for the pigs into the hand of Captain Sagner, whom the peasant's wife was holding by the other hand; she was kissing it with the servility which has always been a prominent feature of that region.

Captain Sagner was quite startled, and it was a long time before he managed to shake off the old peasant woman. Not that it mattered, for she was replaced by her younger offspring, who again began to slobber over his hands.

Lieutenant Cajthaml, however, affirmed in very businesslike tones:

"This fellow's got another twelve pigs, and he's been properly paid, according to the latest divisional instructions, No. 12420, economic section. According to paragraph 16 of the instructions, the price paid for pigs in localities unaffected by the war must not exceed 1 crown 3 hellers per pound of live stock, while in localities affected by the war 15 hellers per pound of live stock may be added, making a total of 1 crown 18 hellers per pound. Note further the following: If it is ascertained in localities affected by the war that the supply of hogs which can be used as a source of food supply for the troops passing through the locality in question has remained intact, an extra payment of 7 hellers per pound of live stock is to be made, as in the case of localities unaffected by the war. If the matter is not entirely clear, a commission to be set up on the spot, comprising the owner of the livestock, the officer commanding the detachment concerned and the officer or quartermaster-sergeant in charge of the commissariat."

Lieutenant Cajthaml read all this from a copy of the

divisional orders which he always carried about with him, and he practically knew by heart that in the zone of hostilities the regulation price per pound of carrots was increased to 14½ hellers and the price of one pound of cauliflowers for the officers' mess in the same zone was increased to 95 hellers. The gentlemen in Vienna who had drawn up these schedules seemed to imagine that the zone of hostilities was a land flowing with carrots and cauliflowers. But Lieutenant Cajthaml read his piece to the excited peasant in German and then asked him whether he understood it. When the peasant shook his head, he bellowed at him:

"Do you want a commission, then?"

The peasant understood only the word "commission," wherefore he nodded, and while his hogs were dragged off to the field-kitchen for execution, he was surrounded by soldiers with fixed bayonets, who had been detailed for the requisitioning, and the commission proceeded to his farm to ascertain whether he was to get 1 crown 18 hellers per pound or only 1 crown 3 hellers. But scarcely had they set foot on the road leading to the village, than the threefold mortal squealing of hogs could be heard from the field kitchen. The peasant realized that all was up, and shouted desperately in the Ruthenian dialect:

"Give me two guldens for each of them."

Four soldiers edged close to him and the whole family dropped on their knees in the dust in front of Captain Sagner and Lieutenant Cajthaml. The mother and the two daughters clutched at their knees, calling them benefactors, until at last the peasant yelled at them to stand up. He added that the soldiers could eat the pigs if they wanted, and he hoped they'd die of it.

Accordingly, the idea of a commission was dropped, and as the peasant began to shake his fist angrily, each soldier hit him with the butt-end of his rifle, whereupon all the members of the family crossed themselves and took to their heels.

Captain Sagner had already issued instructions as regards the officers' mess.

"Roast pork with savoury sauce. Pick out the best meat and see it isn't too fat."

And so it came about that when the rank-and-file received their rations in the Lubka Pass, each man discovered two tiny morsels of meat in his soup, and those who had been born under an unluckier star discovered only a piece of skin.

On the other hand, the clerks' mouths shone greasily and the stretcher bearers puffed with fullness, while all around this divine plenty could be seen the unremoved traces of recent fighting. The whole place was littered with cartridge cases, empty tins, shreds of Russian, Austrian and German uniforms, parts of broken vehicles, long, bloodstained strips of gauze and cotton wool which had been used for bandages.

A shell, which had not burst, had hit an old pine tree near the former railway station, of which only a heap of ruins remained. Fragments of shells were scattered everywhere, and it was evident that corpses of soldiers had been buried in the immediate vicinity, because there was a terrible stench of putrefaction.

This spectacle of military delights was rendered even more complete by clouds of smoke which were rising from behind a hill near by, as if a whole village were burning there. This was where they were burning the cholera and dysentery huts, to the great joy of those gentlemen who were concerned with the establishment of a hospital under the patronage of Archduchess Marie, and who had filled their pockets by presenting accounts for non-existent cholera and dysentery huts. Now, amid the stench of burning paillasses the whole swindle of the archduchess's patronage was rising heavenward.

Behind the railway station on a rock the Germans had already hastened to set up a monument to the fallen.

Brandenburgers, with the inscription: "To the heroes of Lubka Pass," and a huge German eagle, carved in bronze. The base of the monument bore an inscription to the effect that the eagle had been constructed from Russian guns captured during the liberation of the Carpathians by German regiments.

In these queer surroundings the battalion was resting after its meal, while Captain Sagner, with the battalion adjutant, was still unable to make head or tail of the cipher telegram from brigade headquarters, on the subject of the further movements of the battalion. The messages were so muddled that it seemed as though they ought not to have entered the Lubka Pass, but should have proceeded in an entirely different direction from Neustadt, because the telegrams mentioned something about: "Cap-Ungvar; Kis-Béreznaî Uzok."

When Captain Sagner returned to the staff carriage, a debate ensued on the muddle-headedness of the Austrian authorities, and hints were dropped that if it were not for the Germans, the eastern army group would be entirely at sixes and sevens. Lieutenant Dub thereupon proceeded to defend the Austrian muddle-headedness and came out with some twaddle to the effect that the region in which they had arrived was considerably devastated by the recent hostilities and it had therefore not yet been possible to restore the line to working order. All the officers looked at him pityingly, as much as to say: "It's not his fault that he's dotty." Finding that his views met with no contradiction, Lieutenant Dub went on jabbering about the magnificent impression which the battered landscape made upon him, for it bore testimony, he said, to the formidable character of our army's iron grip. Again nobody contradicted him, and he added:

"Oh, yes, there can be no doubt that the Russians retreated here in a thorough panic."

Captain Sagner made up his mind that at the first opportunity, when they were having a hot time in the

trenches, he would send Lieutenant Dub out on patrol into no-man's-land to reconnoitre the enemy positions.

It seemed as if Lieutenant Dub would never stop talking. He went on explaining to all the officers what he had read in the papers about these Carpathian battles and the struggle for the Carpathian passes, during the Austro-German offensive on the San. He talked as if he had not only taken part in these operations, but had directed them himself. At last, Lieutenant Lukash could stand it no longer, and remarked to Lieutenant Dub:

"I suppose you discussed all this with your district chief of police before the war?"

Lieutenant Dub glared at Lieutenant Lukash and went out.

The train was standing on an embankment, and at the bottom of the slope various objects were scattered about, evidently thrown away by the Russian soldiers who had retreated through this cutting. There were rusty tea cans, cartridge pouches, coils of barbed wire and more bloodstained strips of gauze and cotton wool. Above this cutting stood a group of soldiers, and Lieutenant Dub was not slow to perceive Schweik was among them, explaining to the rest.

Accordingly he went there.

"What's the matter here?" inquired Lieutenant Dub sternly, coming to a standstill right in front of Schweik.

"Beg to report, sir," replied Schweik on behalf of all, "we're having a look."

"Having a look at what?" shouted Lieutenant Dub.

"Beg to report, sir, we're having a look down below into the cutting."

"And who gave you permission to do that?"

"Beg to report, sir, we're carrying out the orders of Colonel Schlager, who was our C.O. at Bruck. When he said good-bye to us, when we were leaving for the battlefield, as he said in his farewell speech, he said we was to have a good look at the places where there'd been any

fighting, so as we could see how the fighting was done, and find out anything that might be useful for us to know."

If Lieutenant Dub had followed his personal inclinations, he would have pushed Schweik over the edge, but he overcame this temptation, and interrupting Schweik's narrative, he shouted at the group of soldiers:

"Don't stand there gaping at me like that."

And when Schweik was moving away with the others, he bellowed:

"You stay here, Schweik!"

So there they stood, looking at each other, and Lieutenant Dub tried to think of something really terrifying that he could say.

He took out his revolver and asked:

"Do you know what that is?"

"Beg to report, sir, yes, sir. Lieutenant Lukash has got one just like that."

"Then just you remember, my fine fellow," said Lieutenant Dub in solemn and dignified tones, "that something extremely unpleasant will happen to you, if you keep carrying on this propaganda of yours."

And he departed, repeating to himself:

"Yes, that's the best way to put it to him: Propaganda, that's the word I wanted; propaganda."

Before Schweik got back into his truck he walked up and down a little longer, muttering to himself:

"Well, I'm blessed if I know what sort of a label ought to be shoved on him."

But before he had finished his stroll, Schweik had devised a suitable designation for Lieutenant Dub: "Bloody old belly-acher."

After which discovery he returned to his truck.

CHAPTER IV

QUICK MARCH

SANOK turned out to be the brigade headquarters of the "Iron Brigade," to which the battalion of the 91st regiment belonged by virtue of its origins. Although the railway communication was unbroken from Sanok to Lemberg and northward as far as the frontier, it was a mystery why the staff of the eastern sector had arranged for the Iron Brigade with its staff to concentrate the draft battalions for a hundred miles behind the line, when at this particular period the front extended from Brody on the Bug and along the river northwards towards Sokal.

Meanwhile new divisional orders had been received, and it now became necessary to decide exactly where the 91st regiment was to go, because according to the new arrangements its original route was to be followed by the draft battalion of the 102nd regiment. It was all very

complicated. The Russians were retreating very rapidly in the northeastern corner of Galicia, so that a number of Austrian units were mingling there, and, in places, units of the German army were also being thrust in like wedges, while the resulting chaos was supplemented by the arrival of new draft battalions and other military formations at the front. The same thing was happening in sectors which were some distance behind the front, as here in Sanok, where a number of German troops, the reserves of the Hanoverian division, had suddenly arrived. Their commander was a colonel of such hideous aspect that the brigadier was quite upset by the sight of him. The colonel of the Hanoverian reserves produced the arrangements of his staff, by which his troops were to be billeted in the local grammar school, where the men of the 91st regiment had already taken up their quarters. For his staff he demanded the premises of the local branch of the Cracow Bank, which was occupied by the brigade headquarters staff.

The brigadier got into direct communication with divisional headquarters, to whom he gave an account of the situation. The cantankerous Hanoverian then had a talk to divisional headquarters, and the consequence was that the brigade received the following orders:

"The brigade will evacuate the town at 6 p.m. and will proceed in the direction Turowa-Wolsko-Liskowiec-Starasól-Sambor, where further orders will be received. The brigade will be accompanied by the draft battalion of the 91st regiment, as escort, thus: The advance guard will leave at 5.30 p.m. in the direction of Turowa, with a distance of 2 miles between the southern and northern protecting flank. The rearguard will leave at 6.15 p.m."

When preparations had been completed for the advance to begin in accordance with the official plans, the brigade general, the same one who had been so neatly ousted from his quarters by the Hanoverian colonel, had the whole battalion drawn up in the customary square formation, and delievered a speech to them. This man, who

was very fond of orating, went on talking about anything that came into his head, and when his stock of ideas was exhausted, he suddenly remembered the field post.

"Soldiers," he thundered forth, "we are now approaching the enemy front, from which we are separated by only a few days' march. Hitherto, soldiers, being constantly on the move, you have had no opportunity of sending your addresses to those who are near and dear to you, so that you could have the pleasure of receiving letters from those you left behind you."

He seemed unable to extricate himself from this train of thought, and he kept on repeating such phrases as: "Those near and dear to you," "The ones you left behind you," "Sweethearts and wives," etc. And anyone who heard his speech might have supposed that all these men in drab uniforms were to proceed with the utmost readiness to the slaughter simply and solely because a field post had been organized at the front, and that if a soldier had both his legs blown off by a shell, he was sure to die happy when he remembered that his field post was No. 72 and that perhaps a letter was awaiting him there from those he had left behind him, possibly together with a parcel containing a piece of salt beef, some bacon and a few home-made cakes.

After the general's speech, the brigade band played the national anthem, there were three cheers for the Emperor, and then the various detachments of this herd of human cattle, destined for the shambles somewhere beyond the River Bug, set out successively on the march, in accordance with the instructions which had been received.

The 11th company started at 5.30 in the direction of Turowa Wolska. The men soon began to straggle, because after their long rest in the train the march in full equipment was making their limbs ache, and they eased themselves as best they could. They kept shifting their rifles from one side to the other and most of them went plodding along with bowed heads. They were all

suffering from great thirst because, although the sun had already gone down, it was as sultry as in the middle of the day, and by now their waterbottles were all quite empty. This discomfort, which, they realized, was a foretaste of the far greater hardships which were in store for them, made everyone become more and more slack and jaded. Earlier in the day they had been singing, but now this stopped entirely and they began to ask each other how much further it was to Turowa Wolska, where they supposed that they were going to spend the night.

They were all very much mistaken in supposing that they were going to spend the night at Turowa Wolska.

Lieutenant Lukash called for Chodounsky, Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, and Schweik. Their instructions were simple. They were to leave their equipment with the ambulance section, to make immediately for Maly Polanec across the fields, and then along the river, downward in a southeastern direction on the road to Liskowiec.

Schweik, Vanek and Chodounsky were to act as billeting officers and to secure a night's quarters for the company, which would follow them an hour later, or an hour and a half at the outside. Vanek, in co-operation with Schweik, was to purchase a hog for the whole company, in proportion to the statutory allowance of meat. Stew was to be cooked that night. The billets must be clean. They were to avoid the vermin-infested huts, so that the troops could get a proper night's rest, because the company had to leave Liskowiec at half-past six in the morning for Kroscienko on the way to Starasól.

While the four of them were setting forth on their way, the parish priest turned up and began to distribute among the troops a leaflet containing a hymn in the various languages of the army. He had a parcel of these hymns which had been left with him by a high church dignitary who was making a motor trip through devastated Galicia, accompanied by a number of young ladies.

Now there were many latrines at Turowa Wolska, and before long all of them were clogged with these leaflets. Below, in the village where they were to find quarters for the company, it was pitch-dark, and all the dogs began to yelp, the result being that the expedition was brought to a standstill to discover how these brutes could be dealt with.

The yelping of the dogs became worse and worse, and Schweik yelled into the nocturnal gloom:

"Lie down, you varmints, lie down, will you!" just as he used to yell at his own dogs when he was still a dog fancier. This made them bark all the more, and so Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek said:

"Don't yell at them, Schweik, or you'll set every blessed dog in Galicia barking at us."

Lights began to appear in the cottages and when they knocked at the door of the first cottage, to find out where the mayor lived, a shrill and grating female voice was heard from within, announcing in a language which was neither Polish nor Ukrainian, that her husband was fighting at the front, that her children had got smallpox, that the Russians had taken everything away with them, and that before her husband had gone to the front, he had told her never to open the door to anyone at night. It was only when they had emphasized their attack on the door by insisting that they had been sent to look for billets, that an unknown hand let them in, and they then discovered that this was actually the residence of the mayor, who unsuccessfully tried to make Schweik believe that he had not imitated the shrill female voice. He explained that when his wife was suddenly woken up, she would start talking at random, without knowing what she said. As regards quarters for the whole company, the village was so tiny, he said, that there wasn't room for a single soldier in it. There was no place at all for them to sleep. Nor was there anything on sale; the Russians had taken all there was. He suggested that if the gentlemen would kindly allow him, he would take them to Kroscienko,

three-quarters of an hour further on. That was a place with large estates and they would find plenty of room there. Every soldier would be able to wrap himself up in a sheepskin, and there were so many cows that every soldier would be able to fill his mess tin with milk. There was good water too, and the officers would be able to sleep in a mansion there. But here, in Liskowiec! A wretched, scabby, verminous place! He himself had once had five cows, but the Russians had taken everything from him, so that when he wanted milk for his sick children, he had to go as far as Kroscienko.

In proof of this, the cows in the byre adjoining his cottage began to low and the shrill female voice could be heard abusing the unfortunate animals and expressing the hope that they might fall a prey to cholera. But this did not nonplus the mayor, who said as he proceeded to put on his top boots:

"The only cow we've got here belongs to my neighbour, and that's the one you've just heard. It's a sick cow, a wretched animal, worthy sirs. The Russians took her calf away from her. Ever since then she's stopped giving milk, but the owner feels sorry for her and he won't slaughter her because he hopes that the Blessed Virgin will put things right again."

During this speech he had been putting on his sheepskin coat.

"Now we'll go to Kroscienko, worthy sirs," he continued; "it's only three-quarters of an hour from here. No, what am I saying, wretched sinner that I am?—it's not as far as that; it won't take even half an hour. I know a short cut across the stream and then through a small birch wood round by an oak tree. It's a large village and they've got very strong vodka there. Let's go now, worthy sirs. You must not lose any time. The soldiers of your famous regiment must be given a proper and comfortable place to rest in. The soldiers of our King and Emperor who are fighting against the Russians

need clean quarters to spend the night in. But here in our village there's nothing but vermin, smallpox and cholera. Yesterday, in this cursed village of ours, three men turned black with the cholera. The most merciful God has cursed Liskowiec, worthy sirs."

At this point Schweik waved his hand majestically.

"Worthy sirs," he said, mimicking the mayor's voice, "whereabouts is the nearest tree?"

The mayor did not understand the meaning of the word "tree," and so Schweik explained to him that it was a birch or an oak, or something that plums or apples grew on, or, in fact, anything with strong branches. The mayor said that there was an oak tree in front of his cottage.

"All right, then," said Schweik, with an international gesture to denote hanging, "we'll hang you up in front of your cottage, because you've got to understand that there's a war on and we've got orders to sleep here and not in Kroscienko or wherever it is. You're not going to change our military plans, and if you try to, you'll swing for it."

The mayor began to tremble and stammered something about being anxious to do the best for the worthy sirs, but if it had to be, why, perhaps they could find room in the village after all, with everything to their satisfaction, and he'd bring a lantern at once.

They then all proceeded into the village, escorted by a pack of dogs.

As they went round in search of billets, they ascertained that Liskowiec was a large place but that it really had been reduced to dire straits by the turmoil of war. It had not actually incurred any damage by fire, as, miraculously enough, neither side had included it in the sphere of operations, but on the other hand the inhabitants of neighbouring villages which had been destroyed were now crowded into it. In some huts there were as many as eight families living in the greatest misery, after

all the losses they had suffered as a result of the pillage arising from the war.

The company had to be quartered partly in a small devastated distillery at the other end of the village, where half of them could be accommodated in the fermenting room. The rest, in batches of ten, were billeted on a number of farms, the wealthy owners of which had refused to admit any of the poverty-stricken rabble who had been reduced to beggary by being robbed of their goods and chattels.

The staff, with all the officers, Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, orderlies, telephone operators, ambulance section, cooks and Schweik, quartered themselves in the parsonage, where there was plenty of room, because the incumbent had likewise refused to admit any of the families who had lost all their possessions.

He was a tall, gaunt old man in a faded and greasy cassock, who was so stingy that he would scarcely eat anything. His father had brought him up in great hatred of the Russians, but he suddenly got rid of his hatred when the Russians withdrew and the Austrian troops arrived, eating up all the geese and chickens which the Russians had not interfered with, while a few shaggy Cossacks had been quartered on him. And his grudge against the Austrian troops had increased when the Magyars had come into the village and taken all the honey from his hives. He now looked daggers at his nocturnal guests, and it did him good to be able to shrug his shoulders and declare, as he paced to and fro before them:

"I've got nothing. I'm a complete pauper and you won't find so much as a slice of bread here."

In the yard of the small distillery behind the parsonage the fires were alight under the field cookers, and the water was already on the boil, but there was nothing in the water. The quartermaster-sergeant and the cooks had searched the village from end to end for a pig, but no pig had they found. Everywhere they obtained the same answer: the Russians had taken and eaten everything.

Then they knocked up the Jew in the tavern. He tugged at his side curls and displayed enormous distress at not being able to oblige them. But in the end he induced them to buy from him an ancient cow, a relic of the previous century, a gaunt eyesore on its last legs, a sheer mass of skin and bone. He demanded an exorbitant sum for this appalling object, and tearing his side curls he swore that they would not find another cow like this in the whole of Galicia, in the whole of Austria and Germany, in the whole of Europe, in the whole world. He wailed, he whined and protested that this was the fattest cow which had ever come into the world at Jehovah's behest. He vowed by all his forefathers that people came from far and wide to look at this cow, that the whole countryside talked about this cow as a legend, that, in fact, it was no cow at all, but the juiciest of oxen. Finally, he kneeled down before them, and clutching at the knees of one after another, he exclaimed:

"Kill a poor old Jew if you like, but don't go away without the cow."

He so bamboozled everybody with his howling that in the end the piece of carrion at which any knacker would have drawn the line was taken away to the field cooker. Then, long after he had the money safely in his pocket, he kept on wailing and lamenting that they had completely ruined him, destroyed him, that he had been reduced to beggary by having sold them so magnificent a cow at such an absurdly low price. He begged them to hang him up for having, in his old age, committed such a piece of folly which must have made his forefathers turn in their graves.

The cow gave them a lot of trouble. At times it seemed that they would never be able to skin the animal. When they tried to do so, they kept tearing the skin apart, and underneath they beheld sinews as twisted as a dried hawser.

Meanwile, from somewhere or other, a sack of potatoes had been brought along, and hopelessly they

began to cook the gristle and bones, while in the smaller field cooker a thoroughly desperate attempt was made to concoct from this piece of skeleton some kind of meal for the officers' mess.

This wretched cow, if such a freak can be called a cow, stuck in the memories of all who came into contact with it, and later on, if at the Battle of Sokal the commanders had reminded the troops of the cow from Liskowiec, it is fairly certain that the 11th company, with terrible yells of wrath, would have flung themselves, bayonets in hand, upon the enemy. The scandal of the cow was such that it did not even produce any broth. The more the flesh was boiled, the tighter it stuck to the bones, forming with them a solid mass, as stodgy as a bureaucrat who has spent half his life feeding on official forms and devouring files and documents.

Schweik, who, as a sort of courier, kept up the lines of communication between staff and kitchen, in order to make sure when the meal would be cooked, finally announced to Lieutenant Lukash:

"It's no use, sir, the meat on that cow is so hard that you could cut glass with it. The cook tried to bite a piece of it, and he's broke a front tooth."

It was now decided that the troops had better have a nap before rations were issued, because in any case there would be no supper until morning.

In the kitchen, in front of a lighted stump of church candle, sat Chodounsky, the telephone operator, and wrote a stock of letters to his wife, to save himself the trouble later on. The first was as follows:

MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE, MY BELOVED BOZENKA,

It is nite and I keep thinking of you my deer one and see you thinking of me as you look at the empty plaice in the bed beside you. Please dont be angry with me if the thort of this makes me think about Newmerus things. You no of corse I have bean at the frunt since the war started and I have herd Newmerus things from frends of mine who were

wounded and went home on leeve and when they got home they wood rather have been under the Erth than find out that sum rotter had bean after their wives. It is Panefull for me deer Bozenka to rite to you like this I woodn't rite like this but you sed yourself I wasn't the ferst who was on close turms with you and before me there was Mr Kraus. who lives down Nicholas Street well when I think of this in the nite that this Crock mite start making himself a Newsense to you I think deerest Bozenka I cood ring his neck on the spot. I kep this to myself a long time but when I think he mite start coming after you agane it makes my Hart ake and let me just tell you I wont stand any wife of mine running round like a Hoar with everybody and bringing Disgrace on my name. Forgive me deerest Bozenka for talking so plane but take care I dont here anything of that Sort about you. Or I shood have to do you both In because I am prepaired for anything even if it cost me my Life with lots and lots of Kisses best wishes to Dad and Ma Your own Tony.

The next epistle which he added to his store ran:

MY DEAREST BOZENKA,

When you receeve these Lines you will no we have had a grate Battel in witch I am glad to say we came off Best. We shot down about 10 enemy airoplains and a general with a big Wort on his nose. In the Hite of the Battel when the shells were bersting above our Heds I thort of you deerest Bozenka and wondered what you were doing how you are and how everything is at Home. I allways remember how we were together at the beerhouse and you took me home and the next day you were Tired out. Now we are mooving on agane so their is no more Time for me to rite. I hope you have been Fathefull to me becos you no I wont stand any nonsense of that Sort. But now we are starting to March again with lots and lots of kisses deer hoping all will turn out Well your own Tony.

At this point Chodounsky began to nod and soon fell fast asleep on the table.

The incumbent, who was not asleep and who kept

walking all over the parsonage, opened the kitchen door, and for the sake of economy blew out the stump of church candle which was burning at Chodounsky's elbow.

In the dining-room nobody, except Lieutenant Dub, was asleep. Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, who had received from the brigade headquarters at Sanok a new schedule relating to supplies, was studying it carefully, and he discovered that the nearer the troops got to the front, the less food they were given. He could not help laughing at one paragraph in the schedule which prohibited the use of saffron and ginger in the preparation of soup for the rank-and-file. The schedule also contained a remark to the effect that bones were to be collected and sent to the base for transfer to divisional stores. This was rather vague, as it did not specify whether it referred to human bones or those of other cattle which had been slaughtered.

When in the morning they left Liskowiec on the way to Starasól and Stambov, they carried the wretched cow with them in the field cooker. It had not yet been cooked, and they decided that this was to be done as they went along. Then, halfway between Liskowiec and Starasól, where they were to halt for a rest, they would eat the cow.

Black coffee was served out to the troops before they started.

Lieutenant Dub now began to address the company like a man in a dream. He delivered a long speech which made the troops feel wearier than did their packs and rifles. It abounded in such profundities as these:

"The attachment of the common soldier to the officer makes it possible for incredible sacrifices to be made. It does not matter, in fact, far from it, whether this attachment is something innate in the soldier, for if not, it must be enforced. This attachment is no ordinary attachment, it is a combination of respect, fear and discipline."

All this time Schweik was marching along on the left, and while Lieutenant Dub was speechifying, he kept his head turned towards him, as if he had received the order "Eyes right!" At first Lieutenant Dub did not notice this, and he continued:

"This discipline, this compulsory obedience, this compulsory attachment of soldier to officer evinces itself very precisely, because the relation between soldier and officer is very simple: one obeys, the other orders. We have often read in books on military tactics that military brevity, military simplicity is the virtue at which every soldier must aim. Every soldier, whether he likes it or not, must be deeply attached to his superior officer, who in his eyes must be the ingrained paragon of an unswerving and infallible will."

At this point he perceived Schweik's fixed posture of "eyes right." It suddenly gave him an uneasy feeling that his speech was becoming very involved and that he could find no outlet from this blind alley of the attachment of the soldier to his superior officer. Accordingly, he bellowed at Schweik:

"What are you staring at me like that for?"

"Beg to report, sir, I'm just carrying out orders, just like you yourself told me to. You said that when you was talking I was to keep my eyes fixed on your mouth. And because every soldier has got to be attached to his superior and carry out all his orders and always remember——"

"You look the other way!" shouted Lieutenant Dub. "And don't let me catch you staring at me, you brainless booby."

Schweik changed over to "eyes left" and went on marching along by the side of Lieutenant Dub in such a rigid attitude, that at last Lieutenant Dub shouted out:

"What are you looking that way for, while I'm talking to you?"

"Beg to report, sir, I'm carrying out your orders and facing eyes left."

"Good God!" sighed Lieutenant Dub, "what a devil of a nuisance you are! Hold your tongue and keep at the back, where I can't see you."

So Schweik stayed at the back with the ambulance section, and jogged comfortably along until they reached the place where they were to rest, and where, at last, they all had a taste of the soup and meat from the baleful cow.

"This cow," said Schweik, "ought to have been pickled in vinegar for a fortnight at least, and so ought the man who bought it."

A courier came galloping up from brigade headquarters with a new order for the 11th company. Their line of route was changed so as to lead to Feltyn; Woralycz and Sambor were to be avoided because, owing to the presence of two Posen regiments, it would be impossible for them to find billets there.

Lieutenant Lukash immediately issued instructions. He told Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek, together with Schweik, to find a night's quarters for the company at Felstyn.

"And see you don't get into any mischief on the way, Schweik," said Lieutenant Lukash. "Above all, behave properly towards any of the people you come across."

"Beg to report, sir, I'll do my best. But I had a nasty dream when I dozed off this morning. I dreamed about a washtub that kept slopping over all night in the passage of the house where I lived, till it had all dripped away and soaked the landlord's ceiling, and he gave me notice on the spot. The funny part of it is, sir, that something like that really happened. At Karlin, behind the viaduct——"

"Look here, Schweik, you'd better drop all that twaddle and have a look at this map and help Vanek to find out which way you're to go. From this village you bear to the right till you reach the river, and then you

follow the river as far as the next village. From there, at the spot where the first stream, which you'll find on your right, flows into this one, you cut across the fields upward due north, and that'll bring you to Felstyn. You can't miss it. Can you remember all that?"

Schweik thought he could, and so he set out with Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek in accordance with these particulars.

It was the beginning of the afternoon. The landscape seemed to be wilting in the swelter, and the stench of decay was wafted from the pits in which soldiers had been buried and not properly covered up. They now entered a region where fighting had taken place in the advance to Przemysl and where whole battalions had been mowed down by machine guns. In the small thickets by the river could be seen the havoc wrought by the artillery. There were large areas and slopes which had once been dotted with trees, but all that was left of them was jagged stumps jutting from the ground. And this wilderness was furrowed with trenches.

"This looks a bit different from Prague," said Schweik when the silence was becoming oppressive. And then, after a pause, he continued:

"There'll be a fine harvest here after the war. They won't have to buy any bone meal. It's a good thing for farmers when they've got a whole regiment rotting away on their fields. There's no manure can beat it. That reminds me of Lieutenant Holub, who used to be in the barracks at Karlin. Everybody thought he was a bit dotty because he never called us names and always kept his hair on when he talked to us. One day we reported to him that our bread rations wasn't fit to eat. Any other officer would have made it hot for us, for having the cheek to grouse about our grub, but not he, oh dear no! He just makes the men stand round him and says to them, as civil as could be: 'First of all,' he says, 'you must bear in mind that a barracks ain't a delicatessen store

where you can get pickled eels and sardines in oil and assorted sandwiches. Every soldier ought to have enough sense,' he says, 'to eat his rations without any grousing. Just suppose,' he says, 'there's a war. Well, the ground you get buried in after a battle don't care a damn what sort of bread you've been eating before you pegged out. Mother earth,' he says, 'just takes you apart and eats you up, boots and all. Nothing gets lost, and from what's left of you there'll be a fresh crop of wheat to make bread rations for other soldiers, who'll perhaps start grousing like you except that they'll come up against someone who'll shove them into clink and keep them there till God knows when, because he's got a right to. So now,' he says, 'I've made it all clear to you, and I hope you'll bear it in mind and nobody will come here with any more complaints."

Schweik now inspected the landscape.

"It strikes me," he said, "that we've taken the wrong road. Lieutenant Lukash explained it to us all right. We've got to go up and down, then to the left and to the right, then to the right again, then to the left, and we're keeping straight on. I can see some crossroads in front of us, and if you ask me, I should say we ought to go to the left."

When they reached the crossroads, Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek affirmed that they ought to go to the right.

"Well, anyhow, this is the way I'm going," said Schweik; "it's a more comfortable road than yours. I'm going along by the stream where the forget-me-nots grow, and if you want to traipse along in the broiling heat, you can. I stick to what Lieutenant Lukash told us. He said we couldn't miss the way. So I'm going to take it easy across the fields and pick some flowers."

"Don't be a fool, Schweik," said Quartermaster-sergeant Vanek. "You can see from the map that we've got to go to the right, like I said."

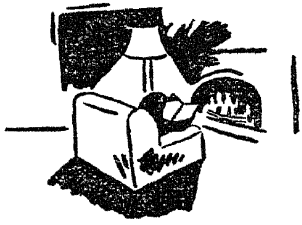
"Maps are wrong sometimes," replied Schweik, as he strolled downhill towards the stream. "If you won't take my word for it, sergeant, and you're so cocksure you're right, why we'll just have to part, and we'll meet again when we get to Felstyn. Just look at your watch, and then we'll know who gets there first. And if you get into any danger, just fire into the air, so as I'll know where you are."

Later in the afternoon Schweik reached a small pond where he came upon an escaped Russian prisoner who was bathing there. When he saw Schweik he took to his heels, stark naked.

Schweik rather wondered how the Russian uniform, which was lying under the willow trees, would suit him. So he took off his own uniform and dressed himself in the clothes belonging to the unfortunate naked prisoner, who had escaped from the convoy which was quartered in the village on the other side of the forest. Schweik was anxious to have a good look at his reflection in the water, and so he lingered beside the brink of the pond for such a long time that he was discovered there by the field patrol who was looking for the Russian fugitive. They were Magyars, and in spite of Schweik's protests they took him off to the base at Chyruwa, where they put him among a gang of Russian prisoners who were being sent to repair the railway line leading to Przemysl.

The whole thing had happened so suddenly that Schweik did not realize until the next day what had happened to him, and on the white wall of the schoolroom where a part of the prisoners were quartered, he inscribed with a piece of charred wood:

Hear slept Josef Schweik of Prague, Company Orderly of the 11th Draft of the 91st Regiment who while looking for Billets was taken Prisoner near Felstyn by the Austrians by Misteak.



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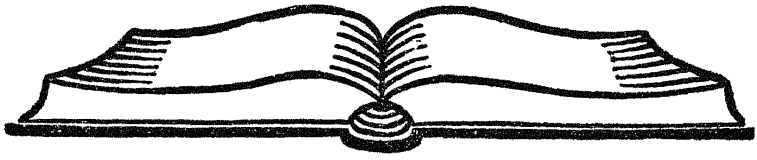

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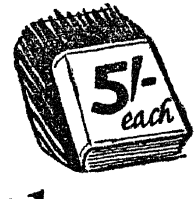

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